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GRAND SIÉCLE EDITION

THE MASTERPIECES
AND THE
HISTORY OF LITERATURE

Julian Hawthorne

3570

GRAND SIÉCLE EDITION

THE MASTERPIECES

AND THE

HISTORY OF LITERATURE

ANALYSIS, CRITICISM, CHARACTER
AND INCIDENT

EDITED BY

JULIAN HAWTHORNE JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG
JOHN PORTER LAMBERTON OLIVER H. G. LEIGH

FORTY PHOTOGRAVURE PLATES

COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES

VOLUME I

NEW YORK CHICAGO

E. R. DU MONT

1903

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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE

From time to time, in the course of human events, it becomes expedient to review the sum of our knowledge, and to select therefrom for safe keeping the best that has been hitherto collected. This is especially desirable in the case of Literature.

"Of the making of many books there is no end." It was calculated by the great English essayist, De Quincey, half a century ago, that should a man, in early youth, set out to read the world's books, and read every day the greatest number of pages that his eyes could overrun, and should live a hundred years in this exclusive occupation, death would find him still toiling in the first alcoves of the immeasurable library.

During the past half century, the number of books has been enormously multiplied; so that De Quincey's imagined reader, had he started on his task at the date of the essayist's remark, would be to-day even further from the end of his labor than he was when he began it.

But, as De Quincey went on to point out, it is quite unnecessary, for all purposes of knowledge, to master more than a very minute fraction of written books. For only one book in ten thousand contains anything new, in the realm either of knowledge or of imagination. All the rest are to be classed as repetitions and commentaries. The genuine creations of the human mind are few. In Emerson's verse, the poet is described as subjecting his poems to the test of time; and, out of all the many volumes which he had produced, five lines only remained after the sifting. This, in the case of a great poet; in the case of minor men, the remainder would be indefinitely smaller.

Therefore he does a useful service to civilization who selects from the weltering multitude of published works, those books, or passages, or sentences, which carry the pith and significance of all the rest. No single individual, indeed, or association of individuals, is capable of thoroughly performing such an enterprise; but even approximations towards the grand ideal are valuable; and when the several attempts shall have been collated, and the common factors canceled out, the student of the future will at last be able to place upon his shelves a work every word and syllable of which shall be the pure gold of intellect, never to be lost or superseded.

The Publishers of these volumes have tried to come a little nearer to the realization of this ideal than any previous workers in the field have yet done. With the aid of the best critical skill available, they have assembled a digest of the best writings of ancient and modern times, aiming, in their quotations, to hit the happy medium between too little and too much; and placing their selections in a frame of comment and criticism which shall render them and their authors intelligible to the reader. The plan of the compilation will be found in several respects original, the ruling principle being to secure variety without confusion, and to present from the outset a view of Literature as wide and comprehensive as may be compatible with a clear and firm grasp of the subject. The sum of the biographies and historical notices constitute a comprehensive picture of the writers through whom, and the times in which the various literatures arose and flourished. The core of the matter has always been sought, and everything superfluous or unrepresentative has been eliminated.

In this Age of Pictures the appeal to the eye has not been neglected. The volumes are fully illustrated with the best portrayals which the genius of artists or the resources of modern pictorial processes could supply. These drawings and demi-teintes are in their way as truly educative as the text, and furnish at a glance what pages of description might fail to convey.

In the matter of general appearance and quality, the publishers believe that these volumes will meet the severe requirements of modern taste. The binding, the paper and the typography of our production are such as to encourage us to submit it with confidence to the judgment of the public. They will find here a great subject fitly attired.

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INTRODUCTION.

No one remembers when he began to talk, and therefore, until we begin to reflect about it, language seems always to have existed, or to "come by nature," as the phrase goes. Words spring spontaneously to our lips; we can scarcely imagine a state of existence in which there were no words to be spoken.

Yet, unless we suppose language to have been given to man as a direct Divine revelation, such a period in the dawn of human history there must have been. Man was practically dumb. He could feel, he could think; but speech was unknown to him. The conception of communicating his emotions and perceptions by modifications of sounds—still less of classifying and organizing such sounds—had never presented itself to him.

The root and origin of human speech is emotion. The distinction between emotion and thought was artificial and comparatively recent. They were originally one; and if we penetrate beneath the surface, we shall find that they are so still. Thought, in its basis, is contemplation of emotional impressions. Though such contemplation may, in the abstract, be considered apart from the impression, in reality it is never so separated. The two make one, as do substance and form. We may abstractly consider the form of a thing apart from the thing itself; but if we take away from a thing its constitutive substance, obviously there will be nothing left. We can only say that form is a universal property of substance; and in the same way we say that thought is an inalienable property of emotion. Without emotion, the mind is and must remain inoperative—a blank. Emotion is prior, or radical; thought posterior, or derivative.

When we say that man was originally dumb, we mean only that he was dumb in the sense that animals are so. He could always make sounds. And it was emotion that prompted him to do this. Love, hate, anger, fear, hope, disappointment, hunger, satisfaction—it is in such emotions as these that we find the primal elements of what was destined to be human speech. The sounds elicited by emotions were vowel sounds; we find them in our alphabet to-day, and they still express the entire gamut of emotion. They are made by unobstructed breath expelled through the throat, the mouth being open; the shape of the aperture formed by the lips determines the sound of the vowel. Such was the first human speech; a mere reverberation of the impact upon the human senses of the phenomena of the external world. There was no attempt at specialization or definition further than inhered in the indefinite modulations of the sounds themselves.

The appearance of consonants indicates the second state of speech. Consonants are modes of obstructing the free vowel sounds. Emotions had become more complex; it became necessary to convey the idea of transition from one emotion to another, and the consonant was the natural division-point or partition between the two. They were formed by various combinations or oppositions of teeth, tongue, lips, palate and glottis. They are in themselves merely auxiliary—the framework upon which the forms of speech are displayed; they have been called the skeleton of speech. Like the bones of the human body, they are comparatively devoid of life. In some degenerate or savage languages, consonants are more prominent than vowels, indicating a low and unintelligent state of existence.

With the establishment of the consonant, the creation of words became possible. The earliest words were probably the names of objects—nouns. Upon seeing any given object for the second time, the observer would repeat the sound or word which its first appearance had drawn for him; this became in time the "name" of that object. Or if he wished to convey to another the emotion which a certain thing or event had aroused in him, he would repeat the sound which he had then uttered. Pronouns, which point out objects without naming them, would also be early used. Action would first be expressed by illustrative gestures; the verb, as we have it, is the outcome of a comparatively complicated mental process, but the noun is obviously its parent. Adjectives, adverbs, and other parts of speech were gradually and insensibly developed. Inflections came later still, and indeed are only found in a certain family of languages. Of the three classes into which all languages are divided, two, the Monosyllabic and the Agglutinated, are devoid of inflections. Examples of the first are the Chinese and the American Indian; of the second, the Tartar, Finnish, Caucasian. The third, or Inflected class of languages includes the Semitic and Indo-European families; and the races which spoke them are the fathers of human progress and civilization.

This is a significant fact. The difference between the inflected and the other languages is similar to that between matter organized and inorganic, or between life and death. Inflected language, and therefore the peoples who spoke it, alone possess the principle of active life, growth and aspiration. The Indo-European nations were travelers, colonists, conquerors, pioneers; their mode of existence was restless and ambitious. The Semitic peoples were less physically active, but they were conquerors in the realm of mind; they were masters of philosophy and metaphor. The languages of these two great families are the mirror of their character and temperament. They are spiritual, plastic, sensitive. Their words are histories; they have souls, they grow and change. The uninflected languages are not older than the inflected, as might at first be supposed; they are of a distinct genus. The impulse which brought them to their present state, died, and left them there. What they are now, they were before history began. The soul is out of them, even as the instinct of progress was extinguished in those who spoke them.

Language is not literature, though it includes it. Literature in its prime definition is written language. When language first began to be written we do not know. The invention of letters must have been a slow and abstruse process. In the beginning, the man would make a picture of some object which had impressed him—an outline sketch of a wild animal, perhaps. This would serve in lieu of its name to recall it to himself or another. Less concrete ideas, connected by tradition however with some concrete thing, would next be portrayed. Gradually the outline would be simplified until it was reduced to a conventional sign. These signs were now used to indicate simple sounds, and thus the alphabet as we know it came into existence. How many ages elapsed from the first pictorial representations to the evolution of the early alphabets can only be conjectured. In some languages, such as the Aztec, writing is still a series of pictures. In Chinese, it is little more. Egyptian hieroglyphics are pictures more or less conventionalized. The Hittite and the cuneiform are the other surviving examples of such writing. The first alphabet which properly merited the name was the Phœnician; allied to it are the early Hebrew and the Greek. From these, in various ways, were derived the alphabets of Asia and Europe during historical periods, down to the present.

For a long time the use of written language must have been restricted to important records, owing to the difficulty of inscribing words upon stone or metal materials. For the same reason, the task of making such records would be given over to that class in a community which possessed the most leisure for sedentary occupation, that is, to the priestly class. Possibly because this class was concerned with religious and mystical pursuits, writing came to have a sacred character ascribed to it. The deeds of great rulers, handed down by oral tradition, would acquire a legendary character, and would easily be magnified by scribes into the achievements of heroes, demigods, or Deity itself. The great writings of antiquity, notably our own Bible, come to us in the guise of Divine revelations. They set forth the dealings of the Higher Power with men, and the precepts which He inculcates. It seems probable that enlightened criticism may hereafter concede a higher authenticity to these Scriptures than it has latterly done. All language is metaphorical—ideas conveyed by symbols. The Vedic poems of India, the Persian Avesta, the Hebrew Scriptures, and even the epics of Homer, are found to have an esoteric sense beneath the story of the letter. This inner or spiritual meaning refers to the conflicts of man with the evil to which he is prone, to the liberation of the spiritual from the bonds of the inferior nature, and to its final union with God. We shall only remark, in support of the Divine inspiration of these ancient books, that in all the ages that have elapsed since their production, mankind has conceived nothing equal to them in sublimity, profundity and truth. All that is worthiest in literature since their epoch is but repetition more or less feeble, comment more or less competent, of and upon the principles which they set forth. They are the most modern as well as the most ancient books of the world.

As time went on, and the labor of writing became lightened by various devices, persons outside of the priestly class acquired proficiency in the art, and the character of the records became correspondingly secular and trifling. It would seem as if the sources of man's spiritual enlightenment were progressively closed. He no longer pretended to converse with angels. He was content to become the chronicler of merely natural events, the singer of love songs, the purveyor of imaginative romance. In the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh are found multitudes of bricks, inscribed in the cuneiform character with writings of the most transient importance, such as records of sales, enumeration of properties, and memoranda of persons, places and times. Following the great classics of Chinese literature, we find works on almost all subjects, with the exception of mathematics. In Egypt, during the period of Rameses, there was a great production of novels and works of entertainment. The literature of ancient Greece is abundant in quantity, faultless in form, and unsurpassed in artistic quality and eloquence. They brought almost to perfection the various departments of historical, poetical, oratorical and metaphysical literature. The Romans followed but scarcely rivaled them. With the fall of Rome, modern literature may be said to begin.

Although literature is written language, we are not to infer that man postponed the expression of the sentiments and aspirations which filled him until he could carve them on stone or inscribe them on papyrus or parchment. Literature, in the early ages, was chanted or sung; the medium of record and transmission was the tablet of the human memory. The epics of Homer were recited by minstrels long before they were committed to writing. Memory in those times was perfected to a degree now hardly credible. The great Vedic hymns were similarly chanted. Writing as a means of preserving such compositions was of comparatively late employment. But when the era of sublime inspiration passed, and the process of pen-and-ink writing upon skins or papyrus, or with the stylus upon wax sheets was introduced, scrolls and books took the place of memorizing. The collection of these documents constituted the first libraries. Many of these early libraries were of large extent. Their contents have been either wholly or in part destroyed. All we know of many important works is the chance mention of them in books of which late copies have survived.

But there was until lately another obstacle in the way of our mastering ancient literature. We did not understand the languages in which they were written. The peoples who had spoken them had disappeared; they had been conquered by others, and absorbed, or had died out from various causes. Their languages had been supplanted by those of their conquerors, and the keys to them lost and forgotten. But, sometimes by accident, or again by patient ingenuity, these keys were recovered. It was found, for example, that Sanskrit, the language of India, was allied to Greek and other European tongues, and thus, by diligent comparison and sagacious interpretation, its books were read. The Babylonish astronomical records were translated into Greek by Berosus, 300 B. C. Hebrew proved the open-sesame to another group of languages, such as the Syriac; and Persian was found to own relationship to both Chaldaic and Sanskrit. The insoluble enigma was the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and they might have remained so to this day, had not an inscription on stone been found in 1799 which contained a passage in hieroglyphics followed by its translation in Greek. This Rosetta Stone, as it was called after the town on the Nile near which it was dug up, opened a door giving access to the hitherto hidden history of nearly thirty centuries. During the hundred years which have elapsed since then, the literature of Egypt has absorbed the attention of many scholars.

Literature since the Christian era is an open book, in which all who will may read. In the vast libraries of France, England and other European nations, are collections approximately complete of all that has been written since that time. But there is still ample field for research in the libraries themselves, the contents of which have in several cases been but imperfectly explored. Many private accumulations also exist, wherein at any moment some unexpected and important discovery may be made. Accident and the willful vandalism of certain rulers have caused the destruction of innumerable volumes; but copies thus destroyed in one place often make their appearance in another, and there is ground for hope that sooner or later we may recover nearly everything which investigation shows to have been valuable in the literature of the world. The ingenuity and persistence of literary students is proverbial, and they often succeed in reconstructing from scattered and seemingly unmeaning fragments some monument of the past which had been supposed forever lost.

While the old dispensation was slowly dying, however, and before the new had yet attained a firm footing in the world, there was a period known as the Dark Ages in Europe, when, but for an unexpected succor, letters bade fair to be extinguished.

Some five hundred years after Christ the conquest of Rome by the Goths completed the corruption of the Latin tongue; and the weakness and degradation of the Byzantine Empire accomplished the decay of Greek. The Northern tribes, overrunning Europe, neither wholly substituted their language for the Latin, nor adopted the latter themselves; the result was a corrupt speech destitute of character and permanence. The subject-peoples were in no condition to cultivate the polite arts, nor were the conquerors disposed to turn from the task of subjugation to the soft pursuits of scholarship. All learning was confined to the monks, who employed in their manuscripts a debased form of Latin, and paid no attention to the higher forms of literary composition. In the era of Charlemagne in France and of Alfred in England reforms began to be introduced, but under their feeble successors much was lost. During the Ninth and Tenth centuries the welding together of the Teutonic and Latin assumed the outlines of that mighty speech afterwards to be perfected into English. Other modern European dialects underwent similar improvements. Literature now showed symptoms of reviving along natural lines of evolution; but the unexpected succor above alluded to came from a quarter whence no one would have looked for anything save further mischief.

The inhabitants of Arabia, before and for some centuries after the birth of Christ, were a savage and barbarous people. They worshiped the moon and stars, and their only literature was a collection of songs sung in competition every year by bards at the Fair of Ochadh. The tribes of which the nation was composed were wandering and disconnected, and nothing could have seemed more unlikely than that the Arabs would exercise any influence upon the progress of the world.

But the rise of the prophet Mohammed, in the early part of the Seventh century, brought on a marvelous transformation. Under the inspiration of his teachings, the tribes united, and carried conquest and the Koran over Asia, northern Africa and Spain. Nothing could withstand their fanaticism and their valor, and in a space of time surprisingly brief, they were masters of a large part of the known world.

Nothing less hopeful for civilization than this domination of a violent and uncultured people could have been imagined. But instead of using their power for devastation, they made it the means of raising up a new and unprecedented intellectual and æsthetic revival. From the wells of learning in Persia, Chaldea, Asia Minor and Egypt they drew waters which made the desert blossom as the rose. They became munificent patrons of literature and art; they promoted science and set an example of splendid luxury. In the year 641 A. D. the Arabians were at the lowest point of barbarism; yet in hardly more than a century the passionate devotion to culture began which was to endure five hundred years. Seats of education and study sprang up on all sides, the novel science of mathematics was prodigiously advanced, and under Haroun al Raschid and his still more glorious son Al Mamoun, the Golden Age of art and scholarship set in. From the Ninth century to the Sixteenth, no other nation could compare with the Arabians in the extent and value of their intellectual accomplishments. But thereafter, their fall was as rapid as their rise had been, and to-day they are once more the rude barbarians that they were more than a thousand years ago.

Meanwhile, in France and Italy, a renewal of literary activity had commenced, almost simultaneously with the religious enthusiam of the crusades. The Provençal poets, or Troubadours, created a new form of love poetry, using the Langue-d'oc which had been developed out of the ruins of the Latin. Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio made the Italian tongue secure in immortal poems and tales. In England Chaucer, with his picturesque poems, terminated the period of Anglo-Saxon literature, and his successors ushered in the famous era of Elizabeth. In the Spanish peninsula, that part of the inhabitants which had resisted Moorish domination began in the Eleventh century to drive the invaders from their soil, and with the poetical romance of "The Cid," about 1200 A. D., established the language and genius of Castile. Portugal entered the field somewhat later. The Dutch produced a version of "Reynard the Fox" about 1250; and the literary activity of the Finns and Slavs had its origin in the same or the immediately succeeding ages. In the North, the Scandinavian bards had already produced the Eddas and Sagas, works of a truly national flavor, free from either Latin or Arabian influence, and rich with the evidences of a sombre and heroic imagination. Germany is to be credited with a Gothic version of the Bible, dating from the Fourth century; but the oldest extant product of native growth is the wonderful Niebelungen Lied in the Twelfth; since that time the stream of her literature has proceeded, with occasional interruption, down to the present day.

But of literature since the English Elizabethan period nothing will be specified in this outline. In our volumes will be found examples of its most characteristic and masterly achievements. It only remains to observe in this place that literature, in the finer sense of the term, is not to be confounded with the mere contents of books. Anybody may write a book, but few in any age can write literature. Many definitions of the quality which makes a piece of writing literature have been attempted, but none of them are quite exhaustive. Authors who survive are not always those who announce great ideas. Neither, on the other hand, will the skilful saying of nothing avail. The secret lies in a subtle touch, a sympathetic temperament, an art to shape and to select. Again, the best literature produces the impression that it might have been written by one of our own epoch: it is modern—contemporary. In its most imaginative flights it keeps close to humanity. It seems to belong to us, and enlists our personal affection. Finally, no doubt, it involves a nameless felicity in the use of words, in the mode of presentation. There is in the immortal writers a native taste and tact which cannot be taught or analyzed.

In the five thousand pages, more or less, of these volumes will be found ample material for forming a sound literary judgment. Not all the best could be given, and sometimes it has been necessary to choose the most characteristic instead of the most attractive. But the reader who studies this work, and follows out the lines of reading which it indicates, will indefinitely augment his pleasures and widen his resources. Good books are the voice of the best men of this world, communicating their choicest thoughts. Never intrusive, always helpful, stimulating or entertaining, they bring the ends of the earth together, harmonize the ages, and cement the brotherhood of mankind.

THE WORLD'S GRATITUDE TO AUTHORS.

The moral character of a man eminent in letters, or in the fine arts, is treated—often by contemporaries—almost always by posterity—with extraordinary tenderness. The world derives pleasure and advantage from the performances of such a man. The number of those who suffer by his personal vices is small, even in his own time, when compared with the number of those to whom his talents are a source of gratification. In a few years, all those whom he has injured disappear. But his works remain, and are a source of delight to millions. A great writer is the friend and benefactor of his readers; and they cannot but judge of him under the deluding influence of friendship and gratitude. We all know how unwilling we are to admit the truth of any disgraceful story about a person whose society we like, and from whom we have received favors. Just such is the feeling which a man of liberal education naturally entertains towards the great minds of former ages. The debt which he owes to them is incalculable. They have guided him to truth. They have filled his mind with noble and graceful images. They have stood by him in all vicissitudes—comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude. These friendships are exposed to no danger from the occurrences by which other attachments are weakened or dissolved. Time glides by; fortune is inconstant; tempers are soured; bonds which seemed indissoluble are daily sundered by interest, by emulation, or by caprice. But no such cause can affect the silent converse which we hold with the highest of human intellects. That placid intercourse is disturbed by no jealousies or resentments. These are the old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity.—Lord Macaulay.

EGYPTIAN LITERATURE.

OF the beginnings of Egypt we know nothing. Geographical research seems to indicate that the Nile did not always occupy its present bed; there was, then, a time when Egypt was a desert, and when the people known to us as Egyptian had their abode further south in the African continent. Yet anthropologists, judging from mummies, statues, and other relics of the race, pronounce it Caucasian. There are some traces of a prehistoric connection with Southern Arabia. Be that as it may, at an epoch now purely conjectural, this ancient people appeared in the narrow and fertile valley to which they gave its name, and began the wonderful career which modern investigation has but partially traced out.

At this date—say seven thousand years ago—we find them already accomplished in art and science, and possessed of certain knowledges to which we as yet are strangers. No more majestic figure than the Sphinx of Gizeh has ever been hewn out of the living rock; and it is the earliest-known monument of man. The so-called Pyramid of Cheops surpasses not only in size, but in scientific construction anything attempted since; and some learned men have attributed to it a prophetic significance, which would lift it wholly above the present scope even of our conceptions. Unless, therefore, we ascribe to the ancient Egyptians a miraculous endowment or inspiration, these monuments must be regarded as the flower of a civilization long antedating their erection.

The Egyptians were a race of builders, and they built with a resolve for permanence which has never since been approached. Upon the walls of their edifices, upon column, plinth and architrave, and throughout the midnight recesses of their excavated tombs, they inscribed their annals. Here, in characters as sharp in outline and as vivid in color as on the day they were engraved and painted, we find the record of their creed, their exploits, their manners and customs. But the key to the ancient writing had been lost, and, until within the last hundred years, the records were inscrutable. In 1799 the "Rosetta Stone" was exhumed, containing identical texts in Greek, demotic and hieroglyphic characters. The Greek was easily read by European scholars, and by its aid the French savant, Champollion, patiently deciphered the mysterious hieroglyphics. The gates which had so long shut in the secrets of the past were thrown wide, and the adamantine lips of the Sphinx were parted to speak. But the tale thus laid open to our perusal turned out to be in large part as ambiguous as the cipher which had veiled it. We had invaded the tombs, we had pierced the pyramids, we had unswathed the mummies; but the message they had kept was still partially withheld. Kings were garbed as deities and demigods, history masqueraded as fairy tale; every statement was shielded by myth and allegory, and involved in symbol and metaphor. Able scholars, French, German, English and American, have spent their lives in exploring, deciphering, comparing and interpreting these bewildering, yet alluring relics of a departed race. But the genius of this great people was wholly alien from our own, and we can but imperfectly comprehend them. The fundamental maxim of their philosophy seems to have been this: Mortal existence is brief; beyond death lies the only true life; man's duty is to make ready for it.—Thus in the Cradle of Civilization we find a Tomb.

The libraries of Egypt were its graves. Upon them are written the past, the present and the future, and within them were stored precious papyri, freighted with religious philosophy, national history, secular learning and the fruits of culture. The first inscriptions are perhaps six thousand years old—the era of the Second Egyptian dynasty—but nothing continuous in the way of documents (monumental and other) can be traced before the end of the Third dynasty, about 3760 B.C. In one sense, indeed, the Sphinx and the Great Pyramid may be regarded as a kind of writing, inasmuch as each part of them embodies a symbolic meaning. Egyptian Literature proper, however, opens with the "Pyramid Texts," containing religious and magical formulas of a date thirty-three hundred years before the Christian era.

From that time until the dissolution of the empire writings abound; yet there are gaps in the continuity of the record so considerable that important historical tracts still lie virgin to the explorer. In some cases variants of certain documents have been discovered, products of widely-separated ages. Comparison of these indicates that to the later Egyptians themselves much of their own early annals was obscure; and in spite of the sacred nature ascribed to letters and of their consequent cultivation by the sacerdotal class almost exclusively, the scribes did not scruple to revise and to interpret, by the light of merely human intelligence, arcana which purported to emanate from the gods. In fact, the surmise has been put forward in some quarters that the primitive people possessed a special inspiration or illumination from which subsequent generations were excluded; but as to how or when this hypothetical exclusion took place we are ignorant. We can only hope that the time may yet come when the last leaves of this mighty Book will be turned.

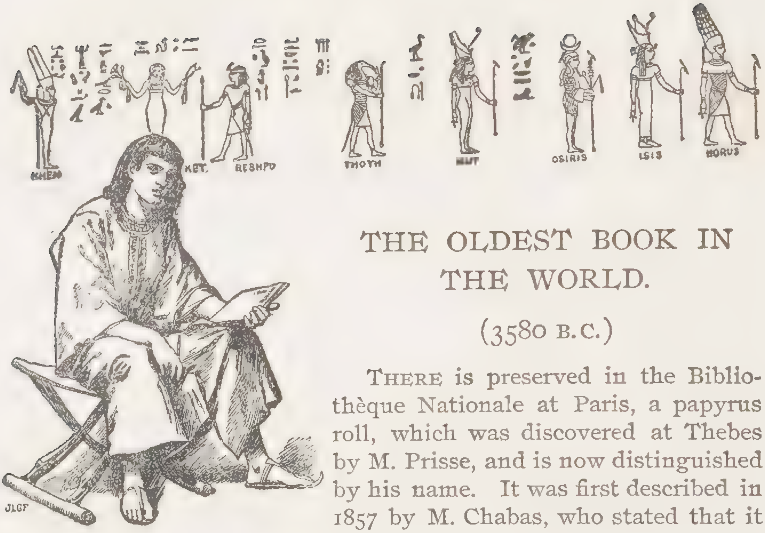
The hieroglyphic character, as found on the old monuments, was the earliest Egyptian form of writing. Following this came the hieratic, a more facile version of the former for use on the papyrus; later still, the demotic, bodying the vulgar speech, appears. Two centuries after Christ the old Egyptian language finally gave way to the Coptic, a mingling of the Egyptian, Greek, and eventually of Arabic. Through all changes of external form, the spirit of the literature remains essentially unmodified. Like their art, the literary style of the Egyptians is rigid and ungraceful, and the structure of their compositions ungainly. Their histories are a bare enumeration of events and names, scarcely relieved by the bombastic but conventional terms in which the valor of the conquering monarchs is exalted. The best specimens of their poetry remotely recall the rhythm and antithesis of the Psalms ; but the fire and flexibility of the Hebrew is deadened and stiffened by the formalism of the Egyptian. Abrupt changes of tense and person are a peculiarity of all their imaginative writings, and were perhaps thought to impart vivacity to the composition. In the time of Rameses II, prose tales were common, of which "The Tale of Two Brothers," quoted below, is the best example ; and to this period also belongs most of the epistolary literature. The "Epic of Pentaur" and "The Travels of Mohar" are likewise important; and fables of a satirical character have been found and translated.

But the bulk of Egyptian Literature is religious, as was the case with the Hindus and the Hebrews. "The Book of the Dead," resurrected from an interment of three thousand years in various tombs, consists of numerous magical prayers or formulas, incorporated in an imaginative or symbolic story of the soul's adventures after death. "The Book of Breathing Anew," and "The Metamorphoses of the Gods," are obscure allegories which modern expositors have not yet fully elucidated. The hymns and apostrophes to Ra are conceived in a nobler vein of sentiment. Nine-tenths of the extant papyri were found with the mummies, and are of a theological or religious stamp.

Egyptian history falls into four periods, or important changes of social and political procedure. During the first, according to the ancient priest-historian, Manetho, gods and heroes held rule ; the semi-fabulous king, Menes, the founder of Memphis, dominated the second, and from him the numerous dynasties are reckoned. The third period began, 2000 B.C., with the invasion of the Shepherd Kings, supposed to be Phœnicians. They form the fifteenth and sixteenth dynasties in Manetho's chronology, which is in the main confirmed by the monuments. After governing the country for three hundred years, their expulsion was followed by the resumption of native rule, which, with some interruptions by Persian and Ethiopian invasions, continued down to 331 B.C., the date of Alexander's conquest. His general, Ptolemy, ascended the throne, and founded a new dynasty, reckoned as the thirty-third. These Macedonian rulers were succeeded in turn by Romans, Saracens, Mamelukes and Turks, to the last-mentioned of which Egypt still owes nominal allegiance.

To the primitive Egyptian the Deity was a mystic personification of the assembled laws of Nature. His universe comprised the heavens, the earth and the under-world. Ammon-Ra, the supreme, typified by the sun, reigned above; Osiris, the sun beneath the horizon, presided in the realm of death. Attributes of the Deity were also personified, and represented under the form of animals; and the inevitable confounding of the symbol with that which it stood for, brought about in the lapse of ages a gross idolatry. But the splendor of the master intellect remained with the mysterious man of the Nile Valley for many centuries after the pure illumination of the spirit had forsaken him forever.

AMMON-RA, THE GREAT GOD OF THEBES.



THE OLDEST BOOK IN THE WORLD.

(3580 B.C.)

THERE is preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, a papyrus roll, which was discovered at Thebes by M. Prisse, and is now distinguished by his name. It was first described in 1857 by M. Chabas, who stated that it belonged to the eleventh dynasty of Egyptian kings, and was written about 2500 B.C. Yet it is but a copy of a much older treatise written by a governor or viceroy, Ptah-hotep, son of the seventh king of the fifth dynasty, Assa or Ded-ka-ru, who, according to W. M. Flinders Petrie, began to reign about 3580 B.C. Others give the date 3366 B.C. The book, therefore, carries us back nearly thirty-four or even thirty-six centuries before Christ. Yet even then it does not appear as a first attempt at giving instruction in proverbial form or by writing. It seems rather to belong to an advanced period of society, when education was systematic and books of instruction were employed. The author is stated to have been 110 years old, and his book opens with a remarkable description of old age. It proceeds in a style which recalls the Proverbs of Solomon, the Greek didactic poems, and even the homely "Poor Richard." It inculcates obedience, diligence, patience, and other virtues belonging to an official or servant.

PRECEPTS OF PTAH-HOTEP.

The words of the Lord Prefect Ptah-Hotep, who lived in the reign of Assa, King of Northern and Southern Egypt, who liveth forever.

Thus saith the Lord Ptah-Hotep: O Lord Osiris, whose feet are upon the crocodiles!

A man waxeth old, his strength decayeth, he getteth in years, his youth fadeth away:

Day by day the heart of an old man fainteth and is troubled:

His eyes see not, his ears hear not, his power is lessened and abated:

Behold, his mouth speaketh not as of yore, his mind is feeble, and remembereth not the deeds of yesterday:

Yea, his whole body is afflicted, good is to him as evil, his tongue savoreth no longer.

Alas, the old age of a man is full of misery, his nostrils drink not the breath of heaven, his lungs wax feeble, he delighteth neither to stand nor to be seated.

Who shall give unto my tongue authority to utter unto the young men the counsels from of old? or who vouchsafeth unto me to declare the counsels received from on high?

O Lord Osiris, let thy favor be poured out upon thy servant, and suffer that these evils be removed from those who are unenlightened.

Then answered the Lord Osiris and said: Instruct them in the counsels from of old; for verily, wisdom from of old maketh the weak strong; knowledge giveth freedom to him that heareth; wisdom cries aloud, and the ear is not satisfied with hearing.

Here beginneth the book of the wise sayings of the Lord Prefect Ptah-Hotep, the first-born, the son of the King, the well-beloved of the Lord:

That the ignorant and the foolish may be instructed in the understanding of wisdom.

Whoso giveth ear, to him shall these words be as riches;

To him who heedeth them not, to the same shall come emptiness forever.

Thus speaketh he, giving counsel unto his son.

Be not thou puffed up with thy learning; honor the wise, neither withhold thou honor from the simple.

The gates of art are closed unto none; whoso entereth thereat, though he seeketh perfection, yet shall he not find it.

But the words of wisdom are hid, even as the emerald is hid in the earth, and adamant in the rock, which the slave diggeth up.

Yield unto him whose strength is more than thine, who falleth upon thee in anger: be not thou inflamed, neither lay thy hands upon him; so shalt thou escape calamity.

He is froward, it shall not profit thee to contend against him; be contained, and when he rageth against thee, oppose him not; so in the end shalt thou prevail over him.

If one rail against thee, and flout thee, answer him not again, but be as one who cannot be moved; even so shalt thou overcome him. For the bystanders shall declare that he who, being provoked, holdeth his tongue, is greater than he who provoketh; and thou shalt be honored of those who have understanding.

If thou do evil, being thereto commanded by one having authority over thee, the gods shall not condemn thee.

Know the master, and the slave: be not froward: obey and reverence him to whom is given dominion over thee:

None may know adversity, when it cometh, nor prosperity, when it shall relieve him, for the will of fate is hid from all:

But he that abuseth his servant shall be confounded, and God who gave him authority shall suddenly take it away; and great shall be his overthrow.

Be diligent, and do more than thy master commandeth thee; for the slothful servant shall be discomfited, and he that is idle shall be chidden.

See thou neglect not thy household; if thou find opportunity to increase thy wealth improve it; business begetteth business, but poverty is the lot of the slothful.

The wise traineth his child to walk devoutly and to serve the Lord; he maketh him obey his law, and do that which is bidden; so shall the love of the father be justified.

The son of a man is flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone; let not thy heart be cold towards him. But if he be froward, and transgress thy law, and, being tempted of evil, turn himself from thy instruction, then do thou smite the mouth that smote thee.

Delay not to bring the erring to obedience, and to chastise the rebellious; so shall he not stray from the path of righteousness, nor stumble among pitfalls.

Hide not thy path, let not thy way be hidden; though thou stand in the council of thy master, declare the truth that is in thee.

Be not as those who go backward, who eat the words of their own mouth, lest peradventure they offend:

Be not like unto them; feigners, answering, He that perceiveth the error of others, the same is wise: when the wise man uplifteth his voice against error, deny him not, but keep silence; for surely none but the wise have understanding.

If thou be wise guard thy house: honor thy wife, and love her exceedingly: feed her belly and clothe her back, for this is the duty of a husband.

Give her abundance of ointment, fail not each day to caress her, let the desire of her heart be fulfilled: for verily he that is kind to his wife and honoreth her, the same honoreth himself.

Withhold thy hand from violence, and thy heart from cruelty; softly entreat her and win her to thy way; consider her desires, and deny not the wish of her heart.

Thus shalt thou keep her heart from wandering; but if thou harden thyself against her, she will turn from thee. Speak to her, yield her thy love, she will have respect unto thee; open thy arms, she will come unto thee.

Blessed is the son who gives ear to the instruction of his father, for he shall escape error.

Train thou thy son to obedience; his wisdom shall be pleasing unto the great.

Let his mouth have respect to thy sayings; by obedience shall his wisdom be established. Day by day shall his walk be perfect; but error shall be the destruction of fools. The ignorant and the froward shall be overthrown, but knowledge shall uplift the wise.

He that lacketh prudence and inclineth not his ear to instruction, the same worketh no good. He thinketh to discover knowledge in ignorance, and gain in that which profiteth nothing; he runneth to mischief, and wandereth in error, choosing those things which are rejected of the prudent; so subsisteth he on that which perisheth, and filleth his belly with the words of evil. Yea, he is brought to shame, seeking to be nourished with whatsoever the wise hold in abomination, shunning profitable things, led astray by much foolishness.

Take thought in thy heart, but let thy mouth be sparing of words ; so shalt thou have speech with the great and the wise ; cleave to the way of thy master, so that when he declareth, This is my son, the bystanders shall say, Blessed be she who bore so good a child !

Apply thy soul diligently unto that which thou speakest, yea, speak perfect things, or speak thou not at all ; so shall the great give ear to thee, and cry, Lo, twice wise are the utterances of his lips !

Do thy master's bidding, and be diligent to observe the precepts of thy father ; inscribe his law on thy heart, and obey his will even beyond that which he requireth of thee ; so shalt thou be pleasing unto him.

Verily, a good son is given of the Lord, who doeth more than is required of him, and laboreth to please the heart of his master, and seeketh strength in righteousness.

So shall thy body have health, and thy king shall be content with thee in all things.

Thy days shall be many under the sun, and increase of years with strength shall be thine.

Wisdom has uplifted me to a high place, and multiplied my years, to live long in the earth, even five-score and ten years.

This have I found: That the best favor of a king is given to him who laboreth all his days, and findeth honor with all men.

THE BOOK OF THE DEAD.

The Ancient Egyptians were a people full of the vigor of life; and this may be one reason of the extraordinary care they gave to the preservation of the body after death. The idea of the final dissolution, even of the body, was unwelcome to them; and they established elaborate and costly processes and ceremonies, with the purpose of affording help and guidance to the soul on its journey through the spiritual world, and meanwhile of preserving the body as nearly as possible intact, in order that it might be ready to receive back its informing spirit when the time of the resurrection should come.

Some link or detail in their chain of reasoning on this subject is probably lacking to us. There is nothing to show how, when, or for what end the soul was to resume the body, or what precisely was the nature of the life which was thereafter expected for the reunited twain. Moreover, the body itself, by the process of embalming, was deprived of all the vital organs; nothing but the outer shell was left. Yet the Egyptians were well aware that the brain and viscera were essential to existence, as observed in this world; and they preserved these separately in what are called Canopic jars. The restoration of these parts to the body was a necessary preparation to the new life of the returning soul.

Their creed was not a mere empty fantasy; the weight they attached to it is indicated by the stupendous spectacle of their tombs and their contents. No nation before or since their time has builded for this world with as much solidity and care as did the Egyptians for the world to come. Indeed, it is their tombs alone that survive; the dwellings which they lived in have vanished and our knowledge of them is based entirely upon the pictures inscribed on the walls of the mausoleums. As we contemplate these remains, we seem to perceive a contradiction; the Egyptians joined to this apparently unquestioning spiritual belief, evidences of materialism so gross that nothing in the mental records of mankind surpasses it. That they distinguished between spirit and matter cannot be doubted; and yet they treat the spirit much as if it were material. Nor do they draw any visible line of demarcation between spiritual immortality and the physical continuance of an earthly form.

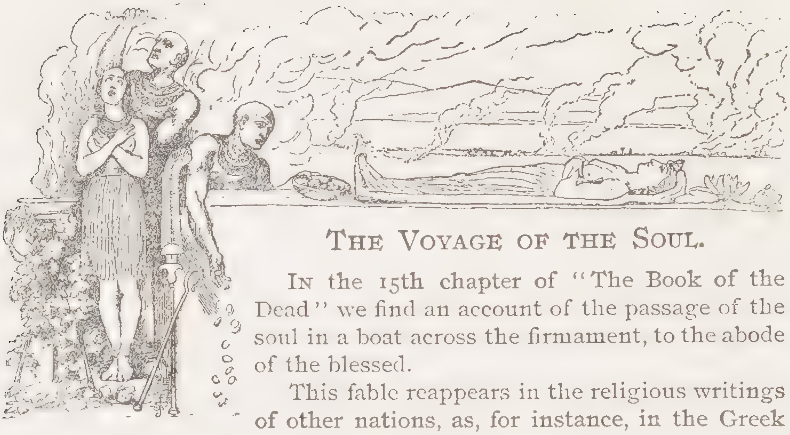
The explanation of this inconsistency will probably be found in the gradual corruption of a symbolism originally pure and abstract. Nature was the covering, the physical expression, of the things of the soul; it was the mortal translation of the heavenly language. But the tendency of mankind, after the first glow of faith and inspiration is past, is to mistake the symbol for that which it represents; and so it happened with the men of Egypt. Unlike the Hebrews, they had no Moses to hold them to the truth and cast down their idols. They first confounded the One God with His attributes, and then substituted the material images of those attributes for the attributes themselves. Yet they cannot be said to have fallen into absolute idolatry. They retained a theory or philosophy of the future life, in many respects noble and even beautiful.

Like the Hindus, they divided man into several parts, in addition to the Hebrew distinctions of soul and body. The soul, or *ba*, was supplemented by the *chu*, which may be interpreted as the intellectual part; and by the *ka*, for which we have no precise correlative, but which has been translated as the genius, or mortal personality. This *ka* seems to have been regarded as the connecting link between body and spirit; it was left behind at death, and inhabited the tomb in which the mummy was consigned, though it could also wander about within certain limits. It corresponds to the astral shape of the Buddhists. Further divisions are also indicated, but their exact character does not clearly appear.

The body was always embalmed, even in the case of poor persons and malefactors, the expense varying from a few dollars to a thousand and upwards. The tombs were massive structures, made to resist flood and pillage. There is reason to suspect that the Great Pyramid, and perhaps other pyramids, were something more than tombs; that they were history, or prophecy, in stone. Certainly, the Great Pyramid has been shown to indicate profound astronomical knowledge, and some investigators find further in its dimensions a perfect system of measure and measurements. But the final verdict upon this problem has not yet been delivered.

On the inner walls of the tombs, upon the coffins or mummy-cases of wood or cartonnage, upon the linen bandages in which the body was wrapped, or upon scrolls of papyrus, were inscribed sacred writings. The entire collection was called by the Egyptians, "The Going out by Day," but by Champollion, "The Funeral Ritual," and more correctly by Lepsius, "The Book of the Dead." A critical edition was published in 1886 by the French scholar M. E. Naville. It comprises 166 separate texts or chapters, which are each in a manner independent of one another, and they are of different degrees of antiquity; some of them, probably composed at On in Lower Egypt, the chief sanctuary of the country, being among the earliest products of Egyptian civilization. The chapter numbered 130 is ascribed to the fifth king of the first dynasty (4266 B.C.), and the writing upon the coffin of Men-kau-ra, of the fourth dynasty, to 3625 B.C.

The Book of the Dead directs the soul on its journey to Amenti, the Paradise in the West. It contains prayers to the gods, charms against evil spirits, spells for opening gates and dispersing obstacles, formulas to be inscribed on amulets, and most important of all, the ritual of the judgment of the soul before Osiris. If the applicant were approved, he received back all his faculties and became himself godlike.



The Voyage of the Soul.

In the 15th chapter of "The Book of the Dead" we find an account of the passage of the soul in a boat across the firmament, to the abode of the blessed.

This fable reappears in the religious writings of other nations, as, for instance, in the Greek story of Charon, ferrying departed spirits across the Styx, and in the traditions of the ancient Mexicans. The soul is called by the Egyptians Osiris, in connection with the proper name of the individual (*N*), to indicate that the latter already partakes of the divine nature. Ra is the sun-god, approaching the west. The following translation is by P. Le Page Renouf:

Here is the Osiris *N*.

Come forth into Heaven, sail across the firmament and enter into brotherhood with the stars, let salutation be made to thee in the bark, let invocation be made to thee in the morning bark. Contemplate Ra within his Ark, and do thou propitiate his orb daily. See the fish in its birth from the emerald stream, and see the tortoise and its rotations. Let the offender (the dragon) fall prostrate, when he meditates destruction for me, by blows on his backbone.

Ra springs forth with a fair wind; the evening bark speeds on and reaches the Haven. The crew of Ra are in exultation when they look upon him; the Mistress of Life, her heart is delighted at the overthrow of the adversary of her Lord.

See thou Horus at the look-out at the bow, and at his sides Thoth and Maat. All the gods are in exultation when they behold Ra coming in peace to give new life to the hearts of the Chu, and here is the Osiris *N* along with them.

[*Litany.*]

Adored be Ra, as he setteth in the land of Life.
Hail to thee, who hast come as Tmu, and hast been the creator of the cycle of the gods,

Give thou delicious breezes of the north wind to the Osiris N.
Hail to thee, who hast come as the Soul of souls, revered in Amenta,
Hail to thee, who art above the gods, and who lightenest up Tuat with thy glories,
Hail to thee, who comest in splendor, and goest around in thine orb,
Hail to thee, who art mightier than the gods, who art crowned in Heaven and King in Tuat,
Hail to thee, who openest the Tuat and disposest of all its doors,
Hail to thee, supreme among the gods, and weigher of words in the nether world,
Hail to thee, who art in thy Nest, and stirrest the Tuat with thy glory,
Hail to thee, the great, the mighty, whose enemies are laid prostrate at their blocks,
Hail to thee, who slaughterest the Sebau and annihilatest Apepi (the dragon).

[After each invocation, the italicized line is repeated.]

Horus openeth: the Great, the Mighty, who divideth the earths, the Great One who resteth in the Mountain of the West, and brighteneth up the Tuat with his glories and the Souls in their hidden abode, by shining into their sepulchres.

By hurling harm against the foe thou hast utterly destroyed all the adversaries of the Osiris *N.*

THE SOUL'S DECLARATION OF INNOCENCE.

This declaration was to be made by the soul in the Judgment Hall of Osiris in the presence of the council of forty-two gods. The heart being weighed against the symbol of truth and found correct was then restored to the deceased who entered upon the life of the blessed.

"O ye Lords of Truth! I have brought you truth.
I have not privily done evil against mankind.
I have not afflicted the miserable.
I have not told falsehoods.
I have had no acquaintance with sin.
I have not made the laboring man do more than his daily task.
I have not been idle.
I have not been intoxicated.

I have not been immoral.
I have not calumniated a slave to his master.
I have not caused hunger.
I have not made to weep.
I have not murdered.
I have not defrauded.

"I have not eaten the sacred bread in the temples.
I have not cheated in the weight of the balance.
I have not withheld milk from the mouths of sucklings.
I have not slandered any one.
I have not netted sacred birds.
I have not caught the fish which typify them.
I have not stopped running water.
I have not robbed the gods of their offered haunches.
I have not stopped a god from his manifestation.
I have made to the gods the offerings that were their due.
I have given food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and clothes to the naked.
I am pure! I am pure!"

WEIGHING THE HEART IN THE JUDGMENT HALL OF OSIRIS.

TALES OF THE MAGICIANS.

(2800 B.C.)

In the Berlin Museum there is a manuscript, known as the Westcar papyrus, containing tales of magicians. It was probably written in the twelfth dynasty (about 2400 B.C.), but refers to a much earlier time, and represents the stories as told to King Khufu (Cheops, the builder of the Great Pyramid) by his sons. Two of these are here given, with slight modifications, from the version by W. M. Flinders Petrie, in his "Egyptian Tales." These remarkable fictions of remote antiquity are in strange contrast with other remains of Egyptian literature, yet are closely akin to Oriental stories of later times.

One day, when King Khufu reigned over all the land, he said to his chancellor, who stood before him, "Go call me my sons and my councillors, that I may ask of them a thing." And his sons and his councillors came and stood before him, and he said to them, "Know ye a man who can tell me tales of the deeds of the magicians?"

Then the royal son Khafra stood forth and said, "I will tell thy majesty a tale of the days of thy forefather Nebka, the blessed; of what came to pass when he went into the temple of Ptah of Ankhtaui."

The Magical Crocodile.

His majesty was walking unto the temple of Ptah, and went unto the house of the chief reciter Uba-aner, with his train. Now when the wife of Uba-aner saw a page, among those who stood behind the king, her heart longed after him; and she sent her servant unto him, with a present of a box full of garments.

And he came then with the servant. Now there was a lodge in the garden of Uba-aner; and one day the page said to the wife of Uba-aner, "In the garden of Uba-aner there is now a lodge; behold, let us therein take our pleasure." So the wife of Uba-aner sent to the steward who had charge over the garden, saying, "Let the lodge which is in the garden be made ready." And she remained there, and rested and drank with the page until the sun went down.

And when the even was now come the page went forth to bathe. And the steward said, "I must go and tell Uba-aner of this matter." Now when this day was past, and another day came, then went the steward to Uba-aner, and told him of all these things.

Then said Uba-aner, "Bring me my casket of ebony and electrum." And they brought it; and he fashioned a crocodile of wax, seven fingers long: and he enchanted it, and said, "When the page comes and bathes in my lake, seize on him." And he gave it to the steward, and said to him, "When the page shall go down into the lake to bathe, as he is daily wont to do, then throw in this crocodile behind him." And the steward went forth bearing the crocodile.

And the wife of Uba-aner sent to the steward who had charge over the garden, saying, "Let the lodge which is in the garden be made ready, for I come to tarry there."

And the lodge was prepared with all good things; and she came and made merry therein with the page. And when the even was now come, the page went forth to bathe as he was wont to do. And the steward cast in the wax crocodile after him into the water; and, behold! it became a great crocodile seven cubits in length, and it seized on the page.

And Uba-aner abode yet seven days with the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Nebka, the blessed, while the page was stifled in the crocodile. And after the seven days were passed, the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Nebka, the blessed, went forth, and Uba-aner went before him.

And Uba-aner said unto his majesty, "Will your majesty come and see this wonder that has come to pass in your days unto a page?" And the king went with him. And Uba-aner called unto the crocodile and said, "Bring forth the page." And the crocodile came forth from the lake with the page. Uba-aner said unto the king, "Behold, whatever I command this crocodile, he will do it." And his majesty said, "I pray you send back this crocodile." And Uba-aner stooped and took up the crocodile, and it became in his hand a crocodile of wax. And then Uba-aner told the king that which had passed in his house with the page and his wife. And his majesty said unto the crocodile, "Take to thee thy prey." And the crocodile plunged into the lake with his prey, and no man knew whither he went.

And his majesty the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Nebka, the blessed, commanded, and they brought forth the wife of Uba-aner to the north side of the harem, and burnt her with fire, and cast her ashes in the river.

This is a wonder that came to pass in the days of thy forefather the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Nebka, of the acts of the chief reciter, Uba-aner.

His majesty the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Khufu, then said, "Let there be presented to the King Nebka, the blessed, a thousand loaves, a hundred draughts of beer, an ox, two jars of incense; and let there be presented a loaf, a jar of beer, a jar of incense, and a piece of meat to the chief reciter, Uba-aner; for I have seen the token of his learning." And they did all things as his majesty commanded.

THE LOST JEWEL.

The royal son Baufra then stood forth and spake. He said, "I will tell thy majesty of a wonder which came to pass in the days of thy father, Seneferu, the blessed, of the deeds of the chief reciter, Zazamankh."

One day King Seneferu, being weary, went throughout his palace seeking for a pleasure to lighten his heart, but he found none. And he said, "Haste, and bring before me the chief reciter and scribe of the rolls, Zazamankh;" and they straightway brought him. And the king said, "I have sought in my palace for some delight, but I have found none." Then said Zazamankh to him, "Let thy majesty go upon the lake of the palace, and let there be made ready a boat, with all the fair maidens of the harem of thy palace; and the heart of thy majesty shall be refreshed with the sight, in seeing their rowing up and down the water, and seeing the goodly pools of the birds upon the lake, and beholding its sweet fields and grassy shores; thus will thy heart be lightened. And I also will go with thee. Bring me twenty oars of ebony, inlaid with gold, with blades of light wood, inlaid with electrum; and bring me twenty maidens, fair in their limbs, their bosoms and their hair, all virgins; and bring me twenty nets, and give these nets unto the maidens for their garments." And they did according to all the commands of his majesty.

And they rowed down the stream and up the stream, and the heart of his majesty was glad with the sight of their rowing. But one of them at the steering struck her hair, and her jewel of new malachite fell into the water. And she ceased her song, and rowed not; and her companions ceased, and rowed not. And his majesty said, "Row you not further?" And they replied, "Our little steerer here stays and rows not." His majesty then said to her, "Wherefore rowest thou not?" She replied, "It is for my jewel of new malachite which is fallen in the water." And he said to her, "Row on, for behold I will replace it." And she answered, "But I want my own piece back in its setting." And his majesty said, "Haste, bring me the chief reciter, Zazamankh," and they brought him. And his majesty said, "Zazamankh, my brother, I have done as thou saidst, and the heart of his majesty is refreshed with the sight of their rowing. But now a jewel of new malachite of one of the little ones is fallen in the water, and she ceases and rows not, and she has spoilt the rowing of her side. And I said to her, 'Wherefore rowest thou not?' and she answered to me, 'It is for my jewel of new malachite which is fallen in the water.' I replied to her, 'Row on, for behold I will replace it;' and she answered to me, 'But I want my own piece again back in its setting.'" Then the chief reciter, Zazamankh, spake his magic speech. And he placed one part of the waters of the lake upon the other, and discovered the jewel lying upon a shard; and he took it up and gave it unto its mistress. And the water, which was twelve cubits deep in the middle, reached now to twenty-four cubits after he turned it. And he spake, and used his magic speech; and he brought again the water of the lake to its place. And his majesty spent a joyful day with the whole of the royal house. Then rewarded he the chief reciter, Zazamankh, with all good things. Behold, this is a wonder that came to pass in the days of thy father, the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Seneferu, of the deeds of the chief reciter, the scribe of the rolls, Zazamankh.

Then said the majesty of the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Khufu, the blessed, "Let there be presented an offering of a thousand cakes, one hundred draughts of beer, an ox, and two jars of incense to the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Seneferu, the blessed; and let there be given a loaf, a jar of beer, and a jar of incense to the chief reciter, the scribe of the rolls, Zazamankh; for I have seen the token of his learning." And they did all things as his majesty commanded.

NOTE.—The Book of Exodus shows the influence of the magicians in the affairs of Egypt. These tales, belonging to a still earlier period, confirm this idea. The transformation of the wax crocodile to a living reptile recalls the story of the magicians' rods changed to serpents. The reciter, who entertains the king with stories, is also the chief scribe of the rolls, that is, keeper of the archives or librarian of the palace, and likewise a powerful magician. Yet his wife, as in tragedies of later date, proves unfaithful, and indicates her illicit choice by a present of garments. A singular vengeance follows detection of the crime. The king approves the reciter's exercise of his power, and orders the guilty wife to be burnt. The second story is of lighter tone, yet not without a trace of Biblical coloring. Even in remote antiquity kings suffered from ennui, and their courtiers were obliged to find diversion for them. Success was liberally rewarded. Respect for the deified ancestor required that he also should be honored with an offering, perhaps only nominal.

FESTAL DIRGE OF ANTEF.

(2500 B.C.)

HERODOTUS, in his account of Egypt, relates that "at the entertainments of the rich, just as the company is about to rise from the table, a small coffin is borne round, containing a perfect representation of a dead body. It is from one to two cubits in length; and as it is exhibited, the bearer exclaims, 'Behold this figure! After death you shall resemble it. Drink and be happy!'"

King Antef (or Entuf) belonged to the eleventh dynasty, which ruled Egypt from Thebes 2533–2466 B.C. The papyrus from which the dirge bearing his name was taken was written about a thousand years later, and is now in the British Museum.

O Man, though thou attain virtue and honor: though thy name be magnified: yea, whether thou abide in poverty, or dwell amidst riches, yet one end cometh to all, that is, Death.

Behold, what is fortune? saith the Wise; the house of a man vanisheth away, and what are the deeds and thoughts of him who is dead none hath returned to tell us.

Fulfill the desire of thy heart; be glad, anoint thy body with ointment; clothe thyself in fine linen, and adorn thyself with ornaments of gold; enjoy whatsoever the gods give thee.

For verily the day cometh to every man when he shall no more hear the voices of men; he who is dead heareth not the lament of the mourner; the tears of the mourner bring not back the dead to earth.

Eat and drink to-day, and take thy rest: when thou goest down to death, thy goods remain behind thee: he that goeth down to death returneth not again.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE EXILE SANEHAT.

(2400 B.C.)

THE fact that three copies of this tale have been found indicates that it was popular. Sanehat was a high official, and probably a member of the royal family; but on the death of King Amenemhat, the founder of the twelfth dynasty, Sanehat, fearing for his life, fled to Syria and lived there many years. In his old age he desired to return, that he might die in his native land. The narrative was probably prepared for inscription on the wall of his tomb. The translation is from W. M. Flinders Petrie's "Egyptian Tales."

IN the thirtieth year, the month Paophi, the seventh day, the god entered his horizon, the King Sehotep-abra flew up to heaven and joined the sun's disc, the follower of the god met his maker. The palace was silenced, and in mourning, the great gates were closed, the courtiers crouching on the ground, the people in hushed mourning.

His majesty had sent a great army with the nobles to the land of the Temehu (Libya), his son and heir, the good god, King Usertesen, as their leader. Now he was returning, and had brought away living captives and all kinds of cattle without end. The councillors of the palace had sent to the West to let the king know the matter that had come to pass in the inner hall. The messenger was to meet him on the road, and reach him at the time of evening: the matter was urgent. "A hawk had soared with his followers." Thus said he, not to let the army know of it. Even if the royal sons who commanded in that army sent a message, he was not to speak to a single one of them.

But I was standing near, and heard his voice while he was speaking. I fled far away, my heart beating, my arms failing, trembling had fallen on all my limbs. I turned about in running to seek a place to hide me, and I threw myself between two bushes, to wait while they should pass by. Then I turned me toward the south, not wishing to come into this palace—for I knew not if war was declared—nor even thinking a wish to live after this sovereign. I turned my back to the sycamore, I reached Shi-Seneferu, and rested on the open field. In the morning I went on and overtook a man, who passed by the edge of the road. He asked of me mercy, for he feared me. By the evening I drew near to Kher-ahau (Cairo) and I crossed the river on a raft without a rudder. Carried by the west wind, I passed over to the east to the quarries of Aku and the land of the goddess Herit, mistress of the red mountain. Then I fled on foot, northward, and reached the walls of the prince, built to repel the Sati. I crouched in a bush for fear of being seen by the guards, changed each day, who watch on the top of the fortress. I took my way by night, and at the lighting of the day I reached Peten, and turned me toward the valley of Kemur. Then thirst hasted me on; I dried up, and my throat narrowed, and I said, "This is the taste of death."

When I lifted up my heart and gathered strength, I heard a voice and the lowing of cattle. I saw men of the Sati, and one of them—a friend unto Egypt—knew me. He gave me water and boiled milk, and I went with him to his camp; they did me good, and one tribe passed me on to another. I passed on to Sun, and reached the land of Adim (Edom).

When I had dwelt there half a year Amu-an-shi—who is the prince of the Upper Tenu—sent for me and said: "Dwell thou with me that thou mayest hear the speech of Egypt." He said thus for that he knew of my excellence, and had heard tell of my worth, for men of Egypt who were there with him bore witness of me. Behold he said to me, "For what cause hast thou come hither? Has a matter come to pass in the palace? Has the king of the two lands, Sehetepabra, gone to heaven? What has happened about this is not known." But I answered with concealment, and said, "When I came from the land of the Temehu, and my desires were there changed in me, if I fled away it was not by reason of remorse that I took the way of a fugitive; I have not failed in my duty, my mouth has not said any bitter words, I have not heard any evil counsel, my name has not come into the mouth of a magistrate. I know not by what I have been led into this land." And Amu-an-shi said, "This is by the will of the god (King of Egypt), for what is a land like, if it know not that excellent god, of whom the dread is upon the lands of strangers, as they dread Sekhet in a year of pestilence?" I spake to him, and replied, "Forgive me, his son now enters the palace, and has received the heritage of his father. He is a god who has none like him, and there is none before him. He is a master of wisdom, prudent in his designs, excellent in his decrees, with good-will to him who goes or who comes; he subdued the land of strangers while his father yet lived in his palace, and he rendered account of that which his father destined him to perform. A king, he has ruled from his birth; he, from his birth, has increased births, a sole being, a divine essence, by whom this land rejoices to be governed. He enlarges the borders of the South; but he covets not the lands of the North; he does not smite the Sati, nor crush the Nemau-shau. If he descends here, let him know thy name, by the homage which thou wilt pay to his majesty. For he refuses not to bless the land which obeys him."

And he replied to me, "Egypt is indeed happy and well settled; behold thou art far from it, but whilst thou art with me I will do good unto thee." And he placed me before his children, he married his eldest daughter to me, and gave me the choice of all his land, even among the best of that which he had on the border of the next land. It is a goodly land; Iaa is its name. There are figs and grapes; there is wine commoner than water; abundant is the honey, many are its olives; and all fruits are upon its trees; there is barley and wheat, and cattle of kinds without end. This was truly a great thing that he granted me, when the prince came to invest me, and establish me as prince of a tribe in the best of his land. I had my continual portion of bread and of wine each day, of cooked meat, of roasted fowl, as well as the wild game which I took, or which was brought to me, besides what my dogs captured. They made me much butter, and prepared milk of all kinds. I passed many years, the children that I had became great, each ruling his tribe. When a messenger went or came to the palace, he turned aside from the way to come to me; for I helped every man. I gave water to the thirsty, I set on his way him who went astray, and I rescued the robbed. The Sati who went far, to strike and turn back the princes of other lands, I ordained their goings; for the Prince of the Tenu for many years appointed me to be general of his soldiers. In every land which I attacked I played the champion, I took the cattle, I led away the vassals, I carried off the slaves, I slew the people, by my sword, my bow, my marches and my good devices. I was excellent to the heart of my prince; he loved me when he knew my power, and set me over his children when he saw the strength of my arms.

A champion of the Tenu came to defy me in my tent: a bold man without equal, for he had vanquished the whole country. He said, "Let Sanehat fight with me;" for he desired to overthrow me, he thought to take my cattle for his tribe. The prince counseled with me. I said, "I know him not. I certainly am not of his degree, I hold me far from his place. Have I ever opened his door, or leaped over his fence? It is some envious jealousy from seeing me; does he think that I am like some steer among the cows, whom the bull overthrows? If this is a wretch who thinks to enrich himself at my cost, not a Bedawi fit for fight, then let us put the matter to judgment. Verily a true bull loves battle, but a vain-glorious bull turns his back for fear of contest; if he has a heart for combat, let him speak what he pleases. Will God forget what he has ordained, and how shall that be known?" I lay down; and when I had rested I strung my bow, I made ready my arrows, I loosened my dagger, I furbished my arms.

At dawn the land of the Tenu came together; it had gathered its tribes and called all the neighboring people; it spake of nothing but the fight. Each heart burnt for me, men and women crying out; for each heart was troubled for me, and they said, "Is there another strong one who would fight with him? Behold the adversary has a buckler, a battle-axe, and an armful of javelins." Then I drew him to the attack; I turned aside his arrows, and they struck the ground in vain. One drew near to the other, and he fell on me, and then I shot him. My arrow fastened in his neck, he cried out, and fell on his face: I drove his lance into him, and raised my shout of victory on his back. Whilst all the men of the land rejoiced, I, and his vassals whom he had oppressed, gave thanks unto Mentu (the god of war). This prince, Amu-an-shi, embraced me. Then I carried off his goods and took his cattle, that which he had wished to do to me, I did even so unto him; I seized that which was in his tent, I spoiled his dwelling. As time went on I increased the richness of my treasures and the number of my cattle. . . .

[But at last the exile desired to return to his native land, and sent a petition to the King of Egypt, asking permission.]

Then the majesty of King Kheper-ka-ra, the blessed, spake upon this my desire that I had made to him. His majesty sent unto me with presents from the king, that he might enlarge the heart of his servant, like unto the province of any strange land; and the royal sons who are in the palace addressed themselves unto me.

Copy of the decree which was brought to lead me back into Egypt.

"The Horus, life of births, lord of the two crowns, King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Kheper-ka-ra, son of the Sun, Amen-em-hat, ever living unto eternity. Order for the follower Sanehat. Behold this order of the king is sent to thee to instruct thee of his will.

"Now, although thou hast gone through strange lands from Adim to Tenu, and passed from one country to another at the wish of thy heart—behold, what hast thou done, or what has been done against thee, that is amiss? Moreover, thou reviledst not; but if thy word was denied, thou didst not speak again in the assembly of the nobles, even if thou wast desired. Now, therefore, that thou hast thought on this matter which has come to thy mind, let thy heart not change again; for this thy Heaven (queen), who is in the palace is fixed, she is flourishing, she is enjoying the best in the kingdom of the land, and her children are in the chambers of the palace.

"Leave all the riches that thou hast, and that are with thee, altogether. When thou shalt come into Egypt behold the palace, and when thou shalt enter the palace, bow thy face to the ground before the Great House; thou shalt be chief among the companions. And day by day behold thou growest old; thy vigor is lost, and thou thinkest on the day of burial. Thou shalt see thyself come to the blessed state, they shall give thee the bandages from the hand of Tait, the night of applying the oil of embalming. They shall follow thy funeral, and visit the tomb on the day of burial, which shall be in a gilded case, the head painted with blue, a canopy of cypress wood above thee, and oxen shall draw thee, the singers going before thee, and they shall dance the funeral dance. The weepers crouching at the door of thy tomb shall cry aloud the prayers for offerings: they shall slay victims for thee at the door of thy pit; and thy pyramid shall be carved in white stone, in the company of the royal children. Thus thou shalt not die in a strange land, nor be buried by the Amu; thou shalt not be laid in a sheep-skin when thou art buried; all people shall beat the earth, and lament on thy body when thou goest to the tomb."

When this order came to me, I was in the midst of my tribe. When it was read unto me, I threw me on the dust, I threw dust in my hair; I went around my tent rejoicing and saying, "How may it be that such a thing is done to the servant, who with a rebellious heart has fled to strange lands? Now with an excellent deliverance, and mercy delivering me from death, thou shalt cause me to end my days in the palace."

I made a feast in Iaa, to pass over my goods to my children. My eldest son was leading my tribe, all my goods passed to him, and I gave him my corn and all my cattle, my fruit, and all my pleasant trees. When I had taken my road to the south, and arrived at the roads of Horus, the officer who was over the garrison sent a messenger to the palace to give notice. His majesty sent the good overseer of the peasants of the king's domains, and boats laden with presents from the king for the Sati who had come to conduct me to the roads of Horus. I spoke to each one by his name, and I gave the presents to each as was intended. I received and I returned the salutation and I continued thus until I reached the city of Thetu (Thebes).

When the land was brightened, and the new day began, four men came with a summons for me; and the four men went to lead me to the palace. I saluted with both my hands on the ground; the royal children stood at the courtyard to conduct me: the courtiers who were to lead me to the hall brought me on the way to the royal chamber.

I found his majesty on the great throne in the hall of pale gold. Then I threw myself on the ground; this god, in whose presence I was, knew me not. He questioned me graciously, but I was as one seized with blindness, my spirit fainted, my limbs failed, my heart was no longer in my bosom, and I knew the difference between life and death. His majesty said to one of the companions, "Lift him up, let him speak to me."

The royal children were brought in, and his majesty said to the queen, "Behold, Sanehat has come as an Amu, whom the Sati have produced."

She cried aloud, and the royal children spake with one voice, saying before his majesty, "Verily it is not so, O king, my lord." Said his majesty, "It is verily he." Then they brought their collars, and their wands, and their sistra * in their hands, and displayed them before his majesty; and they sang—

"May thy hands prosper, O king;
May the ornaments of the Lady of Heaven continue.
May the goddess Nub give life to thy nostril;
May the mistress of the stars favor thee, when thou sailest south and north.
All wisdom is in the mouth of thy majesty;
Thy uræus † is on thy forehead, thou drivest away the miserable.
Thou art pacified, O Ra, lord of the lands;
They call on thee as on the mistress of all.
Strong is thy horn. Thou lettest fly thine arrow.
Grant the breath to him who is without it;

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* The sistrum was a musical rattle, usually consisting of a thin oval metal band, crossed with metal rods and having a handle. See cut, p. 39.

† The serpent, with raised, projecting head, which was an emblem of sovereignty.

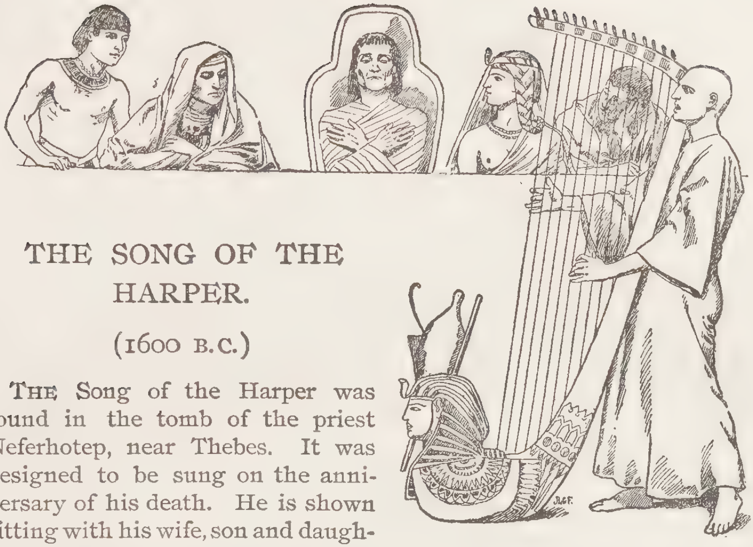
Grant good things to this traveller, Sanehat the Pedti, born in the land of Egypt,
Who fled away from fear of thee,
And fled this land from thy terrors.
Does not the face grow pale, of him who beholds thy countenance;
Does not the eye fear, which looks upon thee?"

Said his majesty, "Let him not fear, let him be freed from terror. He shall be a Royal Friend amongst the nobles; he shall be put within the circle of the courtiers. Go ye to the chamber of praise to seek wealth for him."

When I went out from the palace, the royal children offered their hands to me; we walked afterwards to the Great Gates.

Years were removed from my limbs: I was shaved, and polled my locks of hair; the foulness was cast to the desert with the garments of the Nemau-shau. I clothed me in fine linen, and anointed myself with the fine oil of Egypt; I laid me on a bed. I gave up the sand to those who lie on it; the oil of wood to him who would anoint himself therewith. There was given to me the mansion of a lord of serfs, which had belonged to a royal friend. There many excellent things were in its buildings; all its wood was renewed. There were brought to me portions from the palace, thrice and four times each day; besides the gifts of the royal children, always, without ceasing. There was built for me a pyramid of stone amongst the pyramids. The overseer of the architects measured its ground; the chief treasurer wrote it; the sacred masons cut the well; the chief of the laborers on the tombs brought the bricks; all things used to make strong a building were there used. There were given to me peasants; there was made for me a garden, and fields were in it before my mansion, as is done for the chief royal friend. My statue was inlaid with gold, its girdle of pale gold; his majesty caused it to be made. Such honor is not done to a man of low degree.

May I be in the favor of the king until the day shall come of my death.



THE SONG OF THE HARPER.

(1600 B.C.)

The Song of the Harper was found in the tomb of the priest Neferhotep, near Thebes. It was designed to be sung on the anniversary of his death. He is shown sitting with his wife, son and daughter, while the harper chants. *Ra* or *Re* is the general appellation of the Sun-god; *Tum* or *Tmu* denotes the Sun setting; *Shu* is the light of the Sun in its life-giving function.

Neferhotep, great and blessed, sleepeth; we protect his sleep.
Since the day when Ra began his race, and Tum hastened to its ending, fathers have gone down to death, and children have arisen in their place.
Even as Ra has his birth in the morning, fathers beget sons;
Even as Tum begetteth night, mothers conceive and bring forth;
The breath of the morning is in a man's nostrils;
Man that is born of a woman vanisheth when his race is run.

Holy Father, vouchsafe that the day return with blessing;
Smell thou the fragrant oils that we pour on thy altars, receive the flowers that we bring for an offering.
Lo, thy sister dwelleth in thy heart as in a temple;
Give these lotus flowers into her arms, place them in her bosom;
Lo, she sitteth at thy right hand; let the harp and the sound of singing be pleasing unto thee, and drive sorrow away.
Rejoice even unto the day when we, pilgrims, enter Amenti, welcomed by him who went before us.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, that the day come quickly;
Pure of heart and deed was he whom we loved:

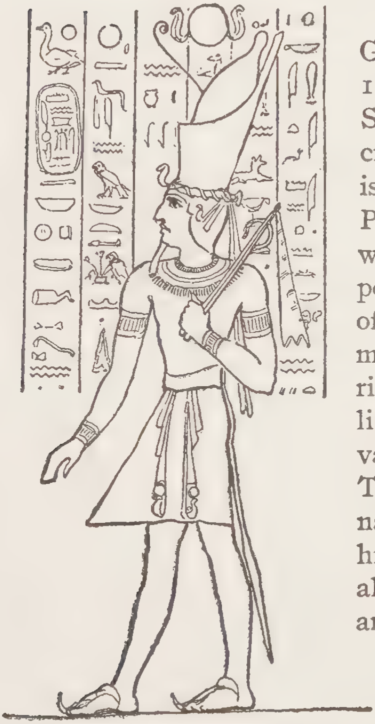
The life of earth passeth away, even so passed he away;
Behold, he was, and he is not, and no man knoweth his place.
So hath it been, since Ra went forth, O Man, and so shall it be forever.
The eyes of a man are opened, and are quickly closed again.
His soul drinketh of the sacred waters, he drinketh with them that are gone of the waters of the River of Life.

Give unto the poor, who cry to thee when the harvest faileth; so shall thy name be magnified forever.
And to the feast of thy sacrifice multitudes shall come, worshipping;
And the priest, clothed with a panther's skin, shall pour out wine unto thee;
And shall offer cakes, and sing songs before thy altars,
In that day when thy servants stand before Ra, the Sun-god.
Shu shall bring forth the harvest in its season,
And glory shall be thine, but destruction shall overtake the wicked.

Return quickly, O Neferhotep, let the day of thy honor return:
Lo, the works which thou didst upon earth, thou didst leave them in the day of thy going;
Rich wast thou, but of thy riches only these ashes are left.
In the day of thy going thou tarriedst not, nothing didst thou save in that day:
Yea, though a man have much grain, yet the day of his poverty shall come;
Death regardeth not his riches; Death heedeth not the pride of a man.

Friends, the day of your going shall come; let your hearts have understanding.
Whither ye go, thence shall ye not return forever.
The upright man shall prosper, but the transgressor shall perish.
Be ye just, for the just man shall be blessed.
But neither the brave man, nor he that feareth, nor he that hath friends, nor the forsaken one,
None shall escape the grave, no man small prevail against Death.
Vouchsafe unto us, therefore, of thine abundance, and be thou blessed forever of Isis.

THE GREATEST OF THE PHARAOHS.

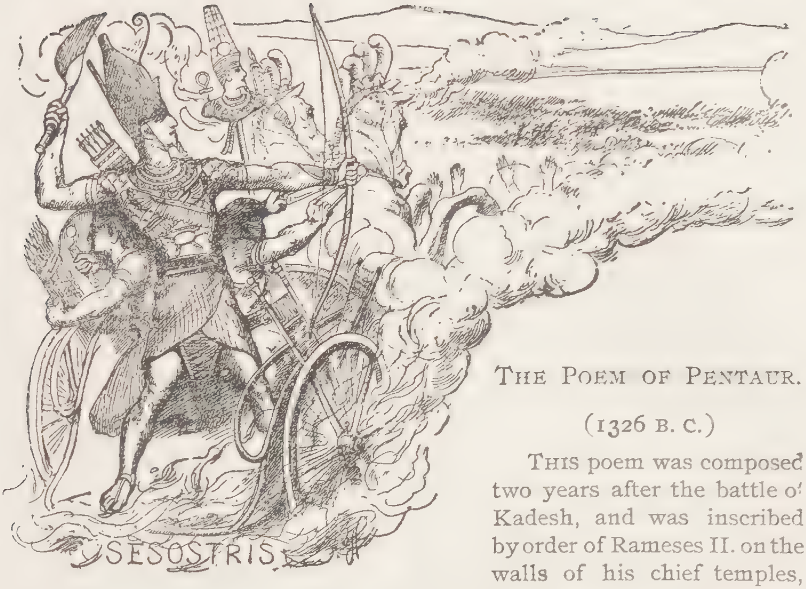


RAMESES II., called the Great, was the third king of the 19th Dynasty, and the son of Seti I. The date generally ascribed to him is 1333 B.C. He is commonly identified with the Pharaoh of the Oppression; while his son Menephtah is supposed to have been the Pharaoh of the Exodus. His reign marks the most flourishing period of Egyptian arms, art and literature. He himself was a valiant warrior and conqueror. There are several variants of his name; Ramessu is the exact hieroglyphical form; but he was also called Ses, Sestesu, Setesu, and Sethoris; and Herodotus and other Greek writers named him Sesostris. He erected many monuments and built many temples, some of which remain the mightiest examples of Egyptian architecture.

Rameses reigned sixty-seven years; at the age of twelve he sat beside his father on the throne; and it was while still a young man that he headed the famous campaign against the Hittites in northern Syria, which inspired the court poet, Pentaur, to write the poem in which the heroic exploits of the king are described. It was near Kadesh, on the Orontes, that Rameses approved his courage, rescuing the vanguard of his army from an ambush prepared by the enemy, and achieving a great victory over them.

The bravery and ability of this monarch were equalled only by his vanity. He caused Pentaur's poem to be inscribed on the walls of numerous temples, four of which still survive, together with a copy on papyrus. Obelisks attest his mighty deeds, and his face and form are reproduced in countless statues, one of which, found in a shattered condition at Zoan or Tanis, near Tel-el-Kebir, was the largest colossus known, measuring ninety-two feet in height, without the pedestal. The obelisk now in the Central Park of New York was originally designed as a memorial of his predecessor, Thothmes III., but was appropriated and inscribed by Rameses. At Abu-Simbel, in Nubia, he caused to be hewn out of the solid rock a magnificent temple, with a façade 100 feet in breadth and height, in the steep front of the precipice. Guarding the entrance are four colossal figures of Rameses, enthroned, each sixty-six feet in height; in the first chamber the walls are sculptured with his deeds; while the inner sanctuary contains another seated statue of himself, together with the gods Amen, Ptah and Horus. Again, in the Rameseum, at Thebes, the most stupendous temple in Egypt, built by this king, there are the remains of still another enthroned image of Rameses, which is estimated to have weighed not less than 1000 tons. Assuredly this monarch labored resolutely to achieve earthly immortality, and not wholly in vain. His name is writ in granite from Syria to Nubia, and from the ruins of his monuments might be created many cities.

Rameses recorded on the walls of his temple at Abu-Simbel that he was the father of 119 children; but none of them, nor all together, achieved a fraction of his renown. His court at Thebes was magnificent; scholars and men of genius were welcome there; the great library, over the door of which was the legend, "The Dispensary of the Soul," and which Kagabu, surnamed the Elegant, administered, contained the finest collection of papyri that had ever been brought together. Enna, the poet and romance-writer, who composed for the entertainment of the king's sons "The Tale of Two Brothers," translated below, was one of the ornaments of his reign. Rameses II. created what might be termed the Augustan Age of Egypt, and under him the kingdom of the Nile attained its greatest glory.



The Poem of Pentaur.

(1326 B. C.)

This poem was composed two years after the battle of Kadesh, and was inscribed by order of Rameses II. on the walls of his chief temples, with sculptures illustrative of the campaign. It was translated by Brugsch Bey, from whose version the following rendering has been prepared:

The king of the vile Hittites mustered many warriors; his chariots were as the sand of the sea, and three men of war stood in each car; and all the strength of his army was arrayed, footmen and horsemen; they stood, but durst not advance against Pharaoh the King.

But the king of the Hittites prepared an ambush to the northwest of Kadesh; and the chief part of his army was concealed there; but others went forth from the south of Kadesh, and fell upon the centre of Pharaoh's army, and, taking them unawares, overthrew them, even the legion of Pra-Makhu.

Now the station of Pharaoh the King was on the western side of the River Arunatha (Orontes), near the northern wall of the city; and they came unto the King, and told him what had befallen.

Then arose Pharaoh, in strength like unto his divine father Mentu, and took weapons in his hand, and put on his armor, like unto Baal;

And he took his horses, called "The Victory of Thebes," which were from the royal stables of Miamun;

And Pharaoh smote the horses, and they charged into the centre of the host of the Hittites; and there was none with the King.

And the King looked, and lo! the enemy surrounded him, two thousand and five hundred of their best warriors in their chariots, three men in each chariot; and they came behind the King, and upon each side of him.

And Pharaoh the King said, "Behold, of my princes, and of my great men and captains, there was none with me, and my men of war forsook me."

And Pharaoh said, "O Father Ammon, where art thou? Shall a father forget his son? Behold, thou knowest my ways; I have not erred from the judgments of thy mouth; the vows which I vowed unto thee have I kept; shall the king who rules in Egypt bow beneath the yoke of the stranger?

"Verily Ammon should prevail over the herders of cattle, and should stand above him who knoweth not God.

"Behold, O Ammon, have I not built unto thee monuments, and filled thy temples with many prisoners? Shall not the altars which I built unto thee last a thousand years?

"Have not I sacrified unto thee of my substance, even ten thousand oxen, and burnt woods of sweet savor upon thy altars, and withheld naught that thy heart craved?

"Put thou, therefore, to shame him that disobeyeth thee, and give honor to him that lifteth up his hands unto thee.

"Behold, my heart has ever inclined itself unto thee; I have done thy will, and called upon thy name.

"And now, behold! I stand alone in the midst of a multitude, which are as the sands of the sea in number, and my men and my chariots were afraid, and have deserted me, not giving ear unto my voice, when I, the King, cried unto them for succor.

"But the strength of Ammon is greater than the strength of a myriad of fighting-men, and ten thousand chariots; yea, than ten thousand brothers and sons, gathered together in one place to help me.

"Behold, Ammon is the Lord, and beside, him all men are as nothing;

"That which hath come unto me is according to thy word.

"Behold, I will obey thy word and alone I will uplift my voice unto thee, even from the ends of the earth,

"Saying, 'Help me, O Father Ammon, against mine enemy, the Hittite!'"

Then was my voice heard even in the hall of the temple of Hermonthis; yea, Ammon gave ear and answered to my supplication.

I shouted for joy, for from behind his voice came unto me, saying,

"Lo, I have hastened unto thee, Rameses Miamun,

"Lo, I stand besides thee, lo, it is I, even thy father, Ra, the mighty Sun-god,

"Lo, my hand shall fight for thee, and my arm be strong to succor thee,

"And my power shall prevail against the myriads who come against thee.

"For I am the God of victory, and the heart of a brave man is pleasing unto me,

"And in thee have I found a righteous spirit, and my soul rejoices in thy might and thy valor."

Now when this came to pass, behold, my heart was changed within me, and I became like unto Mentu, the God of Battles;

My left hand shook the spear, and my right hand held the sword, even as Baal, before them that saw me;

And I charged into the midst of them, two thousand and five hundred chariots with horses, and the hoofs of my horses trampled upon them.

None raised his hand against me, for their hearts failed within them, and with fear were their limbs loosened, and the spear and the dart durst they not wield against me.

And I cast them down into the water, as falls the crocodile from the bank, so fell they, yea, one by one fell they upon their faces, and at my pleasure I smote them,

So that none looked behind, but where he fell, there he lay dead, nor did any lift up his head on that day of my smiting.

But the King of the Hittites stood in the midst of his warriors and his chariots, and saw the valor of Pharaoh in the battle, who was alone, with none to help him; he saw, and he turned his face and fled;

Then sent he forth his princes, to do battle with Pharaoh, well armed were they with bows and with swords;

The chiefs of Leka and of Masa, the kings of Malunna, and Qar-qa-mash (Carchemish), king of the Dardani, and Khilibu of Keshkesh, and the brothers of the king, with five thousand horses, they came on against me, and their faces were set against mine, which flamed as the sun.

Then charged I upon them, like unto Mentu in his anger, and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the strength of my hand was upon them.

Then cried a man unto his mate, "Lo, this is no man, this is Sutek, and the blood of Baal is in his veins;

"Let us hasten, and flee away, and save our souls from destruction, let us cease not from fleeing."

And lo, they fell before the wrath of Pharaoh, their hands lost their strength, and their limbs were loosened, and they could not draw the bow, neither hurl the spear;

But they looked upon Pharaoh, coming upon them like the sun in his splendor,

And their king, behind them, was as a griffin.

(Behold, thus speaketh Pharaoh, let all men hear him!)

"I smote them, there was none escaped me.

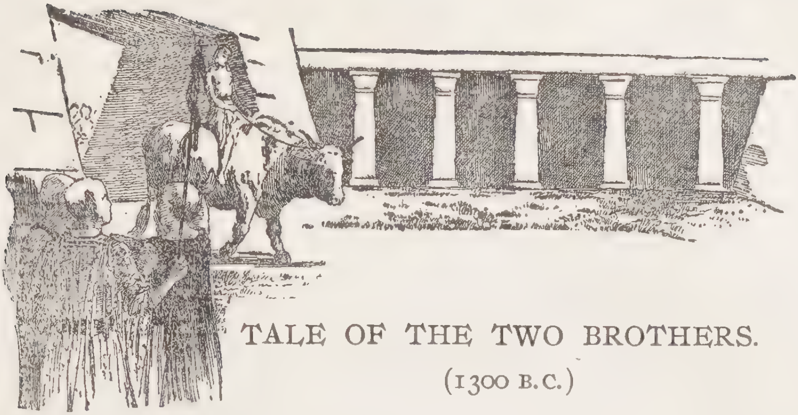
"Then I lifted up my voice, and I shouted to my men of war, and my charioteers,

"'Ho! my warriors, my charioteers, take courage, and fear not; for lo, I was alone, yet was Ammon my helper, and his power is even now with me.'"

Then Pharaoh made haste, and fell upon the hosts of the Hittites,

Yea, six times charged he upon them, like Baal in his wrath,

And he smote them, and slew them, and made no end of slaying, and none escaped him.



TALE OF THE TWO BROTHERS.

(1300 B.C.)

The Tale of the Two Brothers is the most famous of the stories which have come from ancient Egypt. The first part bears a striking resemblance to the well-known story of Joseph. But after the false accusation is detected, the character of the story is greatly changed. It now becomes a series of transformations such as are found in the mythical tales of Asia. Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie connects it with the Phrygian myth of Atys or Attis, which has been put in classical Latin dress by Catullus.

This tale is found in the D'Orbiney Papyrus in the British Museum. The roll had been written for the entertainment of Seti II., when crown-prince (about 1300 B.C.), but it is judged that the original story was much older, and was enlarged by the scribe Anena (or Enna).

Once there were two brothers, of one mother and one father; Anpu was the name of the elder, and Bata was the name of the younger. Anpu had a house and a wife. But his little brother was to him as a son; he made for him his clothes; he followed his oxen to the fields; he did the ploughing; he harvested the grain; he did for him all the matters that were in the field. The younger brother grew to be an excellent worker, there was not his equal in the whole land; the spirit of a god was in him.

Now Bata followed his oxen, and every evening he turned again to the house, laden with all the herbs of the field, with milk and wood, and with all things of the field, and he put them down before his elder brother, who was sitting with his wife; and he drank and ate, and he lay down in his stable with the cattle. And at the dawn of day he took bread which he had baked, and laid it before his elder brother; and he took with him his bread to the field, and he drove his cattle to pasture in the fields. And as he walked behind his cattle, they said to him, "Good is the herbage which is in that place;" and he listened to all that they said, and he took them to the good place which they desired. And the cattle which were before him became excellent, and they multiplied greatly.

Now at the time of ploughing Anpu said unto Bata, "Let us make ready a goodly yoke of oxen for ploughing, for the land has come out from the water, and is fit for ploughing. Come thou to the field with grain, for we will begin the ploughing on the morrow." Thus said he to him; and Bata did all things as his elder brother had spoken.

And when the morn was come, they went to the fields with their things; and their hearts were pleased exceedingly with their task in the beginning of their work. And it came to pass that as they were in the field they stopped for grain, and Anpu sent his younger brother, saying, "Haste thou, bring us grain from the farm." And Bata found the wife of his elder brother, as she was sitting tiring her hair. He said to her, "Get up, and give me grain, that I may run to the field, for my elder brother hastened me; do not delay." She said to him, "Go, open the bin, and thou shalt take to thyself according to thy will, that I may not drop my locks of hair while I dress them."

Bata went into the stable; he took a large measure, for he desired to take much grain; he loaded it with wheat and barley; and he went out carrying it. She said to him, "How much of the grain is that on thy shoulder?" He said to her, "Three bushels of barley, and two of wheat, in all five; these are upon my shoulder." And she conversed with him, saying, "There is great strength in thee, for I see thy might every day." And her heart knew him with the knowledge of youth. And she arose and came to him, and conversed with him, saying, "Come, stay with me, and it shall be well for thee, and I will make for thee beautiful garments." Then Bata became like a panther of the south with fury at the evil speech which she had made to him; and she feared greatly. And he spake unto her, saying, "Behold thou art to me as a mother, thy husband is to me as a father, for he has brought me up. What is this wickedness that thou hast said to me? Say it not to me again. For I will not tell it to any man, for I will not let it be uttered by the mouth of any man." Bata lifted up his burden, and he went to the field and came to his elder brother; and they took up their work, to labor at their task.

Now, at eventime, Anpu was returning to his house; and Bata was following after his oxen, and he loaded himself with all the things of the field; and he brought his oxen before him, to make them lie down in their stable which was in the farm. And behold the wife of Anpu was afraid for the words which she had said. Her husband returned in the even, as was his wont every day; he came unto his house; he found his wife ill of violence; she did not give him water upon his hands, she did not make a light before him; his house was in darkness, and she was lying very sick. Her husband said to her, "Who has spoken with thee?" Behold she said, "No one has spoken with me except thy younger brother. When he came to take grain he found me sitting alone; he said to me, 'Come, let us stay together, tie up thy hair.' I did not listen to him, but thus spake I to him: 'Behold, am I not thy mother, is not thy elder brother to thee as a father?' And he feared, and he beat me to stop me from making report to thee, and if thou lettest him live I shall die. Now behold, he is coming in the evening; and I complain of these wicked words, for he would have done this even in daylight."

And Anpu became as a panther of the south; he sharpened his knife; he took it in his hand; he stood behind the door of his stable to slay his younger brother as he came in the evening to bring his cattle into the stable.

Now the sun went down, and Bata loaded himself with herbs in his daily manner. He came, and his foremost cow entered the stable, and she said to her keeper, "Behold thy elder brother standing before thee with his knife to slay thee; flee from before him." He heard what his first cow had said; and the next entering, said likewise. He looked beneath the door of the stable; he saw the feet of his elder brother; he was standing behind the door, and his knife was in his hand. He cast down his load to the ground, and betook himself to flee swiftly; and his elder brother pursued after him with his knife.

Then Bata cried out unto Ra Harakhti, saying, "My good Lord! Thou art he who divides the evil from the good." And Ra stood and heard all his cry; and Ra made a wide water between him and his elder brother, and it was full of crocodiles; and the one brother was on one bank, and the other on the other bank; and the elder brother smote twice on his hands at not slaying him. And the younger brother called to the elder on the bank, saying, "Stand still until the dawn of day; and when Ra ariseth, I shall judge with thee before Him, for He discerneth between the good and the evil. But I shall not be with thee any more forever; I shall not be in the place in which thou art; I shall go to the valley of the acacia."

Now when the land was lightened, and the next day appeared, Ra Harakhti arose, and one looked unto the other. And the youth spake with Anpu, saying, "Wherefore camest thou after me to slay me in craftiness, when thou didst not hear the words of my mouth? For I am thy brother in truth, and thou art to me as a father, and thy wife even as a mother; is it not so? Verily, when I was sent to bring grain, thy wife said to me, 'Come, stay with me;' for behold this has been turned over unto thee otherwise." And he caused him to understand all that happened with him and his wife. And he swore an oath by Ra Harakhti, saying, "Thy coming to slay me by deceit with thy knife was an abomination." Then the youth took a knife, and cut off of his flesh, and cast it into the water, and the fish swallowed it. He failed; he became faint; and his elder brother cursed his own heart greatly; he stood weeping for him afar off; he knew not how to pass over to where his younger brother was, because of the crocodiles.

The younger brother called unto him, saying, "Whereas thou hast devised an evil thing, wilt thou not also devise a good thing, even like that which I would do unto thee? When thou goest to thy house thou must look to thy cattle, for I shall not stay in the place where thou art; I am going to the valley of the acacia. And this is what shall come to pass; I shall draw out my soul (heart), and I shall put it upon the top of the flowers of the acacia, and when the acacia is cut down, and it falls to the ground, and thou comest to seek for it, if thou searchest for it seven years do not let thy heart be wearied. For thou wilt find it, and thou must put it in a cup of cold water, and expect that I shall live again, that I may make answer to what has been done wrong. And thou shalt know that things are happening to me, when one shall give to thee a cup of beer in thy hand, and it shall be troubled; stay not then, for verily it shall come to pass with thee."

And Bata went to the valley of the acacia; and his elder brother went unto his house; his hand was laid on his head, and he cast dust on his head. He came to his house, and he slew his wife, he cast her to the dogs, and he sat in mourning for his younger brother.

Now many days after these things, Bata was in the valley of the acacia; there was none with him; he spent his time in hunting the beasts of the desert, and he came back in the even to lie down under the acacia, which bore his soul upon the topmost flower. And after this he built himself a tower with his own hands, in the valley of the acacia; it was full of all good things, that he might provide for himself a home.

And he went out from his tower, and he met the Nine Gods, who were walking forth to look upon the whole land. The Nine Gods talked one with another, and they said unto him, "Ho! Bata, bull of the Nine Gods, art thou remaining alone? Thou hast left thy village for the wife of Anpu, thy elder brother. Behold his wife is slain. Thou hast given him an answer to all that was transgressed against thee." And their hearts were vexed for him exceedingly. And Ra Harakhti said to Khnumu, "Behold, frame thou a woman for Bata, that he may not remain alive alone." And Khnumu made for him a mate to dwell with him. She was more beautiful in her limbs than any woman who is in the whole land. The essence of every god was in her. The seven Hathors (Fates) came to see her: they said with one mouth, "She will die a sharp death."

And Bata loved her very exceedingly, and she dwelt in his house; he passed his time in hunting the beasts of the desert, and brought and laid them before her. He said, "Go not outside, lest the sea seize thee; for I cannot rescue thee from it; my soul is placed on the head of the flower of the acacia; and if another find it, I must fight with him." And he opened unto her his heart in all its nature.

Now after these things Bata went to hunt in his daily manner. And the young girl went to walk under the acacia which was by the side of her house. Then the sea saw her, and cast its waves up after her. She betook herself to flee from before it. She entered her house. And the sea called unto the acacia, saying, "Oh, would that I could seize her!" And the acacia brought a lock from her hair, and the sea carried it to Egypt, and dropped it in the place of the fullers of Pharaoh's linen. The smell of the lock of hair entered into the clothes of Pharaoh; and they were wroth with the fullers of Pharaoh, saying, "The smell of ointment is in the clothes of Pharaoh." And the people were rebuked every day, they knew not what they should do. And the chief fuller of Pharaoh walked by the bank, and his heart was very evil within him after the daily quarrel with him. He stood still, he stood upon the sand opposite to the lock of hair, which was in the water, and he made one enter into the water and bring it to him; and there was found in it a smell, exceeding sweet. He took it to Pharaoh; and they brought the scribes and the wise men, and they said unto Pharaoh, "This lock of hair belongs to a daughter of Ra Harakhti: the essence of every god is in her, and it is a tribute to thee from another land. Let messengers go to every strange land to seek her; and as

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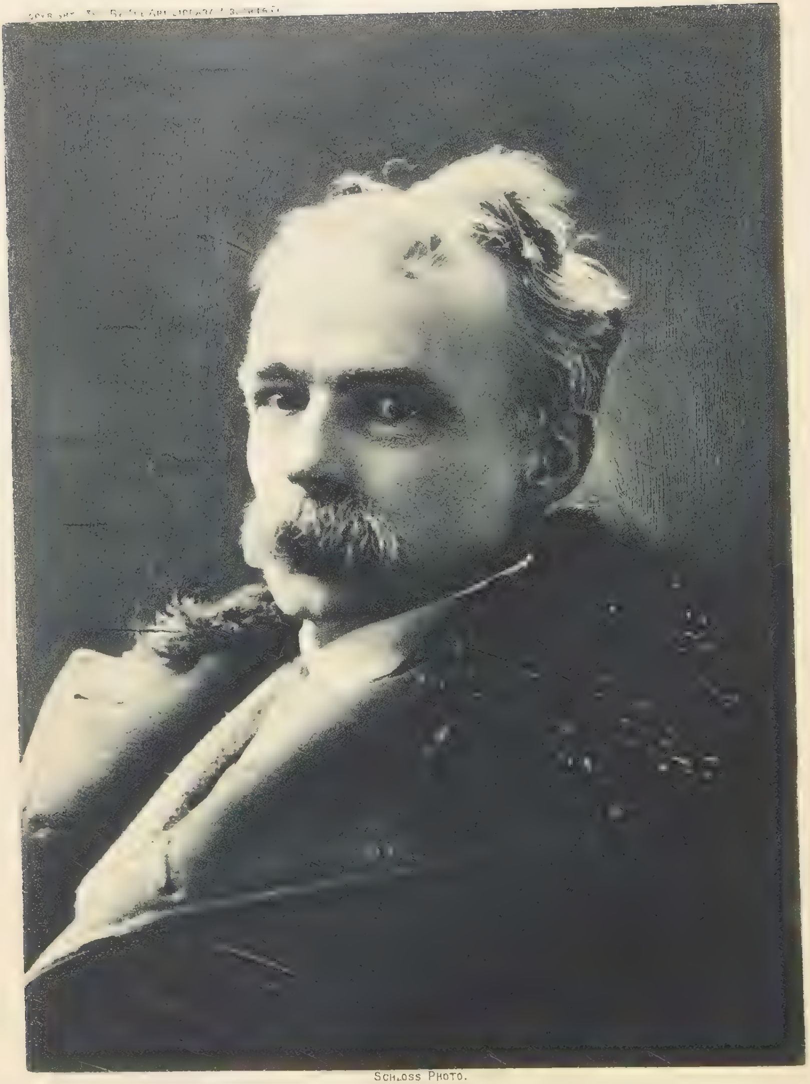

SCHLOSS PHOTO.

Yours sincerely
Julian Hawthorne

for the messenger who shall go to the valley of the acacia, let many men go with him to bring her." Then said his majesty, "Excellent exceedingly is what has been said to us;" and they sent them. And many days after these things the people who were sent to strange lands came to give report unto the king; but there came not those who went to the valley of the acacia, for Bata had slain them, but let one of them return to give a report to the king. His majesty sent many men and soldiers, as well as horsemen, to bring her back. And there was a woman amongst them, and to her had been given in her hand beautiful ornaments for a woman. And the girl came back with her, and they rejoiced over her in the whole land.

And his majesty loved her exceedingly, and raised her to high estate; and he spake unto her that she should tell him concerning her husband. And she said, "Let the acacia be cut down, and let one chop it up." And they sent men and soldiers with their weapons to cut down the acacia; and they came to the acacia, and they cut the flower upon which was the soul of Bata, and he fell dead suddenly.

And when the next day came, and the earth was lightened, the acacia was cut down. And Anpu, the elder brother of Bata, entered his house, and washed his hands; and one gave him a cup of beer, and it became troubled; and one gave him another of wine, and the smell of it was evil. Then he took his staff, and his sandals, and likewise his clothes, with his weapons of war; and he betook himself forth to the valley of the acacia. He entered the tower of his younger brother, and he found him lying upon his mat; he was dead. And he wept when he saw his younger brother lying dead. And he went out to seek the soul of his younger brother under the acacia tree, under which his younger brother lay in the evening. He spent three years in seeking for it, but found it not. And when he began the fourth year, he desired in his heart to return into Egypt; he said, "I will go to-morrow;" thus spake he in his heart.

Now when the land lightened, and the next day appeared, Anpu was walking under the acacia; he was spending his time in seeking it. And he returned in the evening, and labored at seeking it again. He found a seed. He returned with it. Behold this was the soul of his younger brother. He brought a cup of cold water, and he cast the seed into it; and he sat down, as he was wont. Now when the night came his soul sucked up the water; Bata shuddered in all his limbs, and he looked on his elder brother; his soul was in the cup. Then Anpu took the cup of cold water, in which the soul of his younger brother was; Bata drank it, his soul stood again in its place, and he became as he had been. They embraced each other, and they conversed together.

And Bata said to his elder brother, "Behold, I am to become as a great bull, which bears every good mark; no one knoweth its history, and thou must sit upon my back. When the sun arises I shall be in the place where my wife is, that I may return answer to her; and thou must take me to the place where the king is. All good things shall be done for thee; and one shall lade thee with silver and gold, because thou bringest me to Pharaoh, for I become a great marvel, and they shall rejoice for me in all the land. But thou shalt go to thy village."

And when the land was lightened, and the next day appeared, Bata became in the form which he had told to his elder brother. And Anpu sat upon his back until the dawn. He came to the place where the king was, and they made his majesty to know of him; the king saw him, and was exceeding joyful with him. He made for him great offerings, saying, "This is a great wonder which has come to pass." There were rejoicings over him in the whole land. They presented unto him silver and gold for his elder brother, who went and stayed in his village. They gave to the bull many men and many things, and Pharaoh loved him exceedingly above all that is in this land.

And after many days, the bull entered the purified place; he stood where the princess was; he began to speak with her, saying, "Behold, I am alive indeed." And she said to him, "And, pray, who art thou?" He said to her, "I am Bata. I perceived when thou causedst that they should destroy the acacia of Pharaoh, which was my abode, that I might not be suffered to live. Behold, I am alive indeed, I am as an ox." Then the princess feared exceedingly for the words that her husband had spoken to her. And he went out from the purified place.

And his majesty was sitting, making a good day with her; she was at the table of his majesty, and the king was exceeding pleased with her. And she said to his majesty, "Swear to me by God, saying, 'What thou shalt say, I will obey it for thy sake.'" He hearkened unto all that she said, even this. "Let me eat of the liver of the ox, because he is fit for nought:" thus spake she to him. And the king was exceeding sad at her words, the heart of Pharaoh grieved him greatly. And after the land was lightened, and the next day appeared, they proclaimed a great feast with offerings to the ox. And the king sent one of his chief butchers to cause the ox to be sacrificed. And when he was sacrificed, as he was upon the shoulders of the people, he shook his neck, and he threw two drops of blood over against the two doors of his majesty. The one fell upon the one side, on the great door of Pharaoh, and the other upon the other door. They grew as two great Persea trees, and each of them was excellent.

And one went to tell unto his majesty, "Two great Persea trees have grown, as a great marvel of his majesty, in the night by the side of the great gate of his majesty." And there was rejoicing for them in all the land, and there were offerings made to them.

And when the days were multiplied after these things, his majesty was adorned with the blue crown, with garlands of flowers on his neck, and he was upon the chariot of pale gold, and he went out from the palace to behold the Persea trees; the princess also was going out with horses behind his majesty. And his majesty sat beneath one of the Persea trees, and it spake thus with his wife: "O thou deceitful one, I am Bata, I am alive, though I have been evilly entreated. I knew who caused the acacia to be cut down by Pharaoh at my dwelling. I then became an ox, and thou causedst me to be killed."

And many days after these things the princess stood at the table of Pharaoh, and the king was pleased with her. And she said to his majesty, "Swear to me by God, saying, 'That which the princess shall say to me I will do it for her.'"

And he hearkened unto all she said. And he commanded, "Let these two Persea trees be cut down, and let them be made into goodly planks." And he hearkened unto all she said. And after this his majesty sent skillful craftsmen, and they cut down the Persea trees of Pharaoh; and the princess, the royal wife, was standing looking on, and they did all that was in her heart unto the trees. But a chip flew up, and it entered into the mouth of the princess; she swallowed it, and after many days she bore a son. And one went to tell his majesty, "There is born to thee a son." And they brought him, and gave to him a nurse and servants; and there were rejoicings in the whole land. And the king sat making a merry day, as they were about the naming of him, and his majesty loved him exceedingly at that moment, and the king raised him to be the royal son of Kush.

Now many days after these things, his majesty made him heir of all the land. And many days after that, when he had fulfilled many years as heir, his majesty flew up to heaven. And the heir said, "Let the great nobles of his majesty be brought before me, that I may make them know all that has happened to me." And they brought also before him his wife, and he judged with her before him, and they agreed with him. They brought to him his elder brother; he made him hereditary prince in all his land. He was thirty years king of Egypt, and he died, and his elder brother stood in his place on the day of burial.

LAMENT OF THE DEAD WIFE.

(100 B.C.)

WHEN the Greek dynasty of the Ptolemies was established in Egypt after the death of Alexander the Great, every effort was made to conciliate the native population by showing respect for their religious prejudices. Great prominence was given to the worship of Osiris. But a natural change had taken place in the character of the ancient Egyptian belief in the immortality of the soul, and this modification is exemplified in the following Lament of the Dead Wife of Pasherenptah. It betrays a sombre feeling as to life beyond the tomb, which is more in consonance with the Greek than with the cheerier faith of the old inhabitants of the Nile Valley.

BROTHER and spouse of mine,
Spare not to drink the wine
  In cups of gladness:
Love women while you may,
Make life a holiday,
Drive every care away,
  And earthly sadness.

Amenti over all
Flings darkness like a pall
  Sombre as sorrow;
In this cold realm of sleep
Each his own place must keep,
Tranced in a slumber deep
  That knows no morrow.

Alas, what bitter pain,
Never to see again
  Sister or brother;
Never the heart shall glow
For wife and child, nor know
In this dim world below
  Father or mother.

You, underneath the sun,
Where living waters run,
  Drink, but I drink not;
For you sweet waters flow
I may not taste, nor know

Whence I came, whither go :—
  See not, and think not.

Cool flow the streams, but I—
Parched are my lips and dry,
  Waking or sleeping :
Cool breezes whispering Peace
Amidst the fragrant trees
Never shall bring surcease
  Unto my weeping.

Death Absolute is god
Throughout this dread abode—
  None dare offend him :
All loathe him, yet obey,
His law may none gainsay ;
All bow, but not to pray—
  Prayer cannot bend him.

Death no respecter is
Of persons or degrees—
  Of time or season :
Deaf are his ears, and dumb
His lips, his heart is numb :
He smiteth all who come
  Nor gives a reason.

ASSYRIAN LITERATURE.

UPWARDS of four thousand years ago, the region known as Babylonia, the richest part of Mesopotamia, or "land between the rivers" Tigris and Euphrates, was occupied chiefly by two tribes or nations—the Akkadians and the Sumerians. The former held the north, the latter the south. They belonged to the Turanian family of mankind. These Turanians were so denominated by the ancient Persians or Iranians, as inhabiting Turan, "the land of darkness," and were of the same stock as those known in later ages as Huns and Mongolians. Their language was agglutinative, and its nearest representatives at the present day are the Hungarian and Turkish. In the latter name is still preserved the root of the ancient designation.

When Semitic invaders established themselves in Babylonia, they united chiefly with the Sumerians. There are mentioned in early records the Elamites, who lived towards the East, and the Kaldi or Chaldeans, who had their habitat in a district of Babylonia proper. We also hear of a wild tribe from the north-east, which, 1500 years before Christ, attacked Babylonia and dominated it for six centuries; this tribe was known as the Kassites or Cosseans. All these peoples, except the Chaldeans, were non-Semitic, and probably were Turanian.

Babylonia was one of the first centres at which men reached a high state of civilization. This is proved not only by the agreement of the earliest historians whose works have survived, but also by the astonishing architectural remains which have but recently been brought to light by the excavations of Botta, Layard and their successors. Furthermore, it is found by scholars and scientists who followed in the track of these explorers, that the aborigines of Mesopotamia not only understood and had calculated the movements of the heavenly bodies, and had constructed a calendar, and acquired a familiarity with the laws of nature which enabled them to perform what seemed deeds of magic—not only were they thus accomplished; but they had invented an alphabet, which eventually became the foundation of the literature of their Babylonian and Assyrian conquerors, who were of Semitic race, and in character and achievements the Romans of ancient Asia.

This alphabet, which, from its wedge-shaped characters, has been called cuneiform, seems to have been based on original hieroglyphs; but it was gradually modified, until it presented "alphabetic, syllabic, and ideographic combinations of an arrow-head-like figure," such as we find to-day stamped on the burnt bricks dug up in the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon. The Babylonians and Assyrians, while employing the alphabet, ignored the language of their instructors; they forced an agglutinative garb upon an inflected speech.

Mesopotamian chronology begins, for us, with the name of the great King Sargon I., who had his abode in the city of Akkad, or Agade, 3800 years before our era. But fifteen hundred years elapsed before our next sure date, that of the subjugation of Babylonia by the Elamites; at which time Babylon was already a great city, and the capital of the country. It was over fifty years after this that Nineveh was founded by Asshur, 2245 B.C. Assyria had been settled by Babylonian emigrants 250 years before.

The curtain next rises upon the invasion of the Cosseans (already referred to), about 1500 B.C.; and after an interval of 200 years, Babylon was taken by the Assyrian monarch Tukulti-Adar. The war between the Babylonians and Assyrians continued down to 690 B.C., when the city was captured and its walls razed to the ground by Sennacherib. The two peoples then resumed their original unity, and the city was restored and fortified by Nabopolassar and Nebuchadnezzar, and became the world-wonder which histories describe.

Meanwhile, under Sardanapalus (668–608) the Golden Age of Assyrian literature had arrived. Sardanapalus, or Assurbanipal, was a patron of literature and learning, and he assembled in his library at Nineveh the selected treasures of Babylonian and Assyrian scholarship. They were arranged with the same attention to system that prevails in modern libraries. The collection comprised records of government and legal documents; but a large part consisted of religious, magical, and poetical works translated from the Akkadian, with the original text side by side with the Assyrian rendering. Akkadian had at this time ceased to be a spoken language. Numerous vocabularies of the two tongues have also been found in the ruins of the once mighty city. All the above were in the form of stamped clay cylinders or tablets; writings on papyrus had also existed, but none were preserved.

This library of Sardanapalus is the most important of which we have any certain record in Babylonia. The collection ascribed to Sargon I. is manifestly apocryphal. Sargon II., who reigned from 722 to 705 B. C., was a usurper and a warrior, though attentive to the welfare of his subjects. There are references to collections of books from the remotest ages downward; and doubtless collections must have existed; but we cannot now assign any certain date or place to them. But this is the less to be regretted, since Sardanapalus undoubtedly skimmed the cream of all previous libraries for his own grand institution.

The manner in which the cuneiform inscriptions were deciphered is worth a word in conclusion. In 1802 the German scholar, Grotefend, while studying the inscriptions brought by the traveler, Niebuhr, from Persepolis, noticed that they began with three words, one of which varied, the others remaining the same. The varying word, he surmised, might be the name of a king; and out of the possible names of kings he fixed upon that of Darius, which gave him six letters. He next interpreted the name of Xerxes, which increased the number of letters at his command, and then he boldly conjectured that the accompanying phrase was "King of Kings." This ingenious guess was the first ray of light let in upon what had theretofore been a mystery. Grotefend's final work on the Elucidation of the Persian Cuneiform Writing, appeared in 1837. It gave an alphabet, but the interpretation of the language was due to others, especially to the French scholar Burnouf, who, in studying the mysterious Avesta, discovered the close relationship of ancient Persian to the Sanskrit. In 1835, Sir Henry Rawlinson had begun the study of the great inscription on the Rock of Behistun. This turned out to be trilingual,—the Zend or Persian, the Semitic Assyrian and the Median. The three inscriptions were identical in subject, like those on the Rosetta Stone, and described the conquests of Darius Hystaspes, in the year 518 B.C. By dint of comparing one with the others, the secret of the cuneiform writing was fully solved. Sir Henry's investigation was published in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, in 1847, almost simultaneously with the discoveries of Layard in Nineveh.

The Sardanapalan tablets comprise hymns to the gods, similar to the Hebrew psalms; mythological poems, "The Deluge," and "The Descent of Ishtar into Hades;" a number of omens, astrological formulas, and other occult matter, and the legal and historical documents. The explorations are by no means complete; thousands of tablets still remain unexhumed in the mounds, which are all that is left of the once mighty and famous cities of Mesopotamia.

THE BOOK-STAMP OF SARDANAPALUS.

Assurbanipal, or, as the Greeks called him, Sardanapalus, is supposed to have stored in his palace at Nineveh not less than 30,000 tablets. Upon every work in his library his ownership was stamped as follows:

> The Palace of Assurbanipal, King of Regions, King of Multitudes, King of Assyria, to whom the God Nebo and the Goddess Tasmeti have granted attentive ears and open eyes to discover the Writings of the Scribes of my Kingdom, whom the Kings my Predecessors have employed. In my respect for Nebo, the God of Intelligence, I have collected these tablets: I have had them copied: I have marked them with my name; and I have deposited them in my Palace.

THE CHALDEAN ACCOUNT OF THE DELUGE.

This account was translated by George Smith from the eleventh of a series of tablets describing the adventures of the mythical hero, Izdubar (or Gisdubar), supposed to be the same as Nimrod. The whole series of tablets relates his early life and exploits in hunting, his friendship with the faun Heabani, his victory over the tyrant Humbaba, the love of the Goddess Ishtar, his illness, the death of Heabani, his wanderings to find his ancestor, Hasisadra, who for his piety had been translated to the fellowship of the gods. This ancestor relates to Izdubar the story of a great flood resembling in general outline the narrative in Genesis, but stamped with the impress of the Chaldean religion. Shamas was the Sun-god.

The early literature of many nations contains stories of a universal flood, from which a favored family or individual alone escapes. None is more striking than the one deciphered from the clay tablets of Chaldea, or more nearly parallel to that of the Hebrew Scriptures.

Shamas made a flood and spake saying: "In the night I will cause it to rain from heaven. Enter to the midst of thy ship and shut thy door." He raised a flood and spake, saying in the night: "I will cause it to rain from heaven heavily." In the day I celebrated his festival. I had fear that day of watching. I entered to the midst of the ship and shut my door. For closing the ship I gave to Buzur-Sadirabi, the boatman, the palace with its goods.

In the morning began the raging of the storm from the horizon of heaven extending far and wide. Vul in the midst of it thundered, and Nebo and Saru went in front; the throne-bearers went over mountains and plains; the destroyer Nergal overturned; Ninip went in front and cast down; the spirits carried destruction, and in their glory they swept the earth. The flood of Vul reached to heaven. The bright earth was turned to a waste. It swept the surface of the earth and destroyed all life. The strong deluge over the people reached to heaven. Brother no longer saw his brother; it spared no people.

Even in heaven the gods feared the tempest and sought refuge; they ascended to the heaven of Anu. There the gods were crowded in droves, prostrate like dogs. Ishtar spake like a child, the great goddess uttered her speech: "All were turned to corruption, and then I prophesied evil in the presence of the gods. As I prophesied evil, to evil were all my people devoted. I declared, the people whom I the mother have begotten, now like the young of the fishes fill the sea." The gods, grieving for the spirits, were weeping with her; the gods, seated in their places, with lamentation covered their lips for the coming evil.

Six days and nights passed; the wind, deluge and storm overwhelmed. On the seventh day the storm was calmed in its course, and all the deluge, which had destroyed like an earthquake, was quieted. He caused the sea to dry, and the wind and deluge ended. I perceived the sea making a tossing and the whole of mankind turned to corruption. The corpses floated like reeds. I opened the window, and the light broke over my face, and passed away. I sat down and wept; my tears flowed over my face. I perceived the shore at the boundary of the sea, the land rose for twelve measures.

The ship came to the country of Nizir; the mountain of Nizir stopped the ship, which was not able to pass over it. The first day and the second day there was the mountain of Nizir; the third day and the fourth day, the mountain of Nizir the same; the fifth and sixth, the mountain of Nizir the same. On the seventh day, I sent forth a dove and it left. The dove went and turned and found no resting-place, and it returned. I sent forth a swallow, and it left. The swallow went and turned and found no resting-place, and it returned. I sent forth a raven, and it left. The raven went and saw the corpses on the water, and did eat. It flew and wandered away and did not return.

I sent the animals forth to the four winds, I poured out a libation, I built an altar on the peak of the mountain, I took seven jugs of wine, and at the bottom of them I placed reeds, pines, and spices. The gods collected at its burning, the gods collected at its good burning; the gods gathered like flies over the sacrifice. From of old also the great god in his course had created the great brightness of Anu.

THE DESCENT OF ISHTAR TO HADES.

ISHTAR was the Babylonian Venus or goddess of love. The story of her descent to Hades and return to the world of the living is found on a tablet now in the British Museum, and is perhaps the most poetical legend of the recovered Assyrian literatnre. It has been suggested that the story is the text of a religious drama, resembling the miracle-plays of mediæval Europe. The legend shows no reason for Ishtar's desire to enter Hades, but it is easy to suppose that she went thither to rescue some beloved person. This supplies a connection with the familiar story of Venus and Adonis (or Tammuz), which the Greek writers declare to be of Syrian origin. The drama, if such it were, was probably part of the annual celebration of the return of Spring. Ninkigal, the Queen of Hades, corresponds to the Greek Persephone, and Latin Proserpina, the wife of Pluto. In like manner Hea, the king of the gods, corresponds to Zeus or Jupiter, and the divine messenger to Hermes or Mercury.

Ishtar, daughter of the Moon-god San, turned her mind to the land of Hades, the region of her desire. She determined to go to the house where all meet, the dwelling of the god Irkalla; to the house which men enter, but cannot depart from; to the road men go, but cannot return. In that abode of darkness and famine earth is their food, clay their nourishment. No light is there seen; they dwell in darkness. There ghosts, like birds, flutter their wings; the dust lies undisturbed on the door and gate posts.

When Ishtar arrived at the gate of Hades she spoke to the keeper of the gate: "O keeper! open thy gate! open thy gate! I say, that I may enter! If thou openest not thy gate, I will assault the door; I will break down the gate; I will attack the entrance; I will split open the portals. I will raise the dead to be the devourers of the living! The dead shall prey upon the living!"

Then the Porter opened his mouth and said to the great Ishtar, "Stay, lady! shake not the door! I will go and tell this to the Queen Nin-ki-gal." The Porter entered and said to Nin-ki-gal, "Thy sister Ishtar blasphemes thee with great curses."

When Nin-ki-gal heard this she grew pale as a plucked flower, and trembled like the stem of a reed. "I will cure her rage," she said, "I will cure her fury; I will repay these curses to her! Light up consuming flames! light up blazing straw! Let her groan with the husbands who deserted their wives! Let her groan with wives who departed from their husbands' side! Let her groan with the youths who led dishonored lives! Go, Porter, open the gate for her, but strip her as others are stripped at other times."

The Porter went and opened the gate. "Enter, Lady of Tiggaba city! It is permitted! The Sovereign of Hades will come to meet thee!" Ishtar passed the first gate, but she was detained, and the great crown was taken from her head. "Keeper! take not the great crown from me!" "Enter, Lady! for the Queen of the land demands her jewels!"

When she passed the second gate she was detained, and her earrings were taken from her ears. "Keeper! take not my earrings from me!" "Enter, Lady! for the Queen of the land demands her jewels!"

When she passed the third gate she was detained, and the gems were taken from her head. "Keeper! take not the gems of my head from me!" "Enter, Lady! for the Queen of the land demands her jewels!"

When she passed the fourth gate she was detained, and the small lovely gems were taken from her forehead. "Keeper! take not the gems of my forehead from me!" "Enter, Lady! for the Queen of the land demands her jewels!"

When she passed the fifth gate she was detained, and the emerald girdle was taken from her waist. "Keeper! take not my emerald girdle from me!" "Enter, Lady! for the Queen of the land demands her jewels!"

When she passed the sixth gate she was detained, and the golden rings were taken from her hands and feet. "Keeper! take not my golden rings from me!" "Enter, Lady! for the Queen of the land demands her jewels!"

When she passed the seventh gate she was detained, and the last garment was taken from her body. "Keeper! take not the last garment from me!" "Enter, Lady! for the Queen of the land demands her jewels!"

After Mother Ishtar had descended into Hades, Queen Nin-ki-gal saw her and derided her to her face. Ishtar became enraged and heaped curses upon her. Nin-ki-gal then opened her mouth and commanded Namtar, her Messenger: "Go, Namtar! Bring her out for punishment."

Namtar was then commanded to afflict Ishtar with dire distress of the eyes, the side, the feet, the heart, and the head.

[The story then says, that after the goddess of Love had thus descended to Hades, the upper world of the living soon felt the loss of her influence. Nature was thrown into universal disorder, and the gods were entreated to restore peace and harmony. The gods alarmed sent their messenger to the king of heaven.]

The divine messenger of the gods lacerated his face before them. He tore his garment and lamented greatly. The Sun approached; he joined his father, the Moon. Weeping they spoke thus to Hea the king: "Ishtar has descended into the earth, and has not risen again. Since her departure the bull has not sought the cow, nor the male of any animal the female. The master has ceased from commanding; the slave has ceased from obeying. Peace has departed; confusion prevails."

Then the god Hea, in the depth of his mind, laid a plan for Ishtar's escape. He formed the figure of a man and said, "Go save her, Phantom! present thyself at the portal of Hades. The seven gates of Hades will open before thee, Nin-ki-gal will see thee, and will come to meet thee. When her mind shall become calm and her anger shall be worn off, awe her with the names of the great gods! Prepare thy frauds! Fix thy mind on deceitful tricks! Bring forth fishes of the waters out of an empty vessel! This thing will astonish Nin-ki-gal; then she will restore to Ishtar her clothing. There shall not fail to be a great reward for her deliverance. Go, save her, Phantom! and the great assembly of the people shall crown thee! The choicest meats shall be thy food! The most delicious wine shall be thy drink! A royal palace shall be thy dwelling! A throne of state shall be thy seat! Magicians and conjurors shall kiss the hem of thy garment."

When the Phantom, Anunnak, arrived at Hades, he accomplished his work and prevailed over the powers of darkness. Nin-ki-gal opened her mouth and commanded Namtar, the messenger, "Go, Namtar! clothe the Temple of Justice! adorn the images and the altars! Bring out Anunnak! Seat him on a golden throne! Pour out for Ishtar the waters of life, and let her depart from my dominions!" Namtar went and clothed the Temple of Justice; he adorned the images and the altars; he brought out Anunnak and seated him on a golden throne; he poured out the waters of life for Ishtar and let her go.

Then the first gate let her forth and restored the first garment of her body; the second gate let her forth and restored the jewels of her hands and feet; the third gate let her forth and restored the emerald girdle of her waist; the fourth gate let her forth and restored the small lovely gems of her forehead; the fifth gate let her forth and restored the gems of her head; the sixth gate let her forth and restored the earrings of her ears; the seventh gate let her forth and restored the great crown on her head.

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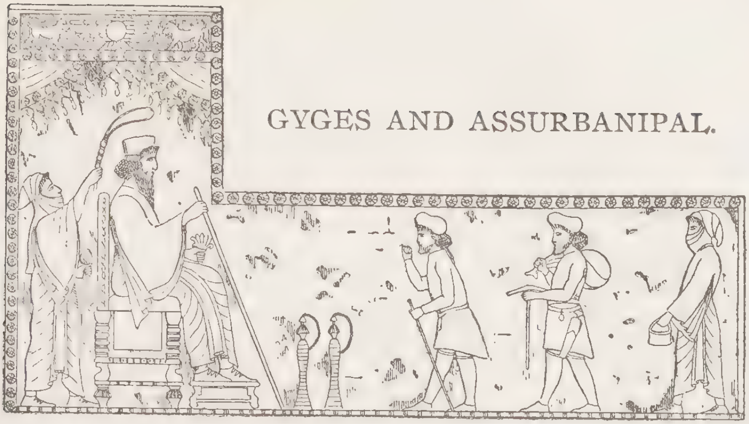


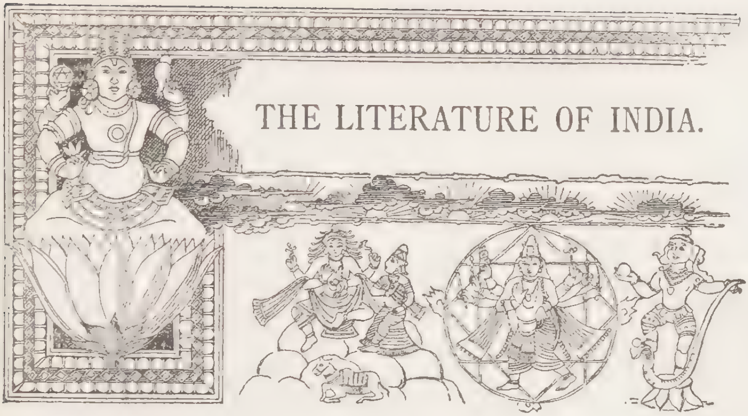
GYGES AND ASSURBANIPAL.

GYGES, king of Lydia, reigned B.C. 716–678. The Greek historian Herodotus has given an interesting account of him, but still more interesting is the following extract showing how he was regarded by the great king of Assyria, Assurbanipal (Sardanapalus).

Gyges was the king of Lydia, a country beyond the seas, a distant land, of which the kings, my fathers, had never even heard the name. Assur, my divine generator, revealed my name to him in a dream, saying: "Assurbanipal, the king of Assyria; place thyself at his feet, and thou shalt conquer thy enemies in his name." The same day that he dreamed this dream, Gyges sent horsemen to salute me, and related to me the dream which he had had, by the mouth of his messengers. When the latter reached the frontiers of my empire and encountered the people of my empire, they said to him, "Who then art thou, stranger, whose land has never yet been visited by one of our couriers?"

They sent him to Nineveh, the seat of my royalty, and brought him before me. The languages of the East and of the West, which Assur had given into my hand, none of those who spoke them could understand his language, and none of those who surrounded me had ever heard speech like unto it. In the space of my empire at last I found one who understood it, and he told me the dream. The same day that he placed himself at the feet of me, the king Assurbanipal, he defeated the Cimmerians, who oppressed the people of his land, who had not feared the kings, my fathers, and had not placed themselves at my feet. By the grace of Assur and Ishtar, the gods my masters, they took amidst the chiefs of the Cimmerians, whom he had defeated, two chiefs whom he chained heavily with manacles and fetters of iron, and he sent them to me with a rich present.

Nevertheless the horsemen that he at first sent regularly to pay homage to me, he soon ceased to send. He would not obey the commands of Assur, my divine generator, but foolishly trusted in his own strength, and in the wishes of his heart. He sent his troops to the assistance of Psammetichus, king of Egypt, who had contemptuously thrown off my yoke. I heard this, and prayed to Assur and Ishtar: "May his body be thrown down before his enemies, and may his bones be dispersed." The Cimmerians, whom he had crushed in my name, reappeared and subjugated his whole land, and his son succeeded him upon the throne. The punishment which the gods, who are my strength, had drawn upon his father at my request, he told me by his messengers, and he placed himself at my feet, saying: "Thou art a king acknowledged by the gods. Thou cursedst my father, and misfortune fell upon him. Send me thy blessing, for I am thy servant, who fears thee, and will wear thy yoke."



THE LITERATURE OF INDIA.

FIFTEEN or more centuries before Christ—according to the latest guess—the ancestors of the Hindus appeared in the northwestern part of India, in and around the Punjab. They called themselves Aryans, or noblemen, as distinguished from the aboriginal nations of that locality, the Dasyu, Sudras and others. But the word Arya is plainly an old Persian word, meaning ploughman, or tiller of the soil. It is preserved in the modern name of Persia, Airan, or Iran. The ancient term Aria, denotes the eastern part of Persia; and this was probably the point from which the Aryans emigrated into India.

The study of languages proves that all the nations of modern Europe, except the Turanian and Semitic stocks, are descendants of the Aryans, as the original stock is now designated; the words in most common use among us are Aryan words. But of historical facts relating to the Aryans themselves, during the first thousand years after their migration into India, we know practically nothing. Our first trustworthy date is that of the conquest of Darius, 512 B.C. All before that is inference and surmise. And yet the literature of the Hindus is the most copious that has come down to us from antiquity, and it has presented none of the difficulties in the way of translation which have impeded us in deciphering the Egyptian and Assyrian tongues.

The explanation is that the Hindus cultivated every other branch of literature except history; for that they cared nothing. And the cause of this singular indifference appears in the fact that their religious philosophy, Brahmanic, no less than the later Buddhistic, was of a character so sublime and abstracted as to render the outward occurrences of life of no moment to them. Nature was to them a dream, an illusion, and mortal existence an evil; the highest good, they deemed, was to escape from the bonds of human individuality, and to be merged into that state of non-existence from which they came. The precepts of their philosophy, in all its many branches, point the way to this reabsorption. Obviously, a people like this could have small regard for the details of an external chronology.

At the same time, their vagueness in this respect, combined with their transcendent imagination, has led them to ascribe to themselves and their literature an extravagant antiquity, which the investigations of Western scholars have not substantiated. The records of the Egyptians antedate by far the earliest productions of the Hindus. Moreover, the literature of the latter remained for many centuries an oral tradition merely; it was reduced to writing at a period comparatively late. It is supposed that their first books originated somewhere between the years 2000 and 1500 B.C. The three great periods of their literature bring us down to our own era; and a fourth period would take us on to the twelfth or thirteenth century A.D.

The language spoken by this race was called Sanskrit, meaning "perfected," to distinguish it from the vulgar idiom, Prakrit, signifying "mongrel," which arose from the corruption of the pure speech with the dialects of the nations which the Aryans dispossessed. For more than two thousand years Sanskrit has ceased to be a spoken language; but it survives in the sacred books, and is the classical tongue of the literature.

The oldest Sanskrit books are called Vedas. The name is derived from Veda—knowledge. Hindu literature is *the* science. Veda must be understood as divine, unwritten knowledge, proceeding from the Self-existent, named by the Hindus "Brahman," the root of which is a word signifying strength. From the idea of this self-existent, impersonal energy was born the conception of an infinite being—Brahman; and from this again was derived the title of the priests of this imaginary Divinity—the Brahmans. Brahmanism was for many centuries the sole religion of India apart from the local superstitions of aboriginal tribes. Though Buddhism arose in the sixth century before Christ, and still survives in Ceylon and Siam, in China and Japan, yet it was finally extirpated on its native soil, and the old original faith is still dominant throughout the great Indian peninsula.

The Vedas, or sacred books—the Bible of the Hindus—contain four Sanhitas. The word Sanhita means "put together," and thus came to indicate the collections of sacred songs. The Sanhitas are,—the Rig-veda, the Sama-veda, the Yajur-veda and the later Atharva-veda. The first and last are quasi-historical; the others put the material of the Rig-veda to liturgical use.

The oldest of these collections of hymns is the Rig-veda. It comprises 10,580 verses in simple metre, nearly all religious glorifications of the Divinity. The primitive religion of the Aryans was the worship of nature, which afterwards became a system of pantheism; but the vague, imaginative terms of their beautiful compositions admit of a mystic interpretation. The Sama-veda consists of chants derived from the Rig-veda, designed to be sung in the Soma ritual. (The Soma is a sacred Indian plant, which was worshiped by the Hindus.) The Yajur-veda is made up of certain words appointed to be uttered at fixed stages of the religious sacrifices, Yajus meaning a formula. Finally, the Atharva-veda, also called the Brahma-veda, is a collection of 6,000 verses of sacred utterances or incantations of the priests; it long postdates the other Vedas, and inculcates a religion of fear and superstition rather than of love or true worship.

These four great original compositions constitute what is logically the first period of Sanskrit literature. But in the course of centuries, many explanatory additions were made and joined to the original, as the Talmud to the Hebrew Bible. The Hindu Veda thus came to comprise *Shruti* (Revelation) and *Smitu* (Tradition). The books called Brahmanas (priestly maxims) and the Aranyakas (speculative writings), were esteemed most highly. Various other commentaries and philosophical systems to which the Vedas gave rise should be grouped with them; such as the Puranas,—old tales of tradition, in which the orthodox doctrines are discussed in dialogue (an inspired teacher answering a disciple), or in monologue; of these there are eighteen, and as many Upupuranas, based upon them. The Upanishads and Aranyakas are assigned to a period before 600 B.C., and were the first examples of Sanskrit literature known outside of India. Vedanta is the name given to the expression of an idealistic school of philosophy, professing to explain the purport of the Vedas. This first period of the literature answers to a time when the people were peaceful and primitive, and is almost exclusively devoted to spiritual things.

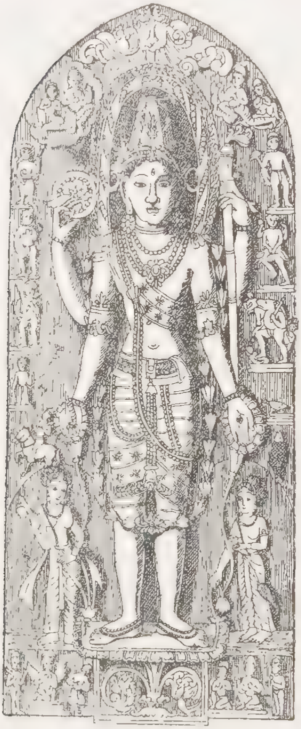
The second or Epic period is supposed to correspond with the era of conquest and expansion, when the Aryans left their highland region, and descended upon the fertile valleys of the south. Two epics exist, second to none in the elevation of their tone, and far exceeding any others in length. They are the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. The first, as to its nucleus, is the work of one poet, Valmiki; but the episodes of the first book and the whole of the seventh book are later additions. It relates how Ravana, chief of evil spirits, won from the gods, by prolonged asceticism, the quality of invulnerability (in this resembling the Greek hero, Achilles), and how the gods entreated Vishnu (the first-born of the Supreme Brahman) to undergo incarnation in order to destroy him. This avatar (descending or incarnation) is then described, with its attendant episodes; and the mighty battle follows, in which the evil demon is slain; and Vishnu returns to heaven.

The Mahabharata, which is eight times the length of the Iliad and Odyssey combined, is ascribed to Vyasa. But not more than one-fourth of it is direct narrative; the rest consists of numerous glosses in the shape of episodes and didactic passages. The complete work might be called an encyclopedia of India; it was intended for the use of the military caste. It narrates the great war between the cousins, the Kaurava and Pandava brothers,—the latter standing for the good, the former for the evil principle. They fight for the recovery of the kingdom of which the Kauravas have unjustly deprived the Pandavas, and the story ends with the victory of the righteous claimants.

Among the several beautiful episodes of this great poem, the most famous is the Bhagavadgita, written much later than the body of the poem itself. The name means "The Mystical Song to the Adored One;" its philosophy embodies a reconciliation of three systems with the "faith" of a later period. It is cast in the form of a dramatic dialogue between Krishna, who has descended from heaven to support the Pandavas in the struggle, and his disciple Arjuna, whose chariot he guides. He admonishes Arjuna, who had recoiled from the idea of warring against his kindred, that caste is supreme over relationship or friendship, and yet is not incompatible with the doctrine of self-mortification known to Hindus as "Yoga."

The Third Period of Sanskrit Literature may be held to contain the poetical and dramatic works of the centuries since the Christian era. Very famous is the Hitopadesa, an application of ancient didactics, in the form of stories told by the sage Vishnusharman to the wayward sons of King Sudarshana. Of the Hindu dramatists, Kalidasa is the foremost; he has been given the title of the Hindu Shakespeare; in spite of his fame, and the extraordinary beauty and excellence of his dramas, nothing is known of him personally, beyond the facts that he was born or lived at Oujein, and that he was considered one of the "Nine Gems" of the court of Vikramaditya. The date assigned to him varies, with various authorities, from 56 B.C. to the 8th century A.D. His best-known production is "Sakuntala," which was made known to Europe by Sir William Jones in the latter part of the last century, and led to a wide study of Sanskrit literature. In these plays, the gods and the superior personages alone speak Sanskrit; the women and other subordinates express themselves in Prakrit. In the early Aryan periods, women held a much higher and more influential position than afterwards; and a woman, Avyan, is reputed to be the author of a book of morals which is still expounded in the Hindu colleges.

Of lyrical poems, the Gita-govinda, by Jayadeva, treating of the early life and loves of Krishna as a cowherd, is the best; it belongs to about the 12th century A.D.



VISHNU AND HIS AVATARS.

In regard to the theologic system of the people of India, it may be said that, according to the oldest Vedic conception, Varuna (Uranus) was the supreme deity. But in the time of the formation of the Veda itself, Indra, the Hindu Jupiter, king of the aerial firmament, became the chief object of worship. Next to him, and mediator between heaven and earth, was Agni, god of Fire. Ushas, the Dawn, Varuna, the Sky, and Soma, the deified juice of the plant already mentioned, are other deities. In particular hymns, each great god, in turn, is addressed as supreme; in others, one is exalted as the greatest, and the rest seek his blessing. In later ages, Brahman became the leading divinity; then Siva and Vishnu, his emanations, divided the worship of the Hindu race; and finally Krishna succeeded to the first place in the love and reverence of the people.

HYMN TO VARUNA.

VARUNA, the Greek Uranus, appears to have been the original chief deity of the Aryan race. Though so regarded in some of the hymns of the Veda, he was in others displaced by Indra.

The wise Aditya's work, the glorious Ruler,
Should far exceed all other works in grandeur.
The God, the dearest object of all worship,
The mighty Varuna I fain would honor.

May we for ever prosper in thy service,
Who praise thee, Varuna, with true devotion,
With each return of Dawn, O Lord of cattle,
Bursts out the flame of our devotion daily.

May we live safely under thy protection,
O Varuna, far-ruling, Lord of heroes.
Ye sons of Aditi, whom none deceiveth,
Ye gods, in covenant of grace accept us.

The ruler of the world sets free the rivers,
They flow, O Varuna, as thou ordainest;
They never fail or faint, are never weary,
Pass swiftly over earth as birds o'er heaven.

Free me from sin, that as a chain hath held me.
Let me maintain the even course of justice.
Tear not the thread of song which I am weaving.
O break not the poor workman's staff untimely.

O Varuna, deliver me from terror.
In grace look on me, O thou righteous ruler,
And set me free, as a young calf, from sorrow;
Apart from thee I cannot breathe one moment.

INDRA, LORD OF HEAVEN.

Sir Monier Williams, in his Indian Wisdom, gives the following hymn, formed from several scattered texts in the Rig-Veda:

Immortal Indra, unrelenting foe
Of drought and darkness, infinitely wise,
Terrific crusher of thy enemies,
Heroic, irresistible in might,
Wall of defence to us thy worshipers,
We sing thy praises, and our ardent hymns
Embrace thee, as a loving wife her lord.
Thou art our guardian, advocate, and friend,
A brother, father, mother, all combined.
Most fatherly of fathers, we are thine,
And thou art ours; oh! let thy pitying soul
Turn to us in compassion, when we praise thee,
And slay us not for one sin or for many.
Deliver us to-day, to-morrow, every day.

Armed for the conflict, see! the demons come—
Ahi and Vritra, and a long array
Of darksome spirits. Quick then quaff the draught
That stimulates thy martial energy,
And dashing onward in thy golden car,
Drawn by thy ruddy Ribbu-fashioned steeds,
Speed to thy charge, escorted by the Maruts.
Vainly the demons dare might, in vain
Strive to deprive us of thy watery treasures.
Earth quakes beneath the crashing of thy bolts.
Pierced, shattered, lies the foe—his cities crushed,

His armies overthrown, his fortresses
Shivered to fragments; then the pent-up waters,
Released from long imprisonment, descend
In torrents to the earth, and swollen rivers,
Foaming and rolling to their ocean home,
Proclaim the triumph of the Thunderer.

AGNI, GOD OF FIRE.

THIS hymn is formed by Sir Monier Williams from a few texts of the Rig-Veda.

Agni, thou art a sage, a priest, a king,
Protector, father of the sacrifice.
Commissioned by us men thou dost ascend
A messenger, conveying to the sky
Our hymns and offerings. Though thy origin
Be threefold, now from air and now from water,
Now from the mystic double Orani,*
Thou art thyself a mighty god, a lord,
Giver of life and immortality,
One in thy essence, but to mortals three;
Displaying thine eternal triple form,
As fire on earth, as lightning in the air,
As sun in heaven. Thou art a cherished guest
In every household—father, brother, son,
Friend, benefactor, guardian, all in one.
Bright, seven-rayed god! how manifold thy shapes
Revealed to us thy votaries! now we see thee,
With body all of gold, and radiant hair
Flaming from three terrific heads, and mouths
Whose burning jaws and teeth devour all things.
Now with a thousand glowing horns, and now
Flashing thy lustre from a thousand eyes,
Thou'rt borne towards us in a golden chariot,
Impelled by winds, and drawn by ruddy steeds,
Marking thy car's destructive course with blackness.
Deliver, mighty lord, thy worshipers,
Purge us from taint of sin, and when we die,
Deal mercifully with us on the pyre.

---

* Two pieces of the wood of the sacred fig, used for kindling fire, by twirling one upon the other.

Burning our bodies with their load of guilt,
But bearing our eternal parts on high
To luminous abodes and realms of bliss,
Forever there to dwell with righteous men.

THE PROWESS OF INDRA.

O THOU, who as a sharp-horned bull terrific,
Alone dost scatter all the hostile nations.
The wealth of those who will not bring thee presents,
Thou dost bestow upon the soma-giver.

Thou, Indra, then didst greatly favor Kutsa,
Hearing his prayers, a present help in battle,
When thou the Kuyava, the corn-despiser,
Didst give into the hand of Arjimeya.

Full many a foe by heroes thou, O hero,
Didst slay carousing, Lord of golden horses;
Sunken in sleep vile Cunumi and Dhimi
To Sabhiti an easy prey thou gavest.

These are thy mighty deeds, thou lightning-bearer.
Nine-and-ninety the forts thou then didst capture,
All in one day, the hundredth too at even
And Vritra and Humutsah didst thou slaughter.

These graces, Indra, thou of old hast granted,
Loving the gifts of Sudas, thine adorer.
To thee I yoke these mighty steeds, O mighty.
Great is thy strength, let prayers add to thy forces.

In this sore need, Lord of the golden horses,
Give us not over to the evil-doer:
Shield us with thy protection, foe-averting;
Let us be dear to thee as noble givers.

INDRA INVITED TO DRINK THE SOMA.

WHEN men discovered that the fermented juice of certain fruits and plants had power to exhilarate the mind and to rouse the drinker to new joy of spirit, and if used in excess incited him to reckless display of strength or wild frenzy, they easily regarded it as superhuman. Considering it divine, they established various rites in its honor. The Aryans used the juice of the soma plant in their sacrifices, and its preparation was guarded as a religious rite. This plant is supposed to have been the *Asclepias acida* of the milk-weed family found in Central Asia and throughout India. It is evidently the same plant which in the Persian Avesta is called Haoma. The Greeks, in their mythological stories of Dionysus or Bacchus, represented him as the conqueror of India, and drew some features of his worship from Indian sources. The Indian Bacchus is distinguished in Greek art from the Hellenic type. The following hymn, translated by Dr. J. Muir from the Rig-Veda, is one of many celebrating the virtues of Soma.

INDIAN BACCHUS.

Thou, Indra, oft of old hast quaffed
With keen delight our Soma draught.
All gods the luscious Soma love,
But thou, all other gods above.

Thy mother knew how well this juice
Was fitted for her infant's use.
Into a cup she crushed the sap,
Which thou didst sip upon her lap.

Yes, Indra, on thy natal morn,
The very hour that thou wast born,
Thou didst those jovial tastes display
Which still survive in strength to-day.
And once, thou prince of jovial souls,
Men say thou drainedst thirty bowls.

To thee the Soma-draughts proceed,
As streamlets to the lake they feed;
Or rivers to the ocean speed.
Our cup is foaming to the brim
With Soma pressed to sound of hymn.

Come, drink, thy utmost craving slake,
Like thirsty stag in forest lake,
Or bull that roams in arid waste,
And burns the cooling brook to taste,
Indulge thy taste, and quaff at will;
  Drink, drink again, profusely swill,
  Drink, thy capacious stomach fill.

USHAS, GODDESS OF THE DAWN.

Ushas corresponds to the Latin Aurora, and was a favorite subject of the poets of the Rig-Veda. Dr. Muir gives this paraphrase of one of their hymns:

Hail, Ushas, daughter of the sky,
Who, borne upon thy shining car
By ruddy steeds from realms afar,
And ever lightening, drawest nigh:

Sweetly thou smilest, goddess fair,
Disclosing all thy youthful grace,
Thy bosom bright, thy radiant face,
And lustre of thy golden hair;

(So shines a fond and winning bride,
Who robes her form in brilliant guise,
And to her lord's admiring eyes
Displays her charms with conscious pride;

Or virgin by her mother decked,
Who, glorying in her beauty, shows
In every glance, her power she knows
All eyes to fix, all hearts subject;

Or actress, who, by skill in song
And dance, and graceful gestures light,
And many-colored vestures bright,
Enchants the eager, gazing throng,

Or maid who, wont her limbs to lave
In some cool stream among the woods,
Where never vulgar eye intrudes,
Emerges fairer from the wave);

But closely by the amorous sun
Pursued, and vanquished in the race,
Thou soon art locked in his embrace,
And with him blendest into one.

HYMN TO THE SUN-GOD.

THE great powers presiding over day and night are in the Veda personified in Mitra and Varuna. The former is a well-known personification of the sun, and there are other names which relate to that luminary. The distinction between Mitra and Surya is not ascertained. The following hymn is translated by Dr. J. Muir, in his Sanskrit Texts:

By lustrous heralds led on high
The omniscient Sun ascends the sky,
His glory drawing every eye.
All-seeing Sun, the stars so bright,
Which gleamed throughout the sombre night,
Now scared, like thieves, slink fast away,
Quenched by the splendor of thy ray.

Thy beams to men thy presence show;
Like blazing fires they seem to glow.
Conspicuous, rapid, source of light,
Thou makest all the welkin bright.
In sight of gods and mortal eyes,
In sight of heaven thou scal'st the skies.

Bright god, thou scann'st with searching ken
The doings all of busy men.
Thou stridest o'er the sky, thy rays
Create and measure out our days;
Thine eye all living things surveys.

Seven lucid mares thy chariot bear,
Self-yoked, athwart the fields of air,
Bright Surya, god with flaming hair,
That glow above the darkness, we
Beholding, upward soar to thee,
For there among the gods thy light
Supreme is seen, divinely bright.

THE INDIAN STORY OF THE DELUGE.

THIS legend, versified by Sir M. Williams, is taken from the Brahmana, or inspired commentary on the Veda. The fish which here preserves Manu is declared in the Mahabharata to be an incarnation of Brahma.

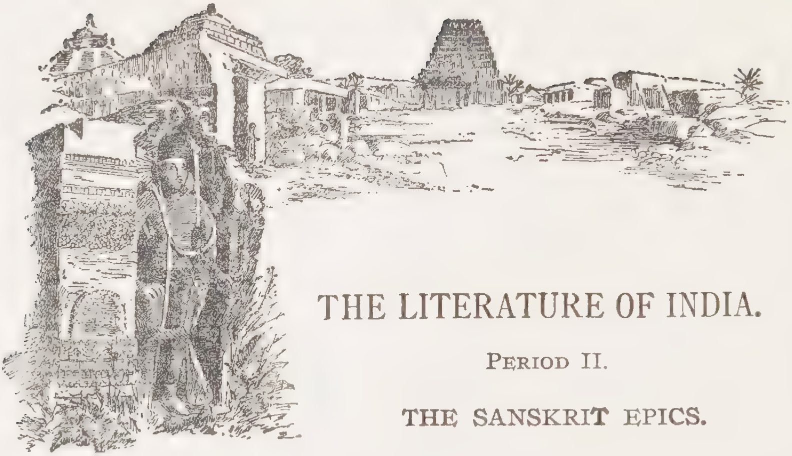
There lived in ancient time a holy man,
Called Manu, who by penances and prayers
Had won the favor of the Lord of Heaven.
One day they brought him water for ablution;
Then, as he washed his hands, a little fish
Appeared and spoke in human accents thus :—
"Take care of me, and I will be thy saviour."
"From what wilt thou preserve me?" Manu asked.
The fish replied : "A flood will sweep away
All creatures; I will rescue thee from that."
"But how shall I preserve thee?" Manu said.
The fish rejoined, "So long as we are small,
We are in constant danger of destruction ;
For fish eat fish; so keep me in a jar;
When I outgrow the jar, then dig a trench,
Then take me to the ocean, I shall then
Be out of reach of danger." Having thus
Instructed Manu, straightway rapidly
The fish grew larger; then he spake again :—
"In such and such a year the flood will come;
Therefore construct a ship and pay me homage.
When the flood rises, enter thou the ship,
And I will rescue thee." So Manu did
As he was ordered, and preserved the fish,
Then carried it in safety to the ocean ;
And in the very year the fish enjoined
He built a ship and paid the fish respect,
And there took refuge when the flood arose.

Soon near him swam the fish, and to its horn
Manu made fast the cable of his vessel.
Thus drawn along the waters Manu passed
Beyond the northern mountain. Then the fish,
Addressing Manu, said : "I have preserved thee;

Quickly attach the ship to yonder tree.
But lest the waters sink from under thee,
As fast as they subside, so fast shalt thou
Descend the mountain gently after them."
Thus he descended from the northern mountain.

The flood had swept away all living creatures;
Manu alone was left. Wishing for offspring,
He earnestly performed a sacrifice.
In a year's time a female was produced.
She came to Manu, then he said to her,
"Who art thou?" She replied, "I am thy daughter."
He said, "How, lovely lady, can that be?"
"I came forth," she rejoined, "from thine oblations
Cast on the waters; thou wilt find in me
A blessing, use me in sacrifice."
With her he worshiped and with toilsome zeal
Performed religious rites, hoping for offspring:
Thus were created men, called sons of Manu.
Whatever benediction he implored
With her, was thus vouchsafed in full abundance.

VISHNU BESTOWING THE VEDA.



THE LITERATURE OF INDIA.

PERIOD II.

THE SANSKRIT EPICS.

THE Ramayana and the Mahabharata are the two great epics of India, and belong to or cover the same period. In the former, the theme is more closely followed than is the case in the latter, which abounds in episodes and bears internal evidence of being the collected compositions of different poets. The diction of both epics is clearer and more refined than that of the Vedas; they refer to an era of national conquests, and compared with the Vedic hymns are obviously of later date.

India, like Greece afterwards, had in early times a class of bards who were affiliated rather with the warriors than with the priests; who sang the praises of kings and heroes, and kept alive the love of battle and adventure. To them is due the heroic poetry which reflects the contemporary state of society and pictures its primitive manners. But when the Brahmans gained ascendancy, this literature was subjected to a censorship which should fit it to changed beliefs and customs. Many passages inconsistent with Brahmanical law still remain, which the priestly editors failed wholly to redact. Comments at variance with the story appear in the body of the poems, and leading characters are distinguished by epithets which the text contains nothing to justify.

The Ramayana, attributed to Valmiki, shows us the author himself, a hermit sage, dwelling in the forest. The poem, of

24,000 *slokas* or couplets, is divided into eleven books. Through a veil of romantic and fantastic fictions we discern the story of an early conquest of Southern India by the Aryans. The statement in the opening and in some other passages that Rama is a name assumed by Vishnu in his seventh avatar or incarnation has, owing to its loose connection with the main work, been suspected of being an interpolation.

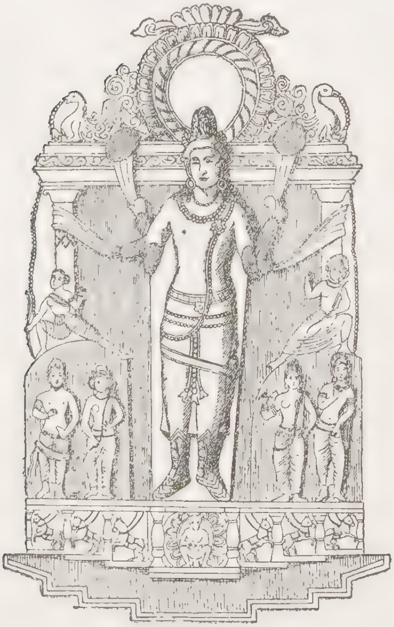
The poem begins with a conclave of the gods, dismayed at the insolence of Ravana, the ten-headed demon, who threatens destruction to dwellers in heaven and earth. By a long course of penances he had acquired invincibility; and the gods entreat Vishnu to assume humanity in order to subdue the monster. Vishnu consents, and, as Rama, is born the eldest son of Dasaratha, king of Oude. By bending the bow of the god Rudra the young Rama wins princess Sita from many suitors. But when about to be hailed heir-apparent to the throne, the younger wife of Dasaratha procures his banishment for fourteen years; this queen's son Bharata being meantime made successor to the kingdom. Rama, denying his mother's prayer that he seize the crown, departs to the wilderness with his younger brother, in obedience to his father's decree. The king soon dies of remorse, and the ministers summon Bharata to the throne. But Bharata refuses, seeks Rama in exile, and implores him to return. Rama is resolute to complete his sentence, and persuades Bharata to rule the kingdom till the appointed time has elapsed.

A female demon, repulsed in her suit to Rama, calls on her brother Ravana for vengeance. Ravana, who is king of Ceylon, approaches Sita in Brahmanical disguise and bears her off to his capital, Lanka. Rama and his brother form an alliance with Hanuman, king of the monkeys, to rescue her. After many miraculous exploits the demon is slain and the throne bestowed by Rama on Ravana's brother, who had assisted the conqueror. Sita, after an ordeal by fire to attest her purity, is restored to Rama, who carries her in triumph to Ayodha.

At this point the original epic probably ended; but in the existing version the faithful wife, suspected by the people, is dismissed from the palace, and finds refuge in the hut of Valmiki. Two sons, there born to her, are by the sage instructed in Vedic lore, and trained to excel in manly accomplishments. Thus they are brought to the notice of the king, who, recognizing them by their likeness to their mother, receives them and her again.

Among the introductory verses of the Ramayana, the following indicate the popular view of the national poem: "I adore that bird, Valmiki, who, perched on the branch of poesy, warbles in honeyed accents Rama, and Rama, and Rama again!" Sita, perfect embodiment of conjugal virtue, is not less the object of the poet's celebration. Indeed, this epic pictures in the midst of strife all the domestic virtues, and the highest blessings are promised those who listen to and meditate upon it.

THE WIFE'S DEVOTION.



King Dasaratha had promised his second wife, who had carefully nursed him when wounded, to grant her any two boons she should ask. She requested that Rama, the son of the first wife, should be banished to the forest for fourteen years. Although deeply grieved, the king felt himself bound by his promise. Rama submits and persuades his mother to submit to the decree. But when he goes to bid his lovely wife Sita farewell, she refuses to leave him. Her reply and its effect are seen in this extract, translated by R. T. H. Griffith.

"Master of weapons, lord of deadly strife,
Hear thou the duty of a warrior's wife.
Know that the father, mother, brother, son,
Obtain the lot their former deeds have won.
The wife alone her husband's fate must share,
And in thy trouble I my part will bear.

For not on father, mother, son, or friend,
But on her husband, must the wife depend.
And if thou seek the wood, thy wife hath sworn
To smooth thy path, nor let thy feet be torn.
No guile is in me: from thy bosom throw
The dregs of doubt, and give me leave to go.
I spurn the terrace and the pleasant seat.
Mine be the joy to guard thy cherished feet.
Obedient ever to my parents' sway,
I will not hearken if they bid me stay.
I will go forth the lonely wood to roam,
The lion's dwelling and the tiger's home.
Happy and heedless, from all terror free,
Careless of empire, caring but for thee.
With thee delighted, will I wander where
Blooms, dropping honey, scent the woodland air.
Obeying thee and keeping still my vow,
I will not tremble by thy side, for thou
Wouldst keep a stranger safe, and sure thine arm
Will guard thy Sita from all fear of harm.
I will not be a charge to thee: sweet fruits
The trees will yield me, and the earth her roots.
I will go first, and treading down the grass,
Make the way pleasant for my love to pass:
On the soft turf disclose my gathered store,
And sit and banquet when thy meal is o'er.
Oh, how I long, dear lord, to gaze my fill,
Guarded by thee, on lake and wood and hill;
See the red lilies in their native springs,
And gay flamingoes with their rosy wings,
And o'er my limbs those pleasant waters poured
Shall banish languor, O my large-eyed lord.
A thousand years would seem a single day
If spent with thee; but, were my love away,
Heaven would not charm me; oh, be sure of this,
Without my love there is no heaven, no bliss."
  Lost in deep thought a while the hero stood,
And feared to lead her to the lonely wood.
With soothing words he strove her tears to dry,
And gently answered with a moistened eye:
"O virtuous daughter of a noble line,
To hear my words thy tender heart incline.

Here, duteous ever, still in peace remain :
Life in the woods is naught but grief and pain.
There roars the lion in his rocky cave,
Loud as the torrents down the hill that rave.
There savage beasts in horrid ambush lie,
And rend the heedless wretch that passes by. . . .
Enough, dear love ; the wood is full of fear :
Remain, my Sita, and be happy here."
Then Sita spoke once more with weeping eyes,
Her voice half mastered by her sobs and sighs :
"The woe, the terror, all the toil and pain,
Joined with thy love, to me are joy and gain.
Lion and tiger, elephant and boar,
And all the monsters thou hast counted o'er,
Soon as my Rama's glorious form they see,
In trembling fear will turn away and flee.
Not Indra's self, the ruler of the sky,
Would dare to harm me when my lord is nigh.
Long years ago I heard a sage foretell
That in the woods should be my fate to dwell :
The time is come : now make that promise true,
And when thou goest take thy Sita too.
Oh, let me go ! Whate'er I may endure,
Following thee, will make my soul more pure ;
So joy shall crown me in the after life,
For thou art God unto thy loving wife.
Hear the high truth which saintly priests declare :
The after life rejoins the wedded pair. . . .
With thee is heaven, where thou art not, is hell :
Oh, lead me hence that I in heaven may dwell."
Then with a bitter cry her arms she flung
Round Rama's neck, and there in anguish clung :
While from her eyes pure floods, as from a pair
Of lotuses, poured down at every prayer.
He gently held her, raised her drooping head,
And stayed the sweet soul that had well nigh fled :
"Not heaven shall bribe me from my wife to part.
I knew not, love, the strength of thy fond heart ;
And hence in doubt thy prayer I first denied,
Though naught can harm thee by thy Rama's side.
Yea, thou wast formed by Heaven to share my fate,
To soothe my sorrows and divide their weight.

As powerless I to leave my love behind,
As a high saint his pity for mankind.
And now my duty leads me far away:
My sire commands it and I must obey.
Whate'er the order that my parents give,
I yield obedience, or must cease to live. . . .
Arise, dear wife, nor let thy steps be slow,
Scatter our treasures quickly ere we go.
Bring forth thy corn and oil the poor to feast,
Give gold and jewels to each white-robed priest;
Gems and rich raiment, all thou hast beside,
Among thy maidens and the men divide."

THE RAPE OF SITA.

RAVANA, having become enamored of Sita, caused Rama to be lured from his cottage by a deer. He left Sita in charge of his brother Lakshmana; but he also was enticed away when they heard, as they supposed, a cry of distress from Rama. Ravana then approached the cottage, disguised as a Brahman, and after a flattering speech, inquired who she was, and why she dwelt amid the dangers of the forest.

The lady, by his garb beguiled,
With fearless innocence looked up and smiled;
She bade the seeming Brahman to a seat,
And gave him water for his weary feet;
And still intent on hospitable care,
Brought forth the choicest of her woodland fare.
She by the cottage door expecting stood
To see her lord returning through the wood;
But naught save countless trees her gazes met;
Rama and Lakshman, lingering, came not yet.
And then she told him what he sought to know,
Her name, her lineage, all the weal and woe:
The monarch's promise and Kaikeyi's hate,
The fatal oath, and grief that came too late.
"And now," she said, "declare thy name and race,
And why thou roamest to this gloomy place."
She spoke. The stranger thundered in reply:
"Terror of men and gods and worlds am I,
Ravan, whose will the giant hosts obey.
Since I have seen thee, lovely one, to-day,

Clad in silk raiment, bright as polished gold,
My love for all my wives is dead and cold.
Though countless dames of perfect beauty, torn
From many a pillaged realm, my home adorn,
Come, fairest, come, my queen and darling be;
Among a thousand I will love but thee.
My city, Lanka, like a glittering crown,
Looks from the high brow of a mountain down
On restless ocean, which with flash and foam
Beats in wild rage against my island home.
There pleasant gardens shall thy steps invite
With me to wander when the moon is bright;
There in new joys thy breast shall ne'er retain
One faint remembrance of this place of pain."
Then from her breast the noble fury broke;
With flashing eye and quivering lip she spoke:
"Me! me! the faithful wife of Rama! him
Before whose glory Indra's fame is dim;
Rama, who fails not in the battle-shock,
Fierce as the ocean steed, fast as the rock:
Rama, the lord of each auspicious sign;
Rama, the glory of his princely line;
Me, Rama's wife—the dear fond wife of him;
Him of the eagle eye, the lordly limb—
Me dost thou dare with words of love to press,
A jackal suing to a lioness?
As far above thine impious reach am I
As yonder sun that blazes in the sky.
Ha! thou hast seen those air-drawn trees of gold,
That sign of doom which dying eyes behold,
If thou hast ventured, weary of thy life,
To look with eyes of love on Rama's wife.
Thou win his wife! With lighter labor try
To pluck the sun from yonder sky;
Safer to wrap within thy robe the flame,
Than woo to folly Rama's faithful dame." . . . .
Out burst the giant with a furious frown:
"Hast thou not heard of Ravan's high renown?
Ne'er heard the glory and the might of me
Before whose face celestial armies flee?
Whom all the gods, with Indra at their head,
Fear like the ruthless Monarch of the Dead;

Before whose eye the sun and moon grow pale,
And silent horror checks the shuddering gale.
Beyond the sea my glorious city stands,
Lanka, the famous, raised by giant hands:
Like Indra's city, beautiful and bright
With golden walls and gates of lazulite.
There every flower of rarest odor blows,
And luscious fruit on loaded branches glows;
There is the sound of cymbal and of drum;
Oh, stay not, Sita, but arise and come!
Come, and with me all earthly pleasures share,
Nay, heavenly joys, my love, shall bless thee there."
He ceased; and, changing all his gentle guise,
Stood before Sita in his native size,
A monstrous giant, terrible in form,
Dark as a thunder-cloud that leads a storm.
Ten-faced and twenty-armed, in every head
Glared the wild eye-balls that his rage made red,
As with a scowl upon each haughty brow,
He cried: "Fair Sita, wilt thou scorn me now?
Lift thy sweet eyes, dear child of earth, and see
A husband worthy of a queen like thee."
One eager hand her glorious tresses graspt,
One mighty arm around her waist was claspt;
Aid her, ye spirits! Ah, all wild with dread
Each nymph and faun before the fiend had fled.
Where, where is Rama? Rama roams afar,
And Ravan bears her to his magic car.
With angry threats the giant tried to still
Her cries for aid, but very long and shrill
Rang forth her lamentation through the air,
As of one raving in her great despair:
"Help, Rama, help! O Lakshman, where art thou?
Why, faithful champion, art thou heedless now,
My hero, wont the giant's pride to tame?
Tear from their impious hands thy brother's dame!
She who drove Rama from his promised throne,
Will doubly triumph when this deed is known.
Ye happy bowers, ye blooming groves, farewell!
My mournful fate to royal Rama tell!
And, Godaveri, thou dear stream, upon
Whose bosom float the mallard and the swan,

Forget not her who loves thee, but relate
To royal Rama Sita's mournful fate.
Say that the fiend has borne away his wife,
His own true Sita, dearer than his life;
He will regain the spouse he loves so well,—
Yea, if they bore her to the depths of Hell."
Down to her feet her loosened tresses hung,
As, like a creeper, with twisted arms she clung
To bough and branch, and falling on her knees,
Shrieked out for succor to the mighty trees.
Then Ravan's giant hand, unused to spare,
Seized her again by her long flowing hair.
Vengeance on thee that cursed touch shall bring,
And stain with gore thy hair, thou impious king.
All nature trembled, faint and sick with dread,
And sudden darkness o'er the world was spread;
The wind was husht, dimmed was the glorious sun;
An awful voice that cried, The deed is done,
Burst from the mighty Sire, whose sleepless eye
Saw the fell outrage from his throne on high;
And the pure saints, with mingled joy and awe,
Looked on the sinner and his doom foresaw.
In vain she struggled, as the giant threw
His arm around her waist and upward flew.
With yellow robes, far floating uncontrolled,
And fair limbs glowing like the burnished gold,
The royal lady like the lightning shone,
Too dazzling lovely to be looked upon.
Toucht by the glorious light the giant's frame
Showed like a mountain belted round with flame;
And from the lotus wreath that crowned her head
Light falling petals on his limbs were shed.
Widowed of Rama and of joy, her face
Peered in its lovely sadness from the embrace
Of her fell ravisher. So looks the moon
With pure light cleaving a dark cloud in June.

THE DEATH OF RAVANA.

THE following story of the death of Ravana is condensed from the Sanskrit original by J. Talboys Wheeler. The poetical portion is by R. T. H. Griffith.

Now, when Ravana was going forth to battle, he met his sister, Surpa-Natha, and turned away from her; and she was enraged and cursed him, saying: "As you have turned away from me without sufficient cause, you shall never again return from the field of battle." Yet Ravana heeded not her words, but went forward in his chariot, and drove the Monkey army before him, until he came into the presence of Rama, and the god Indra, looking down from heaven, and seeing that Rama was without a chariot, sent him his own chariot with Matali for his charioteer, together with his own armor and weapons. Then Rama and Ravana fought on equal terms for a long while, and sometimes the victory inclined to the side of Ravana, and sometimes to the side of Rama. At last Ravana became fatigued and could no longer draw his bow, but dropped down in his chariot, and his charioteer, seeing him in that condition, drove him back towards Lanka. When Ravana recovered his senses, he ordered his charioteer to return to the field, and renewed the battle with Rama; and their conflict now became desperate. Elsewhere the strife ceased; and the gods of heaven looked down. Rama inflicted sore wounds on Ravana, yet he quickly recovered his force. At length, when they had fought together in this way without intermission for seven days and nights, Matali, the charioteer, advised Rama to take up the Brahma arrow and discharge it at Ravana, as he was destined to die by no other weapon. Accordingly, Rama took from his quiver, the arrow which Brahma had made in former times from the spirit of all the gods, and which Indra had left for Rama in the hermitage. Rama then propitiated the Brahma arrow by suitable mantsas (prayers) and discharged it at Ravana. The arrow entered his breast and came out of his back, and went to the ocean and washed itself, and then returned to the quiver of

Rama. Meanwhile Ravana fell to the ground and expired; and the gods sounded celestial music in the heavens, and assembled in the sky and praised Rama as Vishnu, in that he had slain the evil Ravana, who would otherwise have caused their destruction. Rama, having exterminated Ravana, stood in the plain in the height of beauty and of glory. In his left hand he held his bow, in his right an arrow which he was returning to the quiver. His hair, braided in a knot on the crown of his head, adorned his forehead, and the splendor of his countenance surpassed the light of the sun and moon.

But when Vibhishana saw that his brother Ravana was slain, he fell down by the dead body and began to lament loudly. Meanwhile the tidings of the death of Ravana reached the inner apartments of the palace at Lanka; and all the wives of Ravana came from the palace with disheveled hair and loose garments, and went out of the north gate of the city, beating their breasts with their hands. When the women saw the dead body of Ravana prostrate on the ground, they fainted away, but after some time they recovered, and began to caress him as though he had been alive. One would embrace him, another would take up one of his arms and put it around her neck, another would put his head to her breast, another would place his feet upon her bosom, another placed his head in her lap, whilst others laid their heads upon his breast.

THEN falling by their husband's side,
"Ah, king, ah, dearest lord," they cried.
"Ah, he whose arm in anger reared
The king of gods and Yama feared,
While panic struck their heavenly train,
Lies prostrate in the battle slain.
Thy haughty heart thou wouldst not bend,
Nor listen to each wiser friend.
Ah, had the dame, as they implored,
Been yielded to her injured lord,
We had not mourned this day thy fall,
And happy had it been for all. . . .
Yet for these woes we will not blame
Thy fancy for the Maithil dame.
Fate, ruthless Fate, whom none may bend,

Has urged thee to thy hapless end."
While thus they wept, supreme in place,
The loveliest for form and face,
Mandodari, drew near alone,
Looked on her lord and made her moan:
"Ah, monarch, Indra feared to stand
In fight before thy conquering hand.
From thy dread spear the Immortals ran;
And art thou murdered by a man?
Ah, 'twas no child of earth, I know,
That smote thee with that mortal blow.
'Twas Death himself in Rama's shape
That slew thee: Death whom none escape.
Or was it he who rules the skies
Who met thee, clothed in man's disguise?
Ah, no, my lord, not Indra; he
In battle ne'er could look on thee.
One only god thy match I deem;
'Twas Vishnu's self, the Lord supreme,
Whose days through ceaseless time extend,
And ne'er began and ne'er shall end.
He with the discus, shell and mace,
Brought ruin on the giant race.
Girt by the gods of heaven, arrayed
Like Vanar hosts his strength to aid,
He Rama's shape and arms assumed
And slew the king whom Fate had doomed. . .
Thy fancy for the foreign dame
Has brought thee death and endless shame.
Why should thy foolish fancy roam?
Hadst thou not wives as fair at home?
In beauty, form and grace could she,
Dear lord, surpass or rival me?
Now will the days of Sita glide
In tranquil joy by Rama's side;
And I—ah me! around me raves
A sea of woe with whelming waves.
With thee in days of old I trod
Each spot beloved by nymph and god;
I stood with thee in proud delight
On Mandar's side and Meru's height;
With thee, my lord, enchanted strayed

In Chaitraratha's* lovely shade,
And viewed each fairest scene afar
Transported in thy radiant car.
But source of every joy wast thou.
Alas! my joy is ended now."

Rama was touched by her sorrow, and desired Vibhishana to take the women back to the inner apartments and to prepare the funeral rites for his brother, Ravana. Vibhishana took away the women, and returned to Rama, and said: "This Ravana was my enemy; he kicked me before all his council, and I have therefore no desire to perform his funeral ceremony." But Rama replied: "I am much grieved to hear these words from you. Ravana is now dead, and he is therefore no longer your enemy, but your elder brother, and it is proper for you to perform all his funeral rites." Vibhishana listened to the commands of Rama, and performed all the funeral ceremonies of his elder brother, Ravana, with the grandeur and magnificence which befitted the Rajah of Lanka.

* The garden of Kuvera, the god of wealth.

ANCIENT PERSIAN LITERATURE.

THE ZEND-AVESTA.

THE Aryan race, parent of both Hindus and Persians, dwelt in prehistoric times in the mountainous country now known as Afghanistan, then called Bactria. Its ancient capital is identified as the modern Balkh. The Aryans were originally nomadic; but at the time when they first come under our view, in the valley of the Indus on one side, and on the high plains of Persia (Iran, as it is still termed) on the other, they had setled down into an agricultural life.

At a date which, in the absence of certain information, is provisionally fixed at 2300 B.C., causes probably based on religious differences impelled the two antagonistic sects to leave Bactria, and journey south and west respectively. The primitive Aryan religion, simple though it doubtless was, seems yet to have admitted divergence of opinion as to its interpretation. But that the Hindus and Iranians were originally one people is a secure inference from the fact that the Zend, or ancient Iranian tongue, in which the oldest parts of the Avesta are written, is closely akin to the Sanskrit. And indeed it was through its resemblance to Sanskrit that the old Persian language was deciphered by scholars.

Varuna (a name found also in the Greek Ouranos) seems to have been the primal deity of the Bactrian Aryans. In him they worshiped the All—the sum of creation and its author. The imaginative and speculative Hindus gradually lost the simplicity of their first faith, and established a pantheism which degenerated into an idolatrous form of worship. The Iranian emigrants were of a less facile and more spiritual fibre. The conception of Varuna was subdivided into seven attributes, including Varuna himself; and all were sons of Aditi, the Infinite. Each of these attributes, or spiritual principles, was personified and named. As culture deepened, Varuna in his purely spiritual aspect was figured as Ahura-Mazda (Ormuzd), and his several qualities were called Amshaspands—Immortal Holy Ones; the significance of Ahura-Mazda being "The Spiritual Wise One." Wisdom, or Light, was thus made supreme. But as darkness is the inevitable complement of light, the conception of Angra-Mainya, the god of Darkness or evil, was developed; he and his demons are in eternal conflict with the powers of Light. But in the end—such is the optimistic Iranian faith—Wisdom and Good shall overcome, and Falsehood and Evil suffer final annihilation.

Meanwhile, the war between Ahura-Mazda and Angra-Mainya, or Ormuzd and Ahriman, constitutes the spiritual history of mankind. The devs, demons, or angels of Ahriman were degraded from the position of minor deities in the popular regard; purity in thought, word and act was inculcated as the moral duty of man, and holiness ensured him immortality in heaven. Cultivation of the soil was commended as the most laudable of pursuits; and homage was enjoined to the elements (air, earth, water, and especially fire) as being creations of Ahura-Mazda.

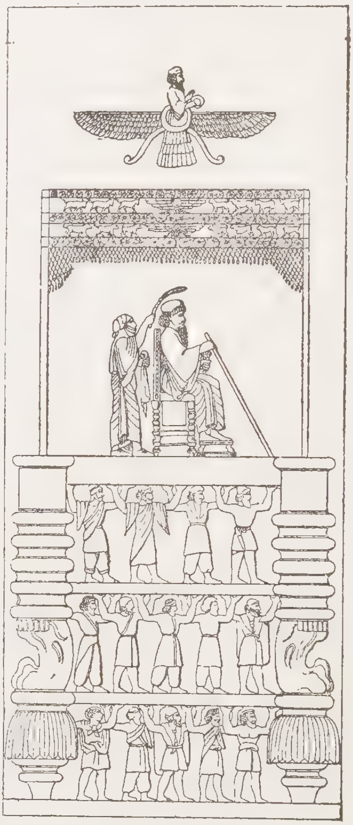
This analysis or development of the original Aryan creed is popularly ascribed to a personage called Zarathushtra, or, as the Greeks rendered it, Zoroaster. But when was the period of his ministry, or whether such an individual ever existed, are matters still under dispute. According to the Persian epics, he lived under Prince Vishtaspa (Hystaspes) of Bactria, and was slain at the altar by Turanians at the storming of Balkh. His birthplace is given as Rhagæ or Shiz, in Media. Roth, the German Orientalist, suggests that the Iranian religion, originating in Bactria, may have culminated in Media; in which case the date of 1000 B.C. might be assigned to Zoroaster. Other students, keeping in view the fact that the Avesta presents internal evidence of having been composed at successive periods, incline to the belief that Zoroaster may have been the general title bestowed upon a priesthood. Deductions drawn from the Gathas, or ancient hymns of the Avesta, point to a period of transition from a nomadic to a pastoral state. But the testimony of Plato, Aristotle and other Greek writers goes to show that Zoroaster was a real, historical person; and if this be accepted, we may suppose him to have lived in the sixth century before the Christian era.

The Avesta is the Persian Holy Scripture. It was originally an extensive work, but large portions have perished. The Gathas, or hymns, alone are regarded as the actual production of Zoroaster; the remainder is in great measure a sort of growth or commentary upon the primitive nucleus, and to this was given the title, "Zend." Avesta (in the Pahlavi *avistak*) is translated "knowledge." Zend-Avesta, then, properly means Text and Commentary—*Avistak va Zend;* Zend standing for the later Pahlavi explanation of the first inspired or authoritative writings. The inversion of the title was the error of early students.

The Avesta, in its present form, is the production of the Sassanian period—the Sassanids being a dynasty of Persian kings ruling from 224 to 641 A.D. According to a record of the sixth century A.D., all existing fragments of the Avesta were collected by order of a king living about the second century of our era, together with the oral traditions of the priests, and the text thus assembled was edited under successive Sassanian rulers, and received its final form at the hands of Atur-pat-Maraspend, prime minister of Shapur II.

The Avesta consists of several parts:—the Yasna, the Vispered, the Vendidad, and the Yashts. The Yasna is a collection of liturgies and hymns (*Gathas*); the word means sacrifice and worship. The Vispered (*vispe ratavo*) is a series of invocations to "all the lords." The Yashts (*yashti*, to worship), are twenty-one hymns to the Yazatas or Izads. The Vendidad (*vidaevâ data*) comprises the law against demons, and may be likened to the Hebrew Leviticus. The Yasna is the chief liturgical work, and contains the most sacred portion of the Avesta—the verses from the sermons of Zoroaster, written in the oldest known dialect of the Iranian language.

Regarded as a whole, the Avesta indicates a religious faith more spiritual than do the Hindu Vedas. The qualities given to Ahura-Mazda are Righteousness, Good Judgment, Divine Order, Wisdom, Perfection and Immortality. There are many inferior genii; and Fire is regarded as a heavenly minister. The future state of each man is determined by the preponderance of good or evil in his deeds while on earth. He is required to resist evil, to adore the true God, to observe purity of soul and body, and to care for useful animals, the cow especially. Among other rules, there is one forbidding the burning or burial of the human body. The Persians under Cyrus, perhaps with the exception of the priests or Magi, did not observe this rule; but the Parsis—as those Persians are termed who settled in India when Persia was overthrown as an independent kingdom—adhere scrupulously to the ancient faith, and erect "Towers of Silence" on which the dead bodies are exposed to be devoured by vultures.



THE TOMB OF DARIUS.

The Avesta is the only surviving monument of ancient Persian literature. The products of Persian genius since the Mohammedan faith was accepted by the people are separated by a wide gulf from the austere enigmatic oracles of Zoroaster and his followers.

PURITY.

"PURITY is the best of all things; purity is the fairest of all things, even as thou hast said, O righteous Zarathustra." With these words the holy Ahura-Mazda rejoiced the holy Zarathustra: "Purity is for man, next to life, the greatest good; that purity which is procured by the law of Mazda to him who cleanses his own self with good thoughts, words and deeds."

O Maker of the material world, thou Holy One! This law, this fiend-destroying law of Zarathustra, by what greatness, goodness, and fairness is it great, good, and fair above all other utterances?

Ahura-Mazda answered: "As much above all other floods as is the sea, so much above all other utterances in greatness, goodness, and fairness is this law, this fiend-destroying law of Zarathustra. As much as a great stream flows swifter than a slender rivulet, so much above all other utterances in greatness, goodness, and fairness is this law, this fiend-destroying law of Zarathustra. As high as the great cypress tree stands above the small plants it overshadows, so high above all other utterances in greatness, goodness, and fairness is this law, this fiend-destroying law of Zarathustra. As high as heaven is above the earth that it compasses around, so high above all other utterances is this law, this fiend-destroying law of Zarathustra.

"Therefore when the high priest has been applied to by a penitent, when any of the Magi has been applied to, whether for draona-service* that has been undertaken or that has not been undertaken, the priest has power to remit one-third of the penalty he had to pay: if he has committed any other evil deed, it is remitted by his repentance; if he has committed no other evil deed, he is absolved by his repentance forever and ever."

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* A service in honor of spirits or deceased persons in which small cakes (*draona*) are blessed in their name and eaten by those present.

ZOROASTER'S PRAYER.

THIS Gatha or hymn is supposed to be a prayer prescribed by Zoroaster for the teachers of his religion. The first verse is the prelude always used before reciting or chanting any of the Gathas in the Parsi religious service.

A strengthening blessing is the thought, a blessing is the word, a blessing is the deed of the righteous Zarathustra. May the Bountiful Immortals accept and help on the chants. Homage to you, O sacred Gathas!

With venerating desire for this gift of gracious help, O Mazda, and stretching forth my hands to Thee I pray for the first blessing of Thy bountiful Spirit; that is, I beseech of Thee that my actions toward all may be performed in Righteousness; and with this I implore from Thee the understanding of Thy Good Spirit, in order that I may propitiate the Soul of the Kine.

And therefore, O Great Creator, the Living Lord! inspired by Thy Good Spirit, I approach You, and beseech of Thee to grant me as a bountiful gift for both the worlds, that of the body and that of mind, those attainments which are to be derived from the Divine Righteousness, and by means of which those who receive it may enter into beatitude and glory!

O thou Divine Righteousness, and thou Good Spirit of Deity! I will worship you, and Ahura Mazda the first, for all of whom the pious ready mind within us is causing the imperishable Kingdom to advance. And while I thus utter my supplications to You, come Ye to my calls to help!

Yea, I will approach You with my supplications, I who am delivering up my mind and soul to that heavenly Mount whither all the redeemed at last must pass, knowing full well the holy characteristics and rewards of the actions prescribed by Ahura Mazda. And so long as I am able and may have the power, so long will I teach Your people concerning these holy deeds to be done by them with faith toward God, and in the desire for the coming of the Divine Righteousness within their souls.

And, thou Righteousness! when shall I see thee, knowing the Good Mind of God, and above all the Obedience of our lives which constitutes the way to the most beneficent Ahura Mazda? Asking this, I thus beseech thee, for with this holy word of supplication we best keep off with tongue the flesh-devouring fiends. the very sign and power of all spiritual foulness!

And do Thou, O Lord, the Great Creator! come to me with Thy Good Mind; and do Thou, who bestowest gifts through Thy Righteousness, bestow alike long-lasting life on us. And that this life may be spent aright, do Thou by means of Thy lofty words bestow the needed powerful spiritual help upon Zarathustra and upon us, whereby we may overcome the torments of the tormentor.

And do thou, O Divine Righteousness, bestow upon me that sacred blessing which is constituted by the attainments of the Good Mind within my soul; and do thou also, O Piety! grant unto Vistaspa and to me our wish; yea mayest Thou grant us, O Mazda, ruler as Thou art! that grace whereby we may hear with understanding Thy benignant words.

That best of gifts therefore do I beseech of Thee, O Thou best of beings, Ahura! who art one in will with Thy Divine Righteousness within us, likewise, the best of spirits, desiring it as I now do for the heroic man Frashaostra, and for me, upon whom also mayest Thou bestow it not for time alone, but for all the ages of Thy Good Mind—that reign of Thy Benevolence which shall be to us as Heaven!

And impressed and moved by these gifts of strengthening grace which Thou mayest give in answer to these prayers, may we never anger You, O Ahura Mazda! nor Thy Righteousness within us, nor yet Thy Kindly Mind toward us, since we have most earnestly made effort helping to advance Your cause in the chanted offering of Your praisers, for most easy to be invoked are Ye. Yours are verily both the desire for spiritual blessings for us, and the Divine Possession of their power.

And therefore do Thou, O Lord, the Great Creator! fill up and satisfy my desire with these attainments of the grace of Thy Good Mind, which Thou dost know to be derived from Righteousness, and which are verily sublime, for I have known Thine instructions to be never void of their effect in the struggles for our daily food, and therefore worthy objects of desire.

Yea, I approach Thee with my prayers, I who by these great gifts of grace will protect Thy Divine Righteousness, and Thy Good Mind within us forever. And do Thou therefore, O Ahura Mazda! teach me from Thyself, yea, from Thine own mouth of spirit, that I may declare it forth to these Thy waiting people by what powers and according to what laws the primeval world arose!

HEBREW LITERATURE.

HEBREW literature comprises the books of the Old Testament, as found in the Bible; the Talmud, an attempt to adapt the injunctions of the Mosaic Law to the later and altered conditions of Jewish life; and the Rabbinical writings in general, which are mainly commentaries or expositions of the Sacred Texts. The works of Flavius Josephus (37–95 A.D.), though written in Greek, and Philo Judæus's essay to reconcile Platonic with Mosaic philosophy, may also be regarded as Hebrew literature, but will not be considered in this place. As for the Kabbala, an esoteric and secret interpretation of the letter of Scripture dating from about the tenth century (though earlier dates have been assigned to it), it is an oral tradition, and cannot be included under the head of literature.

Between the Bible and any or all other literature, no just parallel can be drawn. It purports to be the Word of God; and in spite of the "Higher Criticism," and all other criticism, it vindicates its claim. Books conceived and written by men are soon fathomed, their end and quality determined; but no one has sounded the depths of the Sacred Scriptures. Outwardly, they are chiefly concerned with the dealings of Jehovah—or the LORD—with mankind; and cavillers object that the Hebrew race (which is made to stand for mankind in this connection) does not adequately represent mankind; and, moreover, that the passions of anger, cruelty and revenge, atttributed to the Infinitely Wise and Good, are inconsistent with the character of such a Being, and thus discredit the whole argument. But it must be obvious that an Infinite Creator, in addressing His finite creatures, would necessarily accommodate the form of his communications to the limitations of their finite ideas and language; in other words, limitless spiritual truth can only be conveyed through concrete symbols or images. Whatever keenness of criticism, therefore, we may bring to bear upon the historical, didactic, and moral disquisitions of the letter of Scripture, we leave the spirit embodied in that letter unaffected. The Bible is in truth the exposition of the spiritual experience of man in his progress from mere creatureship to sonship with God. From the religious standpoint, it is with this understanding only that the Holy Volume should be opened.

In this work, however, we have to deal with the Bible as literature. It is a compilation extending over many centuries; but the various parts, however widely divided as to dates of production, are unified and authorized by the truth of their Divine Inspiration. It may be remarked that the earlier chapters of Genesis, and occasional passages in other books of the Bible, belong to an earlier version of the Scriptures, the remainder of which is lost. These chapters and passages are purely allegorical, whereas the clear historical portions relate to actual occurrences, but so selected as to cover and convey a spiritual significance. The earlier version, above referred to, was called "The Wars of Jehovah."

The Hebrews are supposed by some to have acquired their name from Heber, the great-grandson of Shem; but it is more probably related to the word Ibrim, "Those of the other side," the family or tribe having crossed the Euphrates on their way westward. The language of Mesopotamia in the time of Abram was Chaldaic, and it was only after the Patriarch had settled in Palestine that the amalgamation of this tongue with those of the Phœnicians and other inhabitants of that region produced the primitive form of Hebrew perfected in the Mosaic books. From the tenth to the eighth century B.C. was the Golden Age of Hebrew literature. Thereafter it became gradually less pure; it ceased to be a living language three centuries before Christ. It is the most vital and forcible of ancient tongues, and lends itself, as does no other, to profound, eloquent and sublime imagery. It is written from right to left in two kinds of characters—the primitive square and the modern rabbinical.

The manner in which the English Bible, as seen in King James's Version, is printed and divided, has the effect of seriously obscuring its literary quality. The vast amount of comment and criticism of which it had for ages been the subject, made expedient a system of printing which facilitated reference to any particular passage. The division into chapters was made in the fifteenth century, and into "verses" in the sixteenth. The "verses" and chapters, as we have them now, had no existence in the original Hebrew Scriptures, and they disguise these very much as the operations of the dissecting-table disguise the natural aspect of the bodies operated on. They not only greatly increase the difficulty of apprehending the meaning and relations of the various writings, but they compel what is in reality the sublimest poetry to wear the garb of rigid prose. In 1884 was completed what is known as the "Revised Version" of the Scriptures, which is a great improvement in form and in other respects upon that of King James. In it we are for the first time enabled to recognize the lyric and epic quality of much of the Biblical contents. The strophe and antistrophe of the Psalms, once perceived, elucidate their meaning almost as much as they enhance their literary beauty.

The poetry of the Hebrews differs in form from that of other races. There is no rhyme, and no regularity of metre; its underlying principle is the symmetry of clauses in a verse, to which the term "Parallelism" has been applied. In this system a couplet consists of two parallel clauses, a triplet of three. In the quatrain several methods may be followed, the first and third, and second and fourth lines may be parallel, which is the "alternate" arrangement; or the quatrain may be introverted, the first line corresponding with the fourth, and the middle ones with each other. These forms of the quatrain may be combined in various ways with one another, or with the couplets and triplets, and with periodical lines of recitative; or we may have such figures as the envelope, the chain, and the refrain, in combination or interwoven; and again, the stanza may be the unit of the poem, and the above devices applied to that. In all cases, the subject-matter determines the form—sound and sense are interdependent. Hence it happens that the several kinds of poetic composition in the Bible are constantly changing one into the other; there are interludes and episodes of different verse from that of the body of the poem; the unity is constantly refreshed with variety, so that from beginning to end the whole breathes and palpitates with life and beauty.

But we cannot here do more than hint in passing at the subject of the literary classification of the Scriptures; it has been made the theme of an important volume by Professor R. G. Moulton. The student should free his thought from the conceptions of verse as imposed by Greek and other classic models, and remember that the finest English rendering must be deficient in the music and splendor of the Hebrew. By observing the indications given, the student will not only discover a new charm in the letter of the Bible, but will be greatly helped in his comprehension of its spiritual meanings.

The Talmud, consisting of two parts, the Mishna, or Second Law, and the Gemara, or Doctrine, includes rules and precepts drawn up by the rabbins in the second century, and the explanations thereof, which were added a century later. The Babylonian Talmud contains new commentaries, and is four times the length of that of Jerusalem. It is commonly preferred to the latter. The Mishna was composed by the "Doctors" (Tenaim) in the time of the Maccabees; the Gemara by the Amoraim—"Speakers," and they were codified during the fourth to the sixth centuries. The latter is in the Aramean tongue; the Mishna in the post-Biblical Hebrew.

In Spain, under the Arabian dispensation, the Jews were allowed a freedom denied them elsewhere; and the Spanish Jews developed remarkable powers of scholarship. They made many contributions to secular as well as to theological literature and assisted in diffusing the treasures of Oriental lore among the nations of the West. But the Bible and the

Talmud remain the two great monuments of Hebrew genius and intellect; and as the distinctive peculiarities of the Chosen People tend gradually to become merged in the broader life around them, the stupendous majesty of their gift to literature assumes ever grander proportions in the eyes of mankind.

THE SONG OF MOSES.

(EXODUS XV.)

THIS is the song of triumph of the Israelites after their escape from Egypt and the overthrow of the Egyptians in the Red Sea. It was probably sung responsively by separate choirs of men and women.

Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto Jehovah:

Sing unto Jehovah, for He hath triumphed gloriously;
The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.

I will sing unto Jehovah, for he hath triumphed gloriously,
The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea!
Jehovah is my strength and my song;
For He was my salvation:
He is my God and I will praise Him,
My father's God and I will exalt Him;
Jehovah is mighty in war:
Jehovah is His name:
Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath He cast into the sea:
His chosen captains were drowned in the Red sea;
The depths have covered them;
They sank to the bottom as a stone.

Thy right hand, O Jehovah, is glorious in power,
Thy right hand, O Jehovah, hath dashed in pieces the enemy;
And in the greatness of Thy Majesty
Thou hast overthrown them that rose up against Thee;
Thou sendest forth Thy wrath and consumest them as stubble;
For with the blast of Thy nostrils
The waters were gathered together,
The floods stood upright as an heap,
And the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea;
The enemy said, "I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil,

"My desire shall be satisfied upon them.
"I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them;"
Thou didst blow with Thy wind; the sea covered them;
They sank as lead in the mighty waters.

Who is like unto Thee, O Jehovah, among the gods?
Who is like unto Thee, glorious in holiness,
Fearful in praises, doing wonders?
Thou stretchedst out Thy right hand; the earth swallowed them.

. . . .

Thou in Thy mercy hast led forth the people,
Which Thou hast redeemed,
Thou hast guided them in Thy strength
To Thy holy habitation.

The nations heard; they tremble;
Terror took hold on the inhabitants of Palestine;
Then were the chiefs of Edom dismayed,
The mighty men of Moab—trembling taketh hold of them;
All the inhabitants of Canaan are melted away:
Fear and dread fall upon them,
By the greatness of Thine arm they are as still as a stone,
Till the people pass over, O Jehovah,
Till the people pass over, which Thou hast purchased;
Thou bringest them in and plantest them
On the hill of thine inheritance,
In the place, O Jehovah,
Which Thou hast made for Thee to dwell in,
In the sanctuary, O Lord,
Which Thy hands have established.
Jehovah is King forever and ever.

And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered,

Sing ye to Jehovah, for He hath triumphed gloriously;
The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.

SAMSON'S BETRAYAL.

(JUDGES XVI. 4–31.)

And it came to pass afterward, that Samson loved a woman in the valley of Sorek, whose name was Delilah. And the lords of the Philistines came up unto her, and said unto her, Entice him, and see wherein his great strength lieth, and by what means we may prevail against him, that we may bind him to afflict him: and we will give thee every one of us eleven hundred pieces of silver. And Delilah said to Samson, Tell me, I pray thee, wherein thy great strength lieth, and wherewith thou mightest be bound to afflict thee. And Samson said unto her, If they bind me with seven green withes that were never dried, then shall I become weak, and be as another man. Then the lords of the Philistines brought up to her seven green withes which had not been dried, and she bound him with them. Now she had liers in wait abiding in the inner chamber. And she said unto him, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And he brake the withes, as a string of tow is broken when it toucheth the fire. So his strength was not known.

And Delilah said unto Samson, Behold thou hast mocked me, and told me lies: now tell me, I pray thee, wherewith thou mightest be bound. And he said unto her, If they only bind me with new ropes wherewith no work hath been done, then shall I become weak, and be as another man. So Delilah took new ropes, and bound him therewith, and said unto him, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And the liers in wait were abiding in the inner chamber. And he brake them from off his arms like a thread.

And Delilah said unto Samson, Hitherto thou hast mocked me, and told me lies; tell me wherewith thou mightest be bound. And he said unto her, If thou weavest the seven locks of my head with the web of the loom. And she fastened it with the pin, and said unto him, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And he awaked out of his sleep, and plucked away the pin of the beam, and the web. And she said unto him, How canst thou say, I love thee, when thine heart is not with me? thou hast mocked me these three times, and hast not told me wherein thy great strength lieth.

And it came to pass, when she pressed him daily with her words, and urged him, that his soul was vexed unto death. And he told her all his heart, and said unto her, There hath not come a razor upon mine head; for I have been a Nazarite unto God from my mother's womb; if I be shaven, then my strength will go from me, and I shall become weak, and be like any other man. And when Delilah saw that he had told her all his heart, she sent and called for the lords of the Philistines, saying, Come up this once, for he hath told me all his heart. Then the lords of the Philistines came up unto her, and brought the money in their hand. And she made him sleep upon her knees; and she called for a man, and shaved off the seven locks of his head; and she began to afflict him, and his strength went from him. And she said, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And he awoke out of his sleep, and said, I will go out, as at other times, and shake myself. But he knew not that Jehovah was departed from him.

And the Philistines laid hold on him, and put out his eyes; and they brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass; and he did grind in the prison. Howbeit the hair of his head began to grow again after he was shaven. And the lords of the Philistines gathered them together to offer a great sacrifice unto Dagon their god, and to rejoice; for they said, Our god hath delivered Samson our enemy into our hand. And when the people saw him, they praised their god; for they said, Our god hath delivered into our hand our enemy, and the destroyer of our country, who hath slain many of us.

And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison; and he made sport before them; and they set him between the pillars of the house. And Samson said unto the lad that held him by the hand, Suffer me that I may feel the pillars whereupon the house resteth, that I may lean upon them. Now the house was full of men and women; and all the lords of the Philistines were there; and there were upon the roof about three thousand men and women, that looked on while Samson made sport.

And Samson called unto Jehovah, and said, O Lord Jehovah, remember me, I pray thee, and strengthen me, I pray thee, only this once, O God, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes. And Samson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house rested, and leaned upon them, the one with his right hand, and the other with his left. And

Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines. And he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein. So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life.

DAVID'S LAMENT FOR SAUL AND JONATHAN.

(II Samuel i. 17–27.)

Then David lamented with this lamentation over Saul and over Jonathan his son. And he bade them teach the children of Judah the Song of the Bow: behold, it is written in the Book of Jashar.

Thy glory, O Israel, is slain upon thy high places!
  How are the mighty fallen!
    Tell it not in Gath,
    Publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon;
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

    Ye mountains of Gilboa,
Let there be no dew nor rain upon you,
  Nor on your fields of offerings;
For there the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away,
  The shield of Saul, as of one not anointed with oil.
From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty,
  The bow of Jonathan turned not back,
  And the sword of Saul returned not empty.
Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives,
And in their death they were not divided;
    They were swifter than eagles,
    They were stronger than lions.

Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul,
  Who clothed you in scarlet delicately,
  Who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel.
How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!
  Jonathan is slain upon thy high places.
I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan;
    Very pleasant hast thou been unto me:
    Thy love to me was wonderful,
    Passing the love of women.
How are the mighty fallen,
And the weapons of war perished!

GOD IS OUR REFUGE.

(Psalm xlvi.)

God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble.
Therefore will we not fear though the earth do quake,
Though the mountains totter in the midst of the sea,
Though the waters thereof rage and swell,
And though the mountains shake at the tempest of the sea.
Jehovah, Lord of Hosts, is with us,
The God of Jacob is our tower of strength.

There is a stream whose waters make glad the city of God,
The holy places of the tabernacle of the most High:
God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved;
God will help her, the morning draweth nigh:
The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved,
At the voice of His thunder the earth melted.
Jehovah, Lord of Hosts, is with us,
The God of Jacob is our tower of strength.

Come hither and behold the work of Jehovah,
What wonders He hath wrought upon the earth.
He maketh wars to cease in all the world,
He breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear in sunder,
And burneth the chariots in the fire.
"Be still, and know that I am God,
I will be exalted among the heathen,
I will be exalted in the earth."
Jehovah, Lord of Hosts, is with us,
The God of Jacob is our tower of strength.

JOB'S OUTCRY AGAINST HIS FRIENDS.

(Job xix. 2–27.)

The Book of Job combines a brief epic narrative of the extreme affliction of a righteous man, with a long dramatic dialogue in which the great mystery of human suffering is discussed by the afflicted and his friends. The latter unkindly suggest that Job's woes are a punishment of hidden sins, or offer vain consolations and explanations. Job more than once cries out pathetically against their stinging speeches, and maintains his integrity. In the end God himself intervenes, answering Job "out of the whirlwind." He declares his infinite power, and shows that good as well as evil is a mystery beyond finite comprehension. Job then declares his absolute submission to his Maker's will. In the epilogue God approves his conduct and restores his prosperity.

How long will ye vex my soul,
And break me in pieces with words?
These ten times have ye reproached me;
Ye are not ashamed that ye deal hardly with me.
  Be it indeed that I have erred,
  Mine error remaineth with myself.
Will ye indeed magnify yourselves against me,
And plead against me my reproach?

Know now that God hath subverted me in my cause,
  And hath compassed me with his net.
Behold, I cry out, Violence! but I am not heard;
  I cry for help, but there is no judgment.
He hath fenced up my way that I cannot pass,
  And hath set darkness in my paths.
He hath stripped me of my glory,
  And taken the crown from my head.
He hath broken me down on every side, and I am gone;
  And my hope hath he plucked up like a tree.
He hath also kindled his wrath against me,
  And he counteth me unto him as one of his adversaries.
His troops come on together, and cast up their way against me,
  And encamp round about my tent.

  He hath put my brethren far from me,
And mine acquaintance are wholly estranged from me.
  My kinsfolk have failed,
And my familiar friends have forgotten me.
  They that sojourn in my house,
And my maids count me for a stranger;
  I am an alien in their sight.
I call unto my servant, and he giveth me no answer,
  Though I intreat him with my mouth.
My breath is strange to my wife,
And I make supplication to the children of my body.
  Even young children despise me;
  If I arise, they speak against me.

All the men of my council abhor me;
  And they whom I loved are turned against me.
My bone cleaveth to my skin and to my flesh,
  And I am escaped with the skin of my teeth.

Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends;
  For the hand of God hath touched me.
Why do ye persecute me as God,
  And are not satisfied with my flesh?
Oh that my words were now written!
  Oh that they were inscribed in a book!
That with an iron pen and lead
  They were graven in the rock forever!

But I know that my Vindicator liveth,
And that he shall stand up at the last upon the earth;
And after my skin hath been thus destroyed,
    Yet from my flesh shall I see God;
    Whom I shall see on my side,
And mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

KING SOLOMON'S BETROTHAL.

The Song of Solomon is a lyrical idyl, celebrating the King's love for a Shulamite damsel. It is divided into five (or seven) parts or scenes. The following is the central division; it opens with the entrance of King Solomon, who afterwards declares the beauty of his beloved, and compares her to a garden. The Shulamite replies briefly, using the same figure.

The Choir.

Who is this that cometh up out of the wilderness
Like pillars of smoke,
Perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,
With all powders of the merchant?
  Behold, it is the litter of Solomon;
  Threescore mighty men are about it,
    Of the mighty men of Israel.
  They all handle the sword, and are expert in war;
  Every man hath his sword upon his thigh,
    Because of fear in the night.
  King Solomon made himself a palanquin
    Of the wood of Lebanon.

He made the pillars thereof of silver,
The bottom thereof of gold,
The seat of it of purple,
The midst thereof being inlaid with love
From the daughters of Jerusalem.
Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon
With the crown wherewith his mother hath crowned him
In the day of his espousals,
And in the day of the gladness of his heart.

SOLOMON.

Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair;
Thine eyes are as doves behind thy veil;
Thy hair is as a flock of goats,
That lie along the side of Mount Gilead.
Thy teeth are like a flock of ewes that are newly shorn,
Which are come up from the washing;
Whereof every one hath twins,
And none is bereaved among them.
Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet,
And thy mouth is comely.
Thy temples are like a piece of a pomegranate
Behind thy veil.
Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armory,
Whereon there hang a thousand bucklers,
All the shields of the mighty men.
Thy two breasts are like two fawns that are twins of a roe.
Which feed among the lilies.

THE CHOIR.

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away,
I will get me to the mountain of myrrh,
And to the hill of frankincense.

SOLOMON.

Thou art all fair, my love;
And there is no spot in thee.
Come with me from Lebanon, my bride,
With me from Lebanon:
Look from the top of Amana,
From the top of Senir and Hermon,

From the lions' dens,
From the mountains of the leopards.
Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my bride;
Thou hast ravished my heart
With one look from thine eyes,
With one chain of thy neck.
How fair is thy love, my sister, my bride!
How much better is thy love than wine!
And the smell of thine ointments than all manner of spices!
Thy lips, O my bride, drop as the honeycomb:
Honey and milk are under thy tongue;
And the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.

A garden shut up is my sister, my bride;
A spring shut up, a fountain sealed.
Thy shoots are an orchard of pomegranates, with precious fruits;
Henna with spikenard plants, spikenard and saffron,
Calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense,
Myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices.
Thou art a fountain of gardens,
A well of living waters,
And flowing streams from Lebanon.

THE SHULAMITE.

Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south;
Blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.
Let my beloved come into his garden,
And eat his precious fruits.

SOLOMON.

I am come into my garden, my sister, my bride:
I have gathered my myrrh with my spice;
I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey;
I have drunk my wine with my milk.

THE CHOIR.

Eat, O friends;
Drink, yea, drink abundantly of love!

THE DOOM OF BABYLON.

(ISAIAH XIV. 3–23.)

IN this sublime prophetic denunciation of Babylon, the oppressor of Israel, its once proud king is represented as brought down to Sheol, the gloomy abode of the dead, and the shades of the kings of the nations are shown exulting in the overthrow of their former conqueror.

And it shall come to pass in the day that the Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow, and from thy trouble, and from the hard service wherein thou wast made to serve, that thou shalt take up this parable against the king of Babylon, and say,

How hath the oppressor ceased!
  The golden city ceased!
The Lord hath broken the staff of the wicked,
  The sceptre of the rulers;
That smote the peoples in wrath with a continual stroke,
  That ruled the nations in anger,
With a persecution that none restrained.
The whole earth is at rest, and is quiet;
  They break forth into singing.
Yea, the fir trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying,
Since thou art laid down, no destroyer is come up against us.

Sheol from beneath is moved for thee
  To meet thee at thy coming;
It stirreth up the shades for thee,
  Even all the chief ones of the earth;
It hath raised up from their thrones
  All the kings of the nations.
All they shall answer and say unto thee,
  Art thou also become weak as we?
  Art thou become like unto us?
Thy pomp is brought down to Sheol, and the noise of thy viols;
The worm is spread under thee, and worms cover thee.
    How art thou fallen from heaven,
    O day star, son of the morning!
How art thou cut down to the ground,
  Who didst lay low the nations!
And thou saidst in thine heart,
  I will ascend into heaven,

I will exalt my throne above the stars of God;
And I will sit upon the mount of congregation,
  In the uttermost parts of the north;
I will ascend above the heights of the clouds;
  I will be like the Most High.
Yet thou shalt be brought down to Sheol,
  To the uttermost parts of the pit.

They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee,
They shall consider thee, saying,
  Is this the man that made the earth to tremble,
  That did shake kingdoms,
  That made the world as a wilderness,
  And overthrew the cities thereof;
That let not loose his prisoners to their home?

  All the kings of the nations,
  All of them, sleep in glory,
  Every one in his own house.
But thou art cast forth away from thy sepulchre,
  Like an abominable branch,
As the raiment of those that are slain,
  That are thrust through with the sword,
  That go down to the stones of the pit;
  As a carcass trodden under foot.
Thou shalt not be joined with them in burial,
  Because thou hast destroyed thy land,
  Thou hast slain thy people;
The seed of evil-doers shall not be named forever.
Prepare ye slaughter for his children
  For the iniquity of their fathers;
That they rise not up, and possess the earth,
  And fill the face of the world with cities.
I will rise up against them, saith the LORD of hosts,
And cut off from Babylon name and remnant,
  And son and son's son, saith Jehovah.
I will sweep it with the besom of destruction,
    Saith the LORD of hosts.

THE FUTURE GLORY OF JERUSALEM.

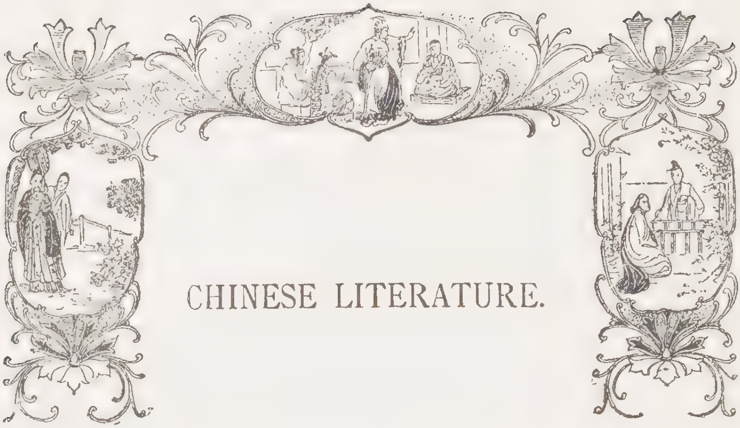
(ISAIAH LX. 1–14.)

Arise, shine; for thy light is come,
And the glory of the LORD is risen upon thee.
  For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth,
  And gross darkness the peoples;
But the LORD shall arise upon thee,
And his glory shall be seen upon thee.
  And nations shall come to thy light,
  And kings to the brightness of thy rising.
Lift up thine eyes round about and see;
They all gather themselves together, they come to thee:
  Thy sons shall come from far,
  Thy daughters shall be carried in the arms.
  Then thou shalt see and be lightened,
  And thine heart shall tremble and be enlarged;
Because the abundance of the sea shall be turned unto thee,
The wealth of the nations shall come unto thee.
  The multitude of camels shall cover thee,
  The dromedaries of Midian and Ephah;
  All they from Sheba shall come;
  They shall bring gold and frankincense,
  And shall proclaim the praises of the LORD.
All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee,
The rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee;
They shall come up with acceptance on mine altar,
And I will beautify the house of my glory.

Who are these that fly as a cloud,
And as the doves to their windows?
  Surely the isles shall wait for me,
  And the ships of Tarshish first,
  To bring thy sons from afar,
  Their silver and their gold with them,
For the name of the LORD thy God,
And for the Holy One of Israel,
Because he hath beautified thee.
  And strangers shall build up thy walls,
  And their kings shall minister unto thee;

  For in my wrath I smote thee,
  But in my favor have I had mercy on thee.
Thy gates also shall be open continually;
  They shall not be shut day nor night;
That men may bring unto thee the wealth of the nations,
  And their kings led with them.
For that nation that will not serve thee shall perish;
Yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted.
  The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee,
  The fir tree, the pine, and the box tree together,
  To beautify the place of my sanctuary,
And I will make the place of my feet glorious.
And the sons of them that afflicted thee
  Shall come bending unto thee;
  And all they that despised thee
Shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet;
And they shall call thee the City of the LORD,
  The Zion of the Holy One of Israel.

MOSES GIVING THE LAW.



CHINESE LITERATURE.

ENTHUSIASM of Chinese annalists prompts them to outdo rivalry at a blow by asserting for their country an antiquity of from 80,000 to 100,000 years before Christ. Except in this direction, few traces of imagination are discovered in the Chinese nature or literature.

We may perhaps go so far as to assign the date 2500 B.C. as that of the foundation of the Celestial Empire. There are traditions of a ruler named Fohi, or Fuhsi, by some surmised to be identical with Noah, who is said to have reigned at a period variously estimated at from 3320 to 2240 B.C. The documents of the Shu King begin with the reign of Yao, about 2450 B.C. This date, as we have already noticed in the case of the Babylonians, the Hindus and the Persians, seems to mark roughly the dawn of some important movement or development in the nations of the Asiatic continent.

But the first era to which we can refer with any assurance of accuracy is 650 B.C. That is the first date mentioned by the native historian Se-ma-tsien. A hundred years later, 550 B.C., occurred the birth of the great philosopher Confucius (Kung-fu-tzu). From that time downward the chronology is trustworthy and continuous. There is a record of twenty-two consecutive Chinese dynasties.

The Chinese have had three distinct religious systems. Concerning the first of these, indeed, little is known; but it seems to have been a species of monotheism combined with ancestral worship. At the epoch of Confucius this had degenerated into general religious indifference. His influence restored the traditional practices, but did not tend to the revival of faith in Divine Revelation. He laid the deep foundation of a moral and philosophical creed which for many centuries has remained indelibly marked upon the Chinese character. Taoism was a similar system proposed by the rival teacher Lao-tse.

Buddhism was the third religion. It was introduced under the name of the Religion of Fo, about 68 A.D., and now commands a large number of adherents. There have been no considerable modifications in the Chinese mind since that time; though the influence of the Western nations is beginning at the present day to become perceptible, and the end of their long-continued conservatism and exclusiveness seems to be within sight.

In the 7th and 8th centuries there are records of the preaching and persecution of Nestorian Christians; in the 9th and 11th centuries occurred the invasions of the Tartars. Kublai Khan established the great Mongol empire about 1268 A.D. The first news of China received by Western Europe was delivered by the traveler Marco Polo, in 1300 A.D. His story of adventure in Eastern Asia astonished the world, and was not accepted as veracious. Time vindicated his substantial accuracy, and until quite recent times little of importance was added to his report. Europeans first arrived at Canton in 1517. It was about a century and a half after this that trade with the British East India Company began, and thenceforward the history of China, so far as it is known, may be read in connection with that of Britain.

The Chinese language, unique in itself, is a monument at once of the intelligence and of the limitations of the Chinese character. It is composed entirely of monosyllabic roots, is devoid of inflections, and practically grammarless. By the manner of its use in a given sentence, each root becomes at need any required part of speech. So formless a condition of the instrument of human intercommunication would indicate an almost savage state of the people making use of it; but the Chinese were comparatively civilized while Europe was still a barbarism; and they invented a system of writing no less singular than their spoken language. Its plan is ideographic, each character standing for an idea, of which a conventional drawing was made; for example, the sun, the moon, a mountain, a heart, were represented by pictures of these objects. As the language developed, the original pictures were combined to figure new ideas; thus, song is indicated by a mouth and a bird; tears, by an eye and water; brightness by the sun and moon. It was only by slow degrees that any attempt at a phonetic system was compiled. At present, the Chinese dictionary contains 40,000 characters, disposed under 214 signs or keys; but for ordinary literary purposes only about 10,000 characters are used. By an ingenious adaptation of the various combinations, the written language has become one of the most voluminous in the world.

The spoken tongue, on the other hand, remains one of the poorest in existence. The necessity of expressing current ideas forced the expedient of varying the meaning of the rigid monosyllables by changing the intonations with which they were uttered. A word uttered with a falling inflection, for example, has a significance quite different from that belonging to the same word spoken with an upward movement of the voice. This makes the task of understanding or speaking the language peculiarly difficult for foreigners.

The same peculiarities have doubtless retarded the development of the character of the Chinese and have tended to their national isolation. The expression of their thoughts is necessarily confined to the briefest possible statement. There can be no variation in the order of words in a sentence without changing the meaning of the words themselves; the lights and shades of thought and emotion refuse to be conveyed through such a medium. The effect upon the foreign student of Chinese literature is a wearisome monotony; though it is conceivable that the natives themselves may discern in it qualities imperceptible to outsiders. The "personal equation" would enter into the question; and the reader would discover beauties in the composition in measure as he himself possessed refinement and intelligence.

THE FIVE CLASSICS.

In the vast literature of China, the primary place is given to the Five Classics, which were edited by Confucius about B.C. 500. The oldest of these is the *Yi King*, or *Classic of Changes*, which is ascribed to the illustrious Wan Wang, who, while imprisoned, B.C. 1143, enlarged and improved a table of trigrams, invented by the Emperor Fu-hsi, B.C. 3320. Wang formed a set of sixty-four hexagrams, figures consisting of combinations of whole and divided lines, and to each hexagram added a verse setting forth its prognostic value. The figures are most frequently used in divination, but the cultivated Chinese find in them also a profound practical philosophy. Confucius, in his old age, is reported to have said, "If some years were added to my life, I would give fifty to the study of Yi, and might then escape falling into great errors." But even his explanatory comments fail to render the book of any literary value.

In like manner the *Li Ki*, or *Book of Ceremonies*, compiled by the Duke of Chow, in the 12th century B.C., does not belong to literature. It is a book of etiquette, giving minute directions for all the relations and occurrences of life—for the emperor, governor, officials of all grades, and subjects,—for parents, children, wives, concubines and servants,—for birth, betrothal, marriage, death, burial and mourning. One of the government departments in Peking is concerned in seeing that its precepts are everywhere observed. It is the most important of all the Classics for its effect on the lives and character of the people.

The *Shu King*, or *Classic of Historical Documents*, is of value, not only for its record of facts, but as the basis of the political system still prevailing in the empire. It consists chiefly of conversations between the kings and their ministers on the principles of government, but contains also proclamations and dispatches. It goes back to B.C. 2450, and comes down to B.C. 721; but there are long periods in Chinese history which furnish no documents. Later Chinese historians recount fabulous dynasties, occupying millions of years, antecedent to the earliest period in this Classic.

The *Shi King*, or *Classic of Poetry*, is of remarkable interest, as exhibiting a singular practice among the early rulers of China. The dukes or governors of the feudal states used to meet and consult with the king on public affairs. Among their attendant officers were the music-masters, whose duty it was to supervise the songs of the people. These songs were submitted to the king's music-master, who selected for preservation whatever he thought proper. From these songs, officially approved, Confucius selected 311, which he arranged partly according to the states in which they had originated and partly according to their subject. They form the *Classic of Poetry*. They are in general the simple ballads of a primitive people, diligently practicing agriculture, and occasionally summoned to war against a distant tribe. There are indications of complaint against misrule, but instead of resistance to tyrants, patience under affliction is the common lesson.

The last of the Five Classics is the only one written by Confucius. It is a history called, *Chun-Tsu*, or *Spring and Autumn*, and relates to the annals of his native state, Lu, from B.C. 721 to 520. The title might seem to refer to a division of the chronological year, but it is asserted that its commendations were life-giving like spring, and its censures withering like autumn. Unfortunately there appear in it neither commendations nor censures, neither philosophy nor rhetoric, nothing but the baldest statement of facts without comment. Furthermore, his disciple, Tso, who wrote a detailed account of the same period, does not hesitate, after placing the brief line of Confucius at the head of a section, to contradict it entirely in the course of his narrative.

THE COUNSELS OF THE GREAT YU.

(From the Shu King.)

Examining into antiquity, we find that the Great Yu was styled Wan-ming. Having arranged and divided the land, all to the Four Seas, in reverent response to the Ti,* he said, "If the sovereign can realize the difficulty of his sovereignship and the minister the difficulty of his ministry, the government will be well ordered, and the black-haired people [the Chinese] will sedulously seek to be virtuous."

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* Ti was the term for the chief ruler, before the empire was established.

The Ti said, "Yes; let this really be the case, and good works will nowhere lie hidden; no men of virtue and talents will be left neglected, away from court, and the myriad states will all enjoy repose. But to obtain the views of all; to give up one's opinion and follow that of others; to keep from oppressing the helpless, and not to neglect the straitened and poor;—it was only the former Ti who could attain to this."

Yi said, "Oh, your virtue, O Ti, is vast and incessant. It is sagely, spirit-like, awe-inspiring, and adorned with all accomplishments. Great Heaven regarded you with its favor, and bestowed on you its appointment. Suddenly you possessed all within the four seas, and became ruler of all under heaven."

Yu said, "Accordance with the right leads to good fortune; following what is opposed to it, to evil;—the shadow and the echo." Yi said, "Alas, be cautious. Admonish yourself to caution, when there seems to be no occasion for anxiety. Do not fail to observe the laws and ordinances. Do not find your enjoyment in idleness. Do not go to excess in pleasure. In your employment of men of worth, let none come between you and them. Put away evil without hesitation. Do not carry out plans, of the wisdom of which you have doubts. Study that all your purposes may be with the light of reason. Do not go against what is right, to get the praise of the people. Do not oppose the people's wishes, to follow your own desires. Attend to these things without idleness or omission, and the barbarous tribes all around will come and acknowledge your sovereignty."

Yu said, "Oh think of these things, O Ti. The virtue of the ruler is seen in his good government, and that government in the nourishing of the people. There are water, fire, metal, wood, the earth, and grain,—these must be duly regulated; there are the rectification of the people's virtue, the tools and other things that supply the conveniences of life, and the securing abundant means of sustentation,—these must be harmoniously attended to. When the nine services thus indicated have been orderly accomplished, that accomplishment will be hailed by the people's songs. Caution them with gentle words, correct them with the majesty of law, stimulate them with the songs on those nine subjects,—in order that your success may not suffer diminution." The Ti said, "The earth has been reduced to order, and the influences of heaven produce their complete effect; those six magazines and three departments of governmental action are all truly regulated, and may be depended on for a myriad generations:—this is your merit."

The Ti said, "Come, you Yu. I have occupied my place for thirty and three years. I am between ninety and a hundred years old, and the laborious duties weary me. Do you, eschewing all indolence, take the leading of my people." Yu replied, "My virtue is not equal to the position, and the people will not repose in me. But there is Kao-yao, with vigorous activity sowing abroad his virtue, which has descended on the black-haired people, till they cherish him in their hearts. O Ti, think of him. When I think of him, my mind rests on him as the man fit for this place; when I would put him out of my thoughts, my mind still rests on him; when I name and speak of him, my mind rests on him for this; the sincere outgoing of my thoughts about him is that he is the man. O Ti, think of his merits."

The Ti said, "Kao-yao, that of these my ministers and all my people hardly one is found to offend against the regulations of the government is owing to your being Minister of Justice, and intelligent in the use of the five punishments, thereby assisting the inculcation of the five cardinal duties, with a view to the perfection of my government, and that through punishment there may come to be no punishments, but the people accord with the path of the Mean. Continue to be strenuous." Kao-yao replied, "Your virtue, O Ti, is faultless. You condescend to your ministers with a kindly ease; you preside over the multitudes with a generous forbearance. Punishments do not extend to the criminal's heirs, while rewards reach to succeeding generations. You pardon inadvertent faults, however great, and punish purposed crimes, however small. In cases of doubtful crimes, you deal with them lightly; in cases of doubtful merit, you prefer the high estimation. Rather than put an innocent person to death, you will run the risk of irregularity and error. This life-loving virtue has penetrated the minds of the people, and this is why they do not render themselves liable to be punished by your officers." The Ti said, "That I am able to follow and obtain what I desire in my government, the people responding everywhere, as if moved by the wind,—this is your excellence."

The Ti said, "Come, Yu. The inundating waters filled me with dread, when you accomplished truly all that you had represented, and completed your service;—thus showing your superiority to other men. Full of toilsome earnestness in the service of the country, and sparing in your expenditure on your family, and this without being full of yourself and elated,—you again show your superiority to other men. You are without any prideful assumption, but no one under heaven can contest with you the palm of ability; you make no boasting, but no one under heaven can contest with you the palm of merit. I see how great is your virtue, how admirable your vast achievements. The determinate appointment of Heaven rests on your person; you must eventually ascend the throne of the great sovereign. The mind of man is restless, prone to err; its affinity to what is right is small. Be discriminating, be uniform in the pursuit of what is right, that you may sincerely hold fast the Mean. Do not listen to unsubstantiated words; do not follow plans about which you have not sought counsel. Of all who are to be loved, is not the ruler the chief? Of all who are to be feared, are not the people the chief? If the multitude were without their sovereign Head, whom should they sustain aloft? If the sovereign had not the multitude, there would be none to guard the country for him. Be reverential. Carefully maintain the throne which you are to occupy, cultivating the virtues that are to be desired in you. If within the Four Seas there be distress and poverty, your Heaven-conferred revenues will come to a perpetual end. It is the mouth which sends forth what is good, and raises up war. I will not alter my words."

Yu said, "Submit the meritorious ministers one by one to the trial of divination, and let the favoring indication be followed." The Ti replied, "According to the rules for the regulation of divination, one should first make up his mind, and afterwards refer his judgment to the great tortoise-shell. My mind in this matter was determined in the first place; I consulted and deliberated with all my ministers and people, and they were of one accord with me. The spirits signified their assent, and the tortoise-shell and divining stalks concurred. Divination, when fortunate, should not be repeated." Yu did obeisance with his head to the ground, and firmly declined the place. The Ti said, "You must not do so. It is you who can suitably occupy my place." On the first morning of the first month, Yu received the appointment in the temple dedicated by Shun to the spirits of his ancestors, and took the leading of all the officers, as had been done by the Ti at the commencement of his government.—*Translated by* DR. JAMES LEGGE.

SELECTIONS FROM THE SHI-KING.

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

Stately her person—tall and fair;
Clad in her robes, embroidered and plain:
  Child of the lord of Tsi,
  Bride of the lord of Wei,
Sister of one who is Tsi's next heir,
Sister of wife of the lord of Hing,
Same of the lord of the Tan domain.

Fingers, as softest buds that grow,
Skin, as unguent, firm and white,
  Neck, as the tree-worm's breed,
  Teeth, as the gourd's white seed.
Mantis' front, and the silk-moth brow,
Dimples playing in witching smile;
Beautiful eyes, so dark, so bright.

Stately in person—proud and free,
Halts she a while in the lands close by,
  Her four male steeds, full-fed,
  Bright in their trappings red;
Screened by her plumes, then to court comes she.
Haste, ye councillors, quick depart;
Do not your chieftain's patience try.

Wide and deep is the river, the Ho,
Northwards flowing, majestic, grand.
  Broad nets splash for a haul,
  Sturgeons are in, big and small.
Tall, too, its reeds and sedges grow.
Richly adorned are her maids, the Kiang,
Martial the men that round her stand.

—*Translated by* W. JENNINGS.

THE DISCARDED WIFE.

Rustic simpleton you seemed,
  Hawking cloth for silk to sell;
'Twas for no such thing you came,
  'Twas to me your plan to tell:

Would I cross with you the Ki?
  Would I follow to Tun Kiu?
Would I not forego the time?
  No good go-between had you.
Nay, but be not wroth, I cried;
Let it be at harvest-tide.

Yonder ruined walls I'd climb
  For a glimpse of far Fu-kwan;
When Fu-kwan I could not see,
  Down the tears incessant ran;
When Fu-kwan had been in sight,
  Ah, how I would laugh and cry!
You were questioning the straws;
  "Nothing wrong," they gave reply;
You must with your wagon come,
I must pack, and with you home.

Ere the mulberry leaves are fall'n,
  They are fresh and fair to see.
Ah for thee, thou little dove,
  Eat not fruit upon that tree.
Ah for thee, thou tender maid,
  Dally not with gentlemen.
Gentlemen may do rash deeds,
  Yet be pardoned even then;
Maidens, if they do the same,
Never can escape the blame.

When the mulberry leaves are cast,
  Yellow fall they from the tree.
After joining you, three years
  Ate I bread of poverty.
Foamed the Ki, and reached the hood
  Of my then returning cart.
Never change had been in me:
  'Twas your own divided heart;
For restraints you could not brook,
And to changeful courses took.

Three years lived I as your wife;
  Nought for household toil I cared:

Early rising, late to sleep,
  Never morning was there spared.
So did I my vow fulfill,
  Till began your cruelty;
And my brothers do not know,
  And they only laugh at me.
On my silent thought I'm thrown,
Bearing all my hurt alone.

"Live united to old age?"
  Age to me but discord yields.
By its banks the Ki is held,
  By the bounds their swampy fields.
O my happy maiden days,
  Days of mirth and converse sweet.
Daily true, yet, to that vow,
  Never dreamt I of retreat.
Thought of breaking it I'd none;
Yet, ah me, 'tis done, 'tis done.

—*Translated by* W. JENNINGS.

THE LORD OF LU.

Delightsome is the college pool;*
  Cress-gathering there go we.
There he arrives, the Lord of Lu—
  His dragon-banner see.
His banner flutters in the breeze,
  His bells make music gay;
And come not small, and come not great
  Behind him on his way?

Delightsome is the college pool;
  Come, gather out its weeds.
There he arrives, the Lord of Lu,
  With proudly prancing steeds.
With proudly prancing steeds he comes,
  The man of high renown,
The teacher with the smiling face,
  That never wears a frown.

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* The college is the court-school, in which the sons of princes were educated. It was half encircled by a moat or pool.

Delightsome is the college pool;
  Come, pluck the mallows fine.
There on its marge the Lord of Lu
  Arrives, and quaffs his wine.
Choice wine he quaffs; may feeble age
  Thereby be long deferred,
Long may he mind the ancient ways,
  And rule the common herd.

Right noble is our Lord of Lu;
  Strict virtue he displays,
His people's precedent is he,
  So guarded in his ways.
In peace or war he gloriously
  Moves his illustrious sires;
And to their blessing, dutiful
  In all things, he aspires.

Enlightened is our Lord of Lu;
  In virtue he excels.
He made this college with its pool,
  Whence he the Hwai tribes quells.
Hither his valiant tiger-chiefs
  Bring many a foeman's ear;
And judges, wise as was Kau-yau,
  Present their prisoners here.

And all his countless officers
  In breadth of honor grow.
Brave on the march in South and East
  They put to flight the foe;
And here in crowds, all-dignified,
  Free from noise or vain conceit,
Or call of arbiters, they lay
  Their triumphs at his feet.

Their horn-tipped bows bend to the string;
  Swift shafts in showers are shot;
Mighty the war-cars; charioteers
  And footmen weary not.
The Hwai are mastered, fast re-form,
  And now no more contend.

"Be firm in purpose, and the Hwai
You capture in the end."

There fluttering come the owls, and light
Within the college wood;
And greet us with grand hoots, the while
Our mulberries are their food.
So are the Hwai alert, and bring
Their gifts, rare to behold:
Great tortoise-shells and ivory tusks,
And wealth of southern gold.
—*Translated by* W. JENNINGS.

THE KING'S COMPLAINT OF DROUGHT.

This ode is said to refer to a famine which afflicted the land in the reign of King Senen in the 8th century B.C.

Brightly resplendent in the sky revolved
The milky way. The monarch cried, Alas!
What crime is ours, that Heaven thus sends on us
Death and disorder, that with blow on blow
Famine attacks us? Surely I have grudged
To God no victims; all our store is spent
Of tokens. Why is it I am not heard?
Rages the drought. The hills are parched, and dry
The streams. The demon of the drought
Destroys like one who scatters fiery flames.
Terrified by the burning heat of my heart,
My mourning heart seems all consumed with fire.
The many dukes and ministers of the past
Pay me no heed. O God! from Thy great Heaven
Send me permission to withdraw myself
Into seclusion. Fearful is the drought.
I hesitate, I dread to go away.
Why has the drought been sent upon my land?
No cause for it know I. Full early rose
My prayers for a good year; not late was I
In offering sacrifice unto the Lords
Of the four quarters of the land. Afar
In the high heaven God listens not. And yet
Surely a reverent man as I have been

To all intelligent Spirits should not be
The victim of their overwhelming wrath.
—*Translated by* DR. JAMES LEGGE.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"Get up husband, here's the day!"
"Not yet, wife, the dawn's still gray."
"Get up, sir, and on the right
See the morning star shines bright.
Shake off slumber, and prepare
Ducks and geese to shoot and snare.

"All your darts and line may kill
I will dress for you with skill.
Thus a blithesome hour we'll pass,
Brightened by a cheerful glass;
While your lute its aid imparts
To gratify and soothe our hearts.

"On all whom you may wish to know
I will girdle-ornaments bestow;
And girdle-ornaments I'll send
To any one who calls you friend;
With him whose love for you's abiding
My girdle-ornaments dividing."
—*Translated by* DR. JAMES LEGGE

CONFUCIUS.

THE whole mind and conduct of the Chinese race (whose numbers are variously estimated at from three hundred to four hundred and thirty-four millions) bear the impress of Confucianism. Yet Confucius, who lived twenty-five centuries ago, claimed no divine mission, nor even any radical originality in his philosophical method. In his life he scrupulously followed the traditions of the elders; he gathered and arranged the recorded wisdom of his predecessors, and professed only to transmit them to posterity. The Five Classics, thus selected and edited, constitute to-day the essence of wisdom and rule of life for one-fourth of the human race. Only one of these books—a history of his own province—was written by Confucius himself; but his disciples recorded the most minute particulars of his behavior and preserved his sayings. His maxims, purely ethical, are also strictly rational, and never appeal to the supernatural. While observing the established religious rites of his country, the purport of his philosophy is agnostic.

Confucius—"The Reverend Master Kung"—was reputed to be descended through the Shang dynasty from an ancestry of fabulous antiquity. Though of noble blood, he was reared in poverty; his father died when the child was but three years old, and his mother, in order to give her whole time to the education of her gifted son, vowed perpetual widowhood. From the first his bent was to religion and learning ; at seventeen he was made mandarin, with an official position ; at nineteen he married the wife chosen for him by his mother ; and three years later began to teach after the manner of his contemporaries, the Greek philosophers of Athens. He taught young men the principles of good life in public and private relations, and was himself the leading exemplar of his own doctrines. When his mother died he at once resigned his public functions and secluded himself from the world for two years, to mourn his loss. This practical vindication of the obligations of filial piety (which had fallen into some disuse) reformed the funeral observances of the whole people, and the ancient customs are still faithfully maintained.

Confucius was born in the feudal province of Lu (now Shantung) and received honors from its ruler ; and when the latter became the victim of a court intrigue, Confucius went with him into exile, lest by remaining he should seem to sanction rebellion against established power. He returned, however, but kept aloof from political complications, until at the age of fifty-two he was made chief magistrate of the city of Chung-tu. The reforms which were accomplished under his administration were so impressive that the Marquis of Lu appointed him minister of justice ; and a vast diminution of illegal acts immediately followed. So great became his fame that the jealousy of neighboring states was aroused, and a certain prince, in order to seduce the Marquis into neglecting the precepts of the sage, sent him a present of a number of the most beautiful women in the kingdom. The Marquis fell ; and Confucius, now fifty-six years of age, withdrew forever from the life of courts. For thirteen years he wandered from place to place, accompanied by many of his disciples ; and though treated with respect by the rulers of all districts through which he passed, he found none so virtuous as to be willing to observe the simple precepts of his philosophy. When, in his sixty-ninth year, Confucius returned to Lu, the Marquis was dead, and his son reigned in his place. The latter offered the old man official dignities, but he declined, and spent his last years in writing and teaching. The death of his son, and of one of his favorite disciples, saddened him; and one morning he was overheard singing an ancient verse—

"The great mountain must crumble,
The strong beam must break,
The wise man, like the herb, must wither away."

Being questioned, he said that a dream of the night before had warned him of coming death. A few days afterwards he died (478 B.C.). His disciples buried him with splendid ceremonial, and erected huts around his grave, in which for three years they dwelt, mourning him. His tomb is still sacredly respected; a marble statue above it bears the following legend:

"The most wise, ancient Teacher:
The King all-accomplished, all-knowing."

But it needs no monument to attest the reverence yielded for more than two thousand years to the precepts and the example of Confucius. And the report of those who knew and followed him even enhances the respect for his moral and intellectual worth which is wrought by his writings.

SAYINGS OF CONFUCIUS.

The MASTER said—

Learning without thought is labor lost. Thought without learning is death of the mind.

Let loyalty and truth be paramount with you.

Have no friends not equal with yourself.

If you have faults, shrink not from correcting them.

A youth should be filial at home, respectful abroad. He should be earnest and truthful. He should overflow in love to all, but cultivate the friendship of the good. Whatever energy may be left to him, he should devote to the improvement of his mind.

Riches and honor are what men desire; yet, except in accordance with right, these should not be enjoyed. Poverty and degradation are what men dread; yet, except in accordance with right, these should not be avoided.

The faults of men are characteristic of themselves. By observing a man's faults you may infer what his virtues are.

Rare are they who prefer virtue to the pleasures of sense.

In hearing litigations, I am like any one else. I differ, in wishing to prevent these litigations.

What the superior man seeks is in himself; what the small man seeks is in others.

A man can enlarge his principles; principles do not enlarge the man.

The superior man is dignified, and does not wrangle; social, and not a partisan. He does not promote a man simply because of his words, nor does he put good words aside because of the man.

The foundation of all good is the virtue of individual men. With this everything begins, and for this every good institution works.

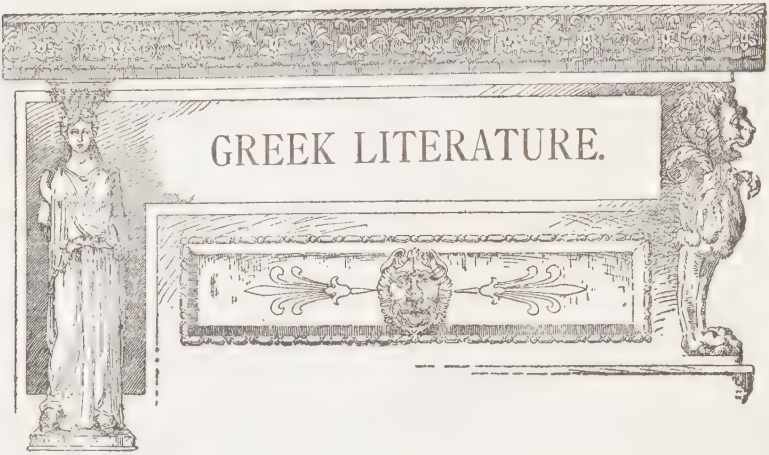
THE GOLDEN RULE.

Tze-Kung once asked if there was any one word which would serve as a rule for all one's life, and the Master replied, "Yes," naming a written character which has been translated, Reciprocity. He then explained it, saying, "What you would not others should do unto you, do not unto them."

[Although objection has been made to the worth of this rule, as being expressed only in a negative form, while the Golden Rule given by Christ is positive, yet the best Chinese scholars agree that Confucius, who repeated it several times, meant it in its positive and most comprehensive sense.]

SEEKING THE FORD.

Once when Confucius, in traveling, was looking about for a ford of a river, he sent Tze-lu to ask a man who was at work in a neighboring field, where it was. He proved to be a recluse or hermit, and having learned that his questioner was a disciple of Confucius, said to him: "Disorder in a swelling flood spreads over the kingdom, and no one is able to repress it. Rather than follow a master who withdraws from one ruler and another that will not take his advice, should you not join those who withdraw from the world altogether?" He then resumed his hoe and would give no information. Tze-lu returned and reported his words to the Master, who said: "It is impossible to withdraw from the world, and associate with birds and beasts that have no affinity with us. With whom should I associate but with suffering men? The disorder that prevails is what requires my efforts. If right principles ruled through the kingdom, there would be no need for me to change its state."



GREEK LITERATURE.

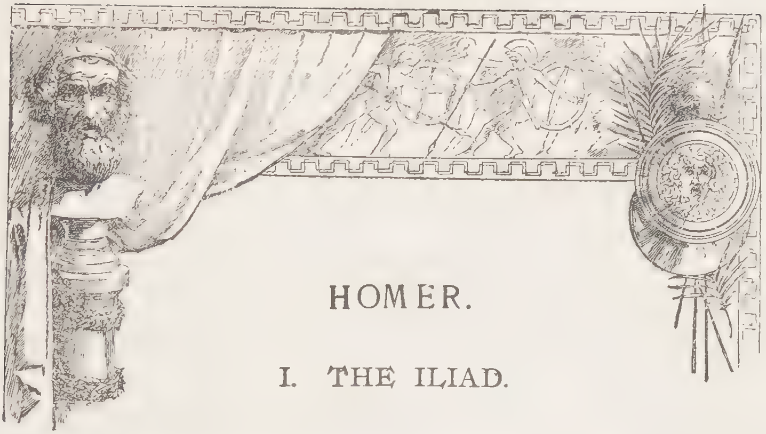
THE early history of Greece is mythical; an assemblage of legends and traditions, magnified, expanded and spiritualized by patriotic and pious imagination. According to the old historian Eusebius, the city of Sicyon, in northern Peloponnesus, was founded more than two thousand years before Christ. Uranus (the Greek version of Varuna, the supreme Hindu deity) is said to have entered Greece at about the same period. Greece, in the year 1900 B.C., is thought to have been occupied by a dark-skinned race known as the Pelasgi, whom we know only as a race of toilers. The Greek language is descended from the primitive Aryan, and is a sister of the Sanskrit. It was introduced by the Achaians, a fair-skinned race, who entered Greece from the north, and appear to have dominated the original inhabitants without difficulty. About 1550, according to a late legend, Cecrops arrived from Egypt, and became first king of Athens, introducing civilization among the heretofore rude people of the peninsula. Earlier stories make him a Pelasgic hero. Again, it is related that Cadmus, coming from Phœnicia about 1493 B.C., founded Thebes and taught his alphabet. Two hundred years later, Pelops, from Phrygia, settled in Peloponnesus, over which his grandson Agamemnon exercised sovereign sway. Some time after the siege of Troy, rude Dorian invaders, sweeping southward from Thessaly, drove many of the Achaians across the Ægean Sea to Ionia, and suppressed the early culture of Greece proper for centuries. These Dorians founded the kingdom of Sparta. The name Hellenes, by which the Greeks called themselves in the time of their glory, was not adopted till long afterwards.

In all these statements we may trace, if we will, a complex of emigrations and adjustments which resulted in the Hellas, or Greece, of historic times. Many elements seem to have combined to make the Greeks, and the mixture was the most fortunate one known in history. For this people was destined to enjoy a career of unexampled glory in both war and intellectual achievement; and the literature which they have left behind them is not only the most nearly perfect known, but it has served as the form upon which all subsequent literatures have been modeled, and which they have vainly sought to rival.

What may have been the early and crude beginnings of this literature we know not. The very first examples of it which have come down to us—the Poems of Homer—show the highest levels of conception and execution. During the simplicity and repose of the prehistoric pastoral age, the Greeks probably regarded their gods as embodiments of the forces of nature, and made songs and chants to celebrate and propitiate them. But these were never reduced to writing; even the epics of Homer were transmitted orally, though the statement that Pisistratus, tyrant of Athens 560 B.C., commissioned Onomacritus to collect them for a public library does not imply that they had never been written previously. Whatever their origin, no nobler compositions than the Iliad and Odyssey were produced in Greece, or have been seen since their time; and in order to account for their appearance, we have to suppose a long lapse of precedent time, together with extraordinary natural aptitudes.

The date of the Homeric period is variously placed by different students anywhere between the years 1200 and 700 B.C. Herodotus, the first Greek historian, put it four hundred years before his own time, or B.C. 850. It seems safe to place it about the middle of the tenth century. It was followed by a series of inferior imitations, and then occasional outbursts of reflective and lyric poetry. These were confined to the Greek settlers in Asia Minor, and it was not until the Hellenic spirit was stirred to its depths by the Persian invasion of 480 B.C., that art and literature received the extraordinary stimulus which culminated in the Age of Pericles (495–429 B.C.). The perfection to which the Attic tongue and sculpture and painting were then brought maintained itself for a while, but gradually declined with the loss of political freedom. The degenerate Greeks became traders in the treasures which had been their glory, and thus dispersed through the world the trophies of their ancestors' genius.

The Literature of Greece is divided into three periods: 1. From Homer to the Persian Invasion, 490 B.C. This literature is entirely poetic—epic, didactic, elegiac and lyric. 2. The Attic Period, reaching to the death of Alexander the Great, 323 B.C. In it prose began to be employed by the historians Herodotus and Thucydides, and was polished to the highest perfection by the orators, such as Lysias and Demosthenes; by philosophers, such as Plato and Aristotle; and by writers of miscellany, such as Xenophon. 3. The Decadent Literature, having its centre first at the court of the Ptolemies in Alexandria, and afterwards at Rome. It was extinguished amidst the waste places of Byzantine historians and grammarians. The idyls of Theocritus, the biographies of Plutarch, and the satires of Lucian, form the worthiest product of this era, which may be said to terminate with the triumph of Christianity, 312 A.D., or may be prolonged to the fall of the Byzantine Empire, 1453 A.D.



HOMER.

I. THE ILIAD.

HAIR-SPLITTING and dry-as-dust critics have long sought to disprove the existence of the greatest of poets, and to show that his epics are a semi-accidental collocation of a number of early versified legends. But those whose opinion is entitled to most weight, and who know Homer best, are agreed that he is no myth, but lived an actual man, and composed the works—or the better part of them—which are credited to his name.

What manner of man he was, however, we have no means of determining, aside from the mental grandeur demonstrated in his works. In ancient times Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon, Salamis in Cyprus, Chios, Argos, and even Athens, contended for the honor of being his birthplace. The obvious fact that the author of the epics must have been a man used to associate with princes, and must have traveled widely and with keenly observant eyes, disposes of the assertion that he was either blind or a beggar. Doubtless he was poet-laureate of some great Achaian monarch.

Between the age which Homer sang, and the historic period, there is an interval as great as that which divides the Saxon Heptarchy from the England of Cromwell. But his story of the exploits of the Achaians was accepted by all Greece as the glorification of the national Heroic Age. In the two great poems, one of War, the other of Wandering, were embodied ideals and types belonging to the entire race. The Iliad exhibits a community of independent chiefs, each ruling his city or island, a trained warrior, always prepared for war. Questions of public policy were decided in a council of chiefs, of which the famous Areopagus was the type. At the time of the expedition against Troy, Argos, in the southern peninsula of Greece, was the leading city; but many came from Bœotia; Achilles, from Phthia in the north, and Odysseus (Ulysses) from the island of Ithaca in the west. The Trojans were of kin to the main body of the invaders of Greece, but of a more pronounced Asiatic type; the language, religion and customs of the two were similar, though not identical; the Achaians excelled in battle, the Trojans in the graces and refinements of life.

Among the Achaians, Achilles is pre-eminent. As a warrior none can rival him; none equal him in beauty, swiftness and daring. His marked character, his fierce passions, tempered by divine wisdom, symbolized in Athene (Minerva), his ardent friendship for Patroclus, his haughty independence towards Agamemnon, his splendid youth and tragic death, united to make him the ideal of the Hellenic imagination, and did much towards moulding the development of the Greeks.

Yet Homer, with the impartiality of the highest genius, displays Hector, champion of Troy (Ilium), in colors so attractive as to endear him to all after ages. Older and more prudent than his antagonist, he stands as the dignified upholder of a failing cause, the pattern of domestic virtue, faithful to his king and to his people, and of courage sublimer even than that of the mighty Achilles, who by supernatural means had been made all but invincible. In these two men the whole of heroism is summed up and pictured.

Odysseus (Ulysses), hero of the Odyssey, shows the adventurous, versatile, adroit and shrewd type of Greek character, whose intellectual sagacity is backed by abundant strength and courage. In the lapse of time this example of worldly-wise maturity impressed itself deeply upon the Greeks. Homer's Odysseus is the noble, much-enduring, self-reliant man, triumphing over the obstacles erected in his path by fate and the gods, and at last rewarded with renewed youth, recovered kingdom, and a faithful wife. It was not until after the political freedom of the Greeks had been lost that this stately figure of the cosmopolite philosopher and master of arts degenerated into the hungry Greekling of Juvenal's satire.

In addition to the epics, Homer has been credited with the authorship of certain hymns having relation to the gods of Ionia and the myths associated with them. They belong to the epoch following the appearance in Ionia of the early settlers. But it is now believed that these hymns were the product of a professional guild whose function it was to recite the national epics at the celebration of the national games. These reciters were known as Homeridæ, or Sons of Homer, and claimed him as their founder. In course of time these wandering minstrels were regarded by the people as a true type of Homer himself, and hence probably the stories of his beggary and blindness, which were accepted even by the historian Thucydides.

THE QUARREL OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

TROY, the scene of the Iliad, was a small hill-town in the northwest corner of Asia-Minor. The Iliad describes, not its ten years' siege by the Achaian confederacy, but the crisis brought on in the final year by the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon. In the course of the poem, the warriors on both sides are portrayed, and their various characters revealed with a mastery and breadth which no poet has surpassed and but one, perhaps, has equalled. The events succeed one another with inimitable spirit and realism; truth to nature and to human nature appears in every line; yet through all sounds the most majestic music of poetry ever heard save in the sublime apostrophes of the Hebrew Isaiah.

In the First Book the argument of the epic is succinctly and explicitly set forth. Agamemnon, constrained by Apollo to return the maiden Chryseis, allotted to him at the capture of the town Chrysa, announces his purpose of taking in her stead Briseis, the prize of Achilles. The honor of the two chiefs is involved. In public assembly they reproach each other, and Achilles is about to draw his sword on Agamemnon, when the goddess Athene seizes him by his yellow hair and restrains him. The aged Nestor counsels submission, and the fiery youth, retiring to his tent, withdraws his followers from the war. But the Achaians are destined to learn by severe discomfiture that without his aid Troy cannot be subdued.

To enable the reader to study the poem from as many points of view as possible, quotations have been given from a number of distinguished translators. The subjoined extract is from the version by Earl Derby:

The mighty monarch, Agamemnon, rose,
His dark soul fill'd with fury, and his eyes
Flashing like flames of fire; on Calchas first
A with'ring glance he cast, and thus he spoke:
"Prophet of ill, thou never speak'st to me
But words of evil omen; for thy soul
Delights to augur ill, but aught of good
Thou never yet hast promis'd, nor perform'd.
And now among the Greeks thou spread'st abroad
Thy lying prophecies, that all these ills
Come from the Far-destroyer [Apollo], for that I
Refus'd the ransom of my lovely prize,
And that I rather chose herself to keep,
To me not less than Clytemnestra dear,
My virgin-wedded wife; nor less adorn'd
In gifts of form, of feature, or of mind.
Yet, if it must be so, I give her back;
I wish my people's safety, not their death.
But seek me out forthwith some other spoil,
Lest empty-handed I alone appear
Of all the Greeks; for this would ill beseem;
And how I lose my present share, ye see."
To whom Achilles, swift of foot, replied:
"Haughtiest of men, and greediest of the prey,
How shall our valiant Greeks for thee seek out
Some other spoil? No common fund have we
Of hoarded treasures; what our arms have won
From captur'd towns, has been already shar'd.
Nor can we now resume th' apportion'd spoil.
Restore the maid, obedient to the God.
And if Heav'n will that we the strong-built walls
Of Troy should raze, our warriors will to thee
A threefold, fourfold recompense assign."
To whom the monarch Agamemnon thus:
"Think not, Achilles, valiant though thou art
In fight, and godlike, to defraud me thus;
Thou shalt not so persuade me, nor o'erreach.
Think'st thou to keep thy portion of the spoil,
While I with empty hands sit humbly down?

The bright-ey'd girl thou bid'st me to restore;
If then the valiant Greeks for me seek out
Some other spoil, some compensation just,
'Tis well: if not, I with my own right hand
Will from some other chief, from thee perchance,
Or Ajax, or Ulysses, wrest his prey;
And woe to him, on whomso'er I call.
But this for future counsel we remit:
Haste we then now our dark-ribb'd bark to launch,
Muster a fitting crew, and place on board
The sacred hecatomb; then last embark
The fair Chryseis; and in chief command
Let some one of our councillors be plac'd,
Ajax, Ulysses, or Idomeneus,
Or thou, the most ambitious of them all,
That so our rites may soothe the angry God."
  To whom Achilles thus with scornful glance:
"Oh, cloth'd in shamelessness, oh, sordid soul,
How canst thou hope that any Greek for thee
Will brave the toils of travel or of war?
Well dost thou know that 'twas no feud of mine
With Troy's brave sons that brought me here in arms;
They never did me wrong; they never drove
My cattle, or my horses; never sought
In Phthia's fertile, life-sustaining fields
To waste the crops; for wide between us lay
The shadowy mountains and the roaring sea.
With thee, O void of shame, with thee we sail'd,
For Menelaus, and for thee, ingrate,
Just retribution to exact from Troy.
All this hast thou forgotten, or despis'd:
And threat'nest now to wrest from me the prize
I labor'd hard to win, and Greeks bestow'd.
Nor does my portion ever equal thine,
When on some populous town our troops have made
Successful war; in the contentious fight
The larger portion of the toil is mine;
But when the day of distribution comes,
Thine is the richest spoil; while I, forsooth,
Must be too well content to bear on board
Some paltry prize for all my warlike toil.
To Phthia now I go; so better far

To steer my homeward course, and leave thee here,
Dishonored as thou art, nor like, I deem,
To fill thy coffers with the spoils of war."
  Whom answer'd Agamemnon, King of men:
"Fly then, if such thy mind. I ask thee not
On mine account to stay; others there are
Will guard my honor and avenge my cause:
And chief of all, the Lord of counsel, Jove.
Of all the Heav'n-born Kings, thou art the man
I hate the most; for thou delight'st in nought
But war and strife: thy prowess I allow;
Yet this, remember, is the gift of Heav'n.
Return then, with thy vessels, if thou wilt,
And with thy followers, home; and lord it there
Over thy Myrmidons. I heed thee not.
I care not for thy fury. Hear my threat:
Since Phœbus wrests Chryseis from my arms,
In mine own ships, and with mine own good crew,
Her I send forth; and, in her stead, I mean,
Ev'n from thy tent, myself, to bear thy prize,
The fair Briseis: that henceforth thou know
How far I am thy master; and that, taught
By thine example, others too may fear
To rival me, and brave me to my face."
  Thus while he spake, Achilles chaf'd with rage;
And in his manly breast his heart was torn
With thoughts conflicting—whether from his side
To draw his mighty sword, and thrusting by
Th' assembled throng, to kill th' insulting King;
Or school his soul, and keep his anger down.
But while in mind and spirit thus he mused,
And half unsheath'd his sword, from Heav'n came down
Minerva, sent by Juno, white-arm'd Queen,
Whose love and care both chiefs alike enjoy'd.
She stood behind, and by the yellow hair
She held the son of Peleus, visible
To him alone, by all the rest unseen.
Achilles, wond'ring, turn'd, and straight he knew
The blue-eyed Pallas; awful was her glance;
Whom thus the chief with winged words address'd:
  "Why com'st thou, child of ægis-bearing Jove?
To see the arrogance of Atreus' son?

But this I say, and will make good my words,
This insolence may cost him soon his life."
  To whom the blue-ey'd Goddess thus replied:
"From heav'n I came, to curb, if thou wilt hear,
Thy fury, sent by Juno, white-arm'd Queen,
Whose love and care ye both alike enjoy.
Cease, then, these broils, and draw not thus thy sword.
In words, indeed, assail him as thou wilt.
But this I promise, and will make it good,
The time shall come, when for his insolence
A threefold compensation shall be thine,
Only be sway'd by me, and curb thy wrath."
  Whom answer'd thus Achilles, swift of foot:
"Goddess, I needs must yield to your commands,
Indignant though I be—for so 'tis best;
Who hears the Gods, of them his pray'rs are heard."
  He said: and on the silver hilt he stay'd
His pow'rful hand, and flung his mighty sword
Back to its scabbard, to Minerva's word
Obedient; she her heav'nward course pursued
To join th' Immortals in th' abode of Jove.
But Peleus' son, with undiminish'd wrath,
Atrides thus with bitter words address'd:
  "Thou sot, with eye of dog, and heart of deer,
Who never dar'st to lead in armed fight
Th' assembled host, nor with a chosen few
To man the secret ambush—to thy fears
Apparent death—no doubt 'tis easier far,
Girt with thy troops, to plunder of his right
Whoe'er may venture to oppose thy will.
A tyrant King, because thou rul'st o'er slaves.
Were it not so, this insult were thy last.
But this I say, and with an oath confirm,
By this my royal staff, which never more
Shall put forth leaf nor spray, since first it left
Upon the mountain-side its parent stem,
Nor blossom more; since all around the axe
Hath lopp'd both leaf and bark, and now 'tis borne
Emblem of justice, by the sons of Greece,
Who guard the sacred ministry of law
Before the face of Jove! a mighty oath!
The time shall come, when all the sons of Greece

Shall mourn Achilles' loss; and thou the while,
Heart-rent, shalt be all-impotent to aid,
When by the warrior-slayer Hector's hand
Many shall fall; and then thy soul shall mourn
The slight on Grecia's bravest warrior cast."
  Thus spoke Pelides; and upon the ground
He cast his staff, with golden studs emboss'd,
And took his seat; on th' other side, in wrath,
Atrides burn'd; but Nestor interpos'd;
Nestor, the leader of the Pylian host,
The smooth-tongued chief, from whose persuasive lips
Sweeter than honey flowed the stream of speech.

HELEN AT THE SCÆAN GATE.

THE beauty of Helen, "divine one of women," was the primary cause of the Trojan war. Paris, the somewhat effeminate son of Priam, King of Troy, who had been hospitably entertained by her husband, Menelaus, King of Sparta, persuaded her to elope with him. Priam, when called upon to restore her, refused. Thereupon Agamemnon, the brother of Menelaus, and King of Argos, summoned all the kings of the Achaians to avenge the wrong by an expedition against Troy. The bravest and best of the warlike race willingly united for the purpose, and prosecuted the ten years' siege. Through all this time Helen's beauty does not fade, and the Odyssey shows her restored to her former home. As to the moral aspects of her career Homer is remarkably silent.

In Book III. the Achaians and the Trojans gather in the plain before Ilium, ready to fight, but it is agreed that Menelaus and Paris shall decide the contest in single combat. Helen is then invited to the Scæan Gate, where Priam and the Trojan elders are to witness the fight. Our extract is taken from Cowper's version:

Iris, ambassadress of heaven, the while
To Helen came. Laodice she seem'd,
Loveliest of all the daughters of the house
Of Priam, wedded to Antenor's son,
King Helicaon. Her she found within.
An ample web magnificent she wove,
Inwrought with numerous conflicts for her sake
Beneath the hands of Mars, endured by Greeks
Mail-arm'd, and Trojans of equestrian fame.
Swift Iris at her side, her thus addressed,
Haste, dearest nymph! a wondrous sight behold!
Greeks, brazen-mail'd, and Trojans steed-renown'd,
So lately on the cruel work of Mars
Intent and hot for mutual havoc, sit
Silent; the war hath paused, and on his shield
Each leans, his long spear planted at his side.
Paris and Menelaus, warriors bold,
With quivering lances shall contend for thee,
And thou art his who conquers; his forever.
So saying, the goddess into Helen's soul
Sweetest desire infused to see again
Her former lord, her parents, and her home.
At once o'ermantled with her snowy veil
She started forth, and as she went let fall
A tender tear; not unaccompanied
She went, but by two maidens of her train
Attended, Æthra, Pittheus' daughter fair,
And soft-eyed Clymene. Their hasty steps
Convey'd them quickly to the Scæan Gate.
There Priam, Panthoüs, Clytius, Lampus sat,
Thymœtes, Hicetaon, branch of Mars,
Antenor and Ucalegon the wise,
All elders of the people; warriors erst,
But idle now through age, yet of a voice
Still indefatigable as the fly's [the cicada],
Which perched among the boughs sends forth at noon
Through all the grove his slender ditty sweet.
Such sat those Trojan leaders on the tower,

Who, soon as Helen on the steps they saw,
In accents quick, but whispered, thus remark'd:
  Trojans and Grecians wage, with fair excuse,
Long war for so much beauty. Oh, how like
In feature to the Goddesses above!
Pernicious loveliness! Ah, hence away,
Resistless as thou art and all divine,
Nor leave a curse to us, nor to our sons.

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

HOMER, while giving superiority to the Achaians, does justice to the Trojans. The loyal, valiant Hector and his loving wife Andromache, with infant child, are shown in one of the finest passages of the Iliad. The battle in the plain was going against the Trojans, and Hector at last returned to Troy to request the women to go in solemn procession to the temples to ask aid of the gods. Then he sought an interview with Andromache, but found her not. He was told that she had gone to the walls to see the fight. The following passage, describing their meeting, was translated by Charles Kingsley.

So spoke the stewardess: but Hector rushed
From the house, the same way back, down stately streets,
Through the broad city, to the Scaian gates,
Whereby he must go forth toward the plain.
There running toward him came Andromache,
His ample-dowered wife, Eetion's child,—
Eetion the great-hearted, he who dwelt

In Thebé under Placos, and the woods
Of Placos, ruling over Kilic men.
His daughter wedded Hector brazen-helmed,
And met him then; and with her came a maid,
Who bore in arms a playful-hearted babe,
An infant still, akin to some fair star,
Only and well-loved child of Hector's house,
Whom he had named Scamandrios, but the rest
Astyanax, because his sire alone
Upheld the weal of Ilion the holy.
He smiled in silence, looking on his child:
But she stood close to him, with many tears,
And hung upon his hand, and spoke, and called him.
  "My hero, thy great heart will wear thee out:
Thou pitiest not thine infant child, nor me,
The hapless, soon to be thy widow;
The Greeks will slay thee, falling one and all
Upon thee: but to me were sweeter far,
Having lost thee, to die; no cheer to me
Will come thenceforth, if thou shouldst meet thy fate;
Woes only: mother have I none, nor sire.
For that my sire divine Achilles slew,
And wasted utterly the pleasant homes
Of Kilic folk in Thebé lofty-walled,
And slew Eetion with the sword; yet spared
To strip the dead: awe kept his soul from that.
Therefore he burned him in his graven arms,
And heaped a mound above him; and around,
The damsels of the ægis-holding Zeus,
The nymphs who haunt the upland, planted elms.
And seven brothers bred with me in the halls,
All in one day went down to Hades there;
For all of them swift-foot Achilles slew
Beside the lazy kine and snow-white sheep,
And her, my mother, who of late was queen
Beneath the woods of Placos, he brought here
Among his other spoils; yet set her free
Again, receiving ransom rich and great.
But Artemis, whose bow is all her joy,
Smote her to death within her father's halls.
Hector! so thou art father to me now,
Mother, and brother, and husband fair and strong!

Oh, come now, pity me, and stay thou here
Upon the tower, nor make thy child an orphan
And me thy wife a widow; range the men
Here by the fig-tree, where the city lies
Lowest, and where the wall can well be scaled;
For here three times the best have tried the assault
Round either Ajax, and Idomeneus,
And round the Atridai both, and Tydeus' son,
Whether some cunning seer taught the craft,
Or their own spirit stirred and drove them on."
Then spake tall Hector, with the glancing helm:
"All this I too have watched, my wife; yet much
I hold in dread the scorn of Trojan men
And Trojan women with their trailing shawls,
If, like a coward, I should skulk from war.
Beside, I have no lust to stay; I have learnt
Aye to be bold, and lead the van of fight,
To win my father, and myself, a name.
For well I know, at heart and in my thought,
The day will come when Ilios the holy
Shall lie in heaps, and Priam, and the folk
Of ashen-spearéd Priam, perish all.
But yet no woe to come to Trojan men,
Nor even to Hecabe, nor Priam king,
Nor to my brothers, who shall roll in dust,
Many and fair, beneath the strokes of foes,
So moves me, as doth thine, when thou shalt go
Weeping, led off by some brass-harnessed Greek,
Robbed of the daylight of thy liberty,
To weave in Argos at another's loom,
Or bear the water of Messeis home,
Or Hypereia, with unseemly toils,
While heavy doom constrains thee, and perchance
The folk may say, who see thy tears run down,
'This was the wife of Hector, best in fight
At Ilium, of horse-taming Trojan men.'
So will they say perchance; while unto thee
Now grief will come, for such a husband's loss,
Who might have warded off the day of thrall.
But may the soil be heaped above my corpse
Before I hear thy shriek and see thy shame!"
He spoke, and stretched his arms to take the child,

But back the child upon his nurse's breast
Shrunk crying, frightened at his father's looks,
Fearing the brass and crest of horse's hair
Which waved above the helmet terribly.
Then out that father dear and mother laughed,
And glorious Hector took the helmet off,
And laid it gleaming on the ground, and kissed
His darling child and danced him in his arms;
And spoke in prayer to Zeus, and all the gods:
"Zeus, and ye other gods, O grant that this
My child, like me, may grow the champion here
As good in strength, and rule with might in Troy
That men may say, 'The boy is better far
Than was his sire,' when he returns from war,
Bearing a gory harness, having slain
A foeman, and his mother's heart rejoice."
Thus saying, on the hands of his dear wife
He laid the child; and she received him back
In fragrant bosom, smiling through her tears.

PRIAM BEGS THE BODY OF HIS SON HECTOR.

HOMER represents Achilles as roused to savage fury to revenge the death of his friend Patroclus. Hector, when dying at his hands, requests that his body be restored to his parents, but the young hero passionately refuses. The gods, however, interpose, and after a few days his goddess-mother, Thetis, induces him to relent. By the same agency Priam is instructed to go secretly to the camp of the Achaians and beg from Achilles the body of his son. The god Hermes directs Priam on his sad journey.

The following extract is taken from Sir John Herschell's translation of the Iliad in hexameter verse. The contrast is emphasized between the aged king, subdued by manifold sorrows, and the fierce youth, whose passion had been roused to its utmost intensity by the loss of his friend. Touched by the reference to his father and moved by the hoary head of the suppliant, he yields, yet he must do it in his own way. His anger rises when Priam shows impatience.

Hermes thus: and away to the lofty realms of Olympus,
Darted and disappeared. From the car then Priam dismounted,
And while Idæus remained in the court behind, in attendance,
Holding the horses and mules, at once to the tent of Achilles
Passed. The belov'd of Zeus he found within, who was seated,
Musing in mournful thought, and apart stood rang'd his attendants.
Alcimus, scion of Mars, alone, and Automedon near him,
Minist'ring stood. The table remained undrawn; for but newly
Food and drink had he ta'en, and his joyless meal had concluded.
All unperceived by these the monarch came, and, approaching,
Flung himself down at his feet and embraced the knees of Achilles,
Kissing those dread and murderous hands which had slaughtered his children.
As when some conscience-stricken wretch, just fresh from a murder,
Flies to a foreign land, and in some conspicuous mansion
Refuge claims, its inmates aghast behold his arrival:
Such the dismayed surprise of Achilles, Priam beholding,
Such the amaze of those around, as they looked at each other,
While at his feet illustrious Priam preferred his petition:
"Godlike Achilles! look upon me, and think of thy father,
Far away, on the threshold of age, and broken by sorrow:

Fancy thou seest him feeble, oppressed by the neighbors around him,
No protector at hand, no saviour from war and destruction.
Yet when he hears his son still lives, fresh joy in his bosom
Springs, and the hope day after day renewed, to behold thee,
Victor from Troy, restored to his arms and strong to avenge him.
Wretched beyond all mortals am I, whose sons were the bravest
Troy's wide realm hath beheld—and of these not one have I left me.
Fifty were mine when first the Greeks our city assaulted:
Nineteen to one fair queen were born, the noblest and dearest;
All the rest to the beauteous wives who dwell in my palace.
Ares insatiate hath swept them off—so brave and so many.
Hector, my only hope, ourselves' and our city's defender,
Him hast thou slain, contending bravely in arms for his country.
'Tis for his sake that thus I come to the ships of the Grecians,
Begging his corpse at thy feet, and a priceless ransom I bring thee.
Have respect for the Gods, O Achilles! pity my mis'ry!
Think of thy father, my equal in birth, inferior in sorrows.
Have I not borne what no dweller on earth before me hath suffered?
Have I not pressed to my lips the hand that slaughtered my children?"
  Tears to the eyes of Achilles rose at the thought of his father.
Laying his hand on the old man's arm he gently removed him.
Sad recollections o'ercame them both—one, weeping for Hector
Unrestrainedly, sank on the earth at the feet of Achilles.
He on his part for his father wept—then grief for Patroclus
Prompted his tears: and groaning arose and sobs through the chamber.
  Godlike Achilles, soon as his burst of emotion was over,
And his strong heart and frame, relieved, had resumed their composure,
Rose from his seat, and, extending his hand, the suppliant monarch
Raised: for his hoary head and beard much moved his compassion.
Then, in consoling words and in gentlest accents, addressed him:
"O most unhappy! grievous indeed are the woes thou hast suffered!
How couldst thou dare alone to approach the ships of the Grecians?

How endure to confront the man who so many and valiant
Sons of thine hath destroyed? Is the heart within thee of iron?
Rise now and take thy seat. For some brief time let oblivion
Cover our griefs and a respite afford, be they never so bitter.
Little avails to chill the heart with woe and complaining.
Such is the fate of man. By the Gods above is he destined
Ever in sorrow to live, while themselves from care are exempted.
Fast by the threshold of Zeus two urns are ever established;
Evil gifts from one he bestows, and good from the other.
Who by the Thunderer's hand is supplied from both, in his fortunes
Good comes mingled with ill: now joys, now sorrows await him.
Who from the evil alone his cup must fill, for misfortune
Stands forth a mark. Destruction hunts him down to devour him:
Through the fair earth he wanders, by Gods rejected and mortals.
Thus upon Peleus ev'n from his birth were show'red by th' Immortals,
Blessings beyond the common lot. With pow'r and with riches
Gifted, over the Myrmidon race they gave him dominion,
And to a mortal prince an immortal bride was united;
Yet was his happiness dashed in this, that sons were denied him,
Sons to succeed to their father's throne, and rule in his palace.
One he begat—myself; short-liv'd, nor doomed to survive him;
Nor am I nigh, to sustain his age; but, far from my country,
Linger at Troy, to thee and thy race a scourge and affliction.
Thou too wert blest, so fame reports, with extended dominion.
All fair Lesbos and Makar's seats embrace to the northward,
Southward to Phrygia's utmost bounds, to the Hellespont westward,
Wealth, and a noble array of sons by the Gods were accorded:
But since the dwellers in heav'n these dire afflictions have sent thee,
Bloodshed and war unceasing thy city's walls have surrounded;
Therefore endure, nor ceaseless thus let sorrow consume thee:
Naught can avail this bitter regret for thy son. Thou canst never
Back recall him to life, nor escape such woes as await thee."
Ended Achilles; and thus the godlike Priam responded:
"Bid me not, favored of Heav'n, arise; so long as my Hector
Lies in thy tent unransomed. O grant these eyes to behold him,
Once more my own. Accept those costly gifts that I bring thee,
Price of his lov'd remains. Thy gains enjoy, and, departing,

Hence to thy home return; and complete the grace thou hast shown me,
Sending me forth, to behold the light of day, from thy presence."
Then with a gathering frown thus spake swift-footed Achilles:
"Anger me not, old man! 'Tis not for the sake of thy ransom—
'Tis to the ancient sea-god's daughter, the mother that bore me,
Bearing the orders of Zeus himself, that I yield up thy Hector.
This is Heav'n's act. For, Priam, I know, and thou canst not conceal it,
One of the Gods must have brought thee safe to the ships of the Grecians.
None would have dared—no mortal man, in youth and in vigor,
Could have succeeded in entering our camp and eluding our outposts;
Nor could a mortal arm, from without, my gates have unfastened.
Therefore, old man! beware, lest thou change my pity to anger;
Lest, though a suppliant here in my tent, I fail to respect thee;
Lest, in despite of Zeus' commands, I do thee a mischief."
Thus he spake: and the old man feared, and rose at his bidding.

PRIAM KISSING THE HAND OF ACHILLES.

ODYSSEUS WEEPS AT THE SONG OF DEMODOCUS.

II. THE ODYSSEY.

THE second epic ascribed to Homer relates the wanderings of Odysseus (Ulysses) in his return from Troy to Ithaca. These wanderings occupied ten years, and the poem opens in the seventh year, when Odysseus is detained by Calypso in her enchanted island. A council of the gods decides that he must now be set free, and Hermes (Mercury) is dispatched to order Calypso to dismiss him. She aids him in building the raft on which he departs. In Ithaca his faithful wife Penelope has been beset with a swarm of suitors who demand that she shall marry one of them. For a long time she put them off till she should complete the weaving of a shroud for Laertes, the father of Odysseus. Each night she unraveled the day's labor. Her son Telemachus visits the courts of Nestor and Menelaus in the hope of getting word of his lost father, and, learning of his detention by Calypso, returns to Ithaca. Odysseus, wrecked in a storm, is driven to Scheria, where he is hospitably entertained by Nausicaa and her father Alcinous, and relates his wanderings in the western seas, and his experiences with the one-eyed giant Polyphemus, the wind-god Æolus, the enchantress Circe, his visit to the realm of Hades, his escape from the Sirens, the loss of his companions, and his being cast ashore on Calypso's island. He is conveyed to Ithaca, and, disguised as a beggar, beholds the insolence of the suitors who have taken possession of his palace. Revealing himself to Telemachus, who has just returned, he plans and executes dire vengeance. Finally he makes himself known to Penelope and to Laertes. The much-tried hero regains his wife, home and kingdom.

As appears by this brief outline, the hero Odysseus is kept prominently in view throughout the poem, and its unity is thus more striking than that of the Iliad, in several books of which Achilles is not mentioned. Much of the Odyssey belongs to places outside of direct knowledge of the Greeks, and for these the poet must have drawn upon the tales of Phœnician traders, while he allowed himself freer license in describing their inhabitants as semi-divine or preterhuman. In regard to Greek affairs the Odyssey so plainly belongs to a period later than that of the Iliad, that some have regarded it as the product of Homer's old age, while others refer it to a separate author. In spite of all the difference in words and style, as well as in matter, the grand similarity between the two Greek epics is so manifest as to warrant a belief in the identity of the genius which produced them.

THE SONG OF THE SIRENS.

CIRCE, dismissing Odysseus, warned him of the other perils of his voyage. Therefore, as he approached the isles of the Sirens, he filled his sailors' ears with wax, and caused himself to be bound to the mast, that he might hear, but not obey, the enticing song. Later he recited the story of his adventures, which is thus versified by P. S. Worsley.

Thus were my comrades of their several charge
Admonished; and the well-built ship meanwhile
Cut lightly through the waves, and neared the marge
Of that fell coast, the Sister-Sirens' isle.
Anon the wind slept, and for many a mile
Some god in silence hushed the marble mere.
Forthwith our men the canvas furl, and pile
Safe in the hollow ship their naval gear,
Lean to their oars, and whiten the blue waters clear.

Then did I haste to sever with iron keen
In morsels a great roll of wax, which lay

Stored in the hollow ship, and in between
My strong palms pressed and chafed it every way.
Soon the wax warmed, for the great Lord of Day,
Hyperion's offspring, the imperial Sun,
Came to my succor with his burning ray.
So when the mass with heat was nigh to run,
I filled my comrades' ears, in order, one by one.

Then did they bind me by the hands and feet
Upright against the mast with cordage strong,
And each again retiring to his seat
Smote the calm sea with furrows white and long.
We, lightly drifting the blue waves among,
Soon in our course such interval attain
As that the ear might catch the Sirens' song,
Nor did the swift ship moving through the main
Escape them, while they sang this sweet soul-piercing strain:

"Hither, Odysseus, great Achaian name,
Turn thy swift keel and listen to our lay;
Since never pilgrim near these regions came
In black ship, on the azure field astray,
But heard our sweet voice ere he sailed away,
And in his joy passed on, with ampler mind.
We know what labors were in ancient day
Wrought in wide Troia, as the gods assigned;
We know from land to land all toils of all mankind."

While their sweet music took my spirit thus,
I with drawn brows made signal for release;
But Perimedes and Eurylochus
Bind me yet faster and the cords increase,
Nor for my passion would the seamen cease
Their rowing. When no more the Sirens' song
Thrilled the deep air, and on my soul came peace,
My trusty mariners unsealed ere long
Their ears, and from my limbs unwound the cordage strong.

NAUSICAA AND ODYSSEUS.

NAUSICAA is the loveliest female creation of Homer, the type of innocent, princely maidenhood. She was the daughter of Alcinous, king of the Phæacians, on whose island of Scheria shipwrecked Odysseus was washed ashore. According to the primitive usage, she took the lead in household duties. Expecting soon to be married, she goes, accompanied by her maidens, to a lonely stream near the beach to wash the household linen. After their task is done, they bathe and play until Odysseus, who had been sleeping in a rude shelter, is roused from his deep slumbers. The meeting of the sea-worn hero and the bright princess is here given, as translated by P. S. Worsley.

So when they came to the fair-flowing river,
  Which feeds good lavatories all the year,
Fitted to cleanse all sullied robes soever,
  They from the wain the mules unharnessed there,
  And chased them, free to crop their juicy fare
By the swift river, on the margent green;
  Then to the waters dark the vestments bare,
And in the stream-filled trenches stamped them clean,
Urging the welcome toil with emulation keen.

Which, having washed and cleansed, they spread before
  The sunbeams on the beach, where most did lie
Thick pebbles, by the sea-wave washed ashore.
  So having left them in the heat to dry,
  They to the bath went down, and by-and-by,
Rubbed with rich oil, their mid-day meal essay,
  Couched on green turf, the river rolling nigh;
And thence, unveiling, they rise up to play,
While the white-armed Nausicaa leads the choral lay.

But when she thought to yoke the mules and fold
  The raiment, then Athene cast to wake
Odysseus, that the maid he might behold
  Ere she returned, and following in her wake
  To the Phæacian town her guidance take.
Just then by a false aim she flung the ball
  Far in the swirling river:—the maidens brake
Into a long loud scream, whose echoing call
Odysseus roused. . . . .

Then from the olive-brake Odysseus came,
  And from the forest, all around him spread,
Snapped a young shoot, thick-leaved, to veil his shame—
  And as a lion on the mountains bred,
  With rain and wind and hunger hard bested,
Goes, trusting in his strength, his eyes on fire,

Against the sheep and oxen making head,
Or rending the wild deer; yea, fierce desire
Drives him in quest of ravin, stung with the famine-fire,

Even a house well-builded to essay—
So to the fair-haired maidens would have gone
Odysseus—such sore need upon him lay—
Though naked, his dire anguish to make known,
But terror seized them when his form was shown,
Squalid with brine; and divers ways they fled,
Hurrying along the bending banks. Alone
Stood firm Alcinous' child. Athene fed
Her soul with strength, and freed her tender limbs from dread

Him she stood fronting, while within his heart
Pondered Odysseus whether now to press
The virgin-knees and all his prayer impart,
Or if aloof he should the maid address
With gesture mild and voice of tenderness.
Seemed best her spirit from afar to prove
With gesture mild and voice of tenderness,
Lest the knees clasping he should anger move.
He in a smooth-set speech to gain her heart thus strove:—

"Queen, hear me—art thou of the earth or skies?
If of the deities in heaven that dwell,
To Artemis, the child of Zeus, in size
And form and beauty I thee liken well—
Or if of mortals who on earth excel,
Thrice fortunate thy mother and thy sire!
Thrice fortunate thy brothers! Haply swell
Their hearts when they behold in fair attire
Such scion of their house threading the mazy choir.

But he more fortunate than all beside,
Who with rich gifts contending shall prevail
To win thy hand and lead thee home a bride.
No mortal form did ever these eyes hail,
How amiable soever, but would fail,
Or man or woman, to compare with thee;
Yea, as I gaze, much wonder makes me pale. . . .
Lady, I reverence thee, and fear to touch
Thy knees—yet wounding griefs assail me overmuch.

But yester-even, on the twentieth day,
I was delivered from the wine-dark deep.
Me all that time the waves and storms affray,
While from Ogygia's isle I onward sweep.
Now fortune hurls me hither—perchance to weep.
It cannot be the gods will hold their hand.
O queen, have mercy! To thee first I creep,
Broken with sorrow, and thy help demand,
No mortal else I know inhabiting this land.—

Show me the city, and some shred bestow
To shield my nakedness, if aught thou hast;
And unto thee the heavenly gods make flow
Whate'er of happiness thy mind forecast,
Husband and home and spirit-union fast!
Since naught is lovelier on the earth than this,
When in the house one-minded to the last
Dwell man and wife—a pain to foes, I wis,
And joy to friends—but most themselves know their own bliss.

To whom Nausicaa, the white-armed, replied:
"Stranger, who seemest neither vile nor vain,
Zeus both to good and evil doth divide
Wealth as he listeth. He perchance this pain
Appointed; thou thy sorrow must sustain.
But, since thou comest to our land and state,
Nor succor shalt thou lack, nor welcome fain,
Raiment, nor any comfort, small or great,
Such as doth aye behoove on suppliant wretch to wait.

Now to the city will I guidance give,
And in thy ears unfold this people's name.
Know the Phæacians in this land do live—
My father is Alcinous, first in fame,
Large-hearted, who the regal power doth claim,
And sways the sceptre of Phæacia's might."
She spake, and to her maidens cried: "For shame!
How then hath one man's form put you to flight!
Deem ye a wretch like this some trampler down of right?

That mortal is not living, nor can be,
Who brings us sword and fire. Far off we dwell,

Loved by the gods, and zoned by the deep sea;
Nor can men hitherward their barks impel.
Now comes this wanderer—let us treat him well;
All strangers and all poor by Zeus are sent,
And love can make a little gift excel.
Come, to this stranger food and drink present,
And in wind-sheltered stream lave ye his limbs sore spent."

Thereat they standing each to other cried,
Then to wind-sheltered stream Odysseus brave
Led, and a robe and tunic at his side
Placed, and the golden cruse of oil they gave,
And bade him wash there, in the river's wave.
. . . . Divine Odysseus there
In the clean stream dissolved the sea-scurf, rolled
In flakes about his shoulders, loins and hair;
Then rubbed his skin with oil, and donned with care
The raiment. And behold! Athene shed
New grace, and made him ampler and more fair,
Hued like the hyacinth his locks dispread,
Streaming in loose array from his thrice-glorious head.

Ulysses and Penelope.

Penelope, at the bidding of her son Telemachus, had retired from the hall before the entrance of the disguised Odysseus, and remained in the women's apartments till after the slaughter of the suitors. She was fast asleep when the old nurse came to tell her that Odysseus was come, and had slain the disturbers of her peace. Penelope wavers in mind, but enters the hall and sits down afar off. Telemachus wonders at her coldness and reproves her. But Odysseus smiles and bids all prepare as for a wedding, and himself takes a bath. The following extract is from the translation by W. Cowper, who uses the more familiar Latin form of the hero's name.

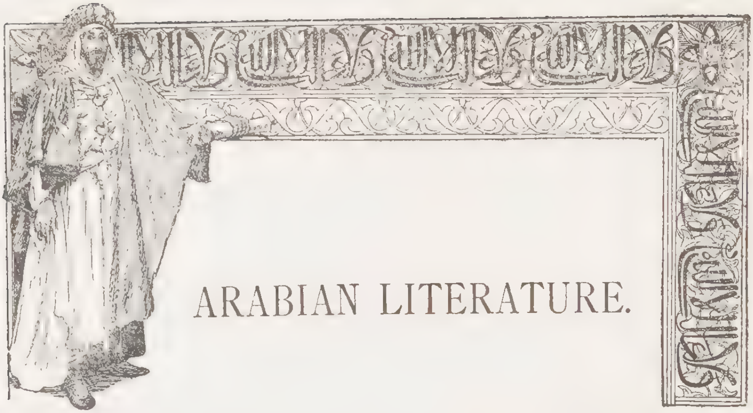
And now Ulysses saw himself attired
Royally once again in his own house.
Then Pallas over all his features shed
Superior beauty, dignified his form
With added amplitude, and pour'd his curls
Like hyacinthine flowers down from his brows.

ST. THOM
LIBR

As when some artist by Minerva made
And Vulcan wise to execute all tasks
Ingenious, borders silver with a wreath
Of gold, accomplishing a graceful work,
Such grace the Goddess o'er his ample chest
Copious diffused, and o'er his manly brows.
He, godlike, stepping from the bath, resumed
His former seat magnificent, and sat
Opposite to the Queen, to whom he said:
"Penelope, the gods to thee have given
Of all thy sex, the most obdurate heart.
Another wife lives not who could endure
Such distance from her husband new-return'd
To his own country, in the twentieth year,
After such hardship. But prepare me, nurse,
A bed, for solitary I must sleep,
Since she is iron, and feels not for me."
Him answered then prudent Penelope:
"I neither magnify thee, sir, nor yet
Depreciate thee, nor is my wonder such
As hurries me at once into thy arms,
Though my remembrance perfectly retains,
Such as he was, Ulysses, when he sail'd
On board his bark from Ithaca.—Go, nurse,
Prepare his bed, but not within the walls
Of his own chamber built with his own hands.
Spread it without, and spread it well with warm
Mantles, with fleeces, and with richest rugs."
So spake she, proving him, and, not untouch'd
With anger at that word, thus he replied:
"Penelope, that order grates my ear.
Who hath displaced my bed? The task were hard
Even to an artist; other than a god
None might with ease remove it; as for man,
It might defy the stoutest in his prime
Of youth, to heave it to a different spot,
For in that bed elaborate, a sign,
A special sign consists; I was myself
The artificer; I fashion'd it alone.
Within the court a leafy olive grew
Lofty, luxuriant, pillar-like in girth.
Around this tree I built, with massy stones

Cemented close, my chamber, roof'd it o'er,
And hung the glutinated portals on.
I lopp'd the ample foliage and the boughs,
And severing near the root its solid bole,
Smooth'd all the rugged stump with skillful hand,
And wrought it to a pedestal well squared
And modell'd by the line. I wimbled, next,
The frame throughout, and from the olive-stump
Beginning, fashioned the whole bed above
Till all was finish'd, plated o'er with gold,
With silver and with ivory, and beneath
Close interlaced with purple cordage strong.
Such sign I give thee. But if still it stand
Unmoved, or if some other, severing sheer
The olive from its bottom, have displaced
My bed—that matter is best known to thee."
    He ceased; she, conscious of the sign so plain,
Given by Ulysses, heard with fluttering heart
And faltering knees that proof. Weeping she ran
Direct towards him, threw her arms around
The hero, kissed his forehead, and replied:
    "Ah! My Ulysses! pardon me—frown not—
Thou who at other times hast ever shown
Superior wisdom. All our griefs have flow'd
From the Gods' will; they envied us the bliss
Of undivided union sweet enjoyed
Through life, from early youth to latest age.
No. Be not angry now; pardon the fault
That I embraced thee not as soon as seen,
For horror hath not ceased to overwhelm
My soul, lest some false alien should perchance
Beguile me, for our house draws numerous such.
Jove's daughter, Argive Helen, ne'er had given
Free entertainment to a stranger's love,
Had she foreknown that the heroic sons
Of Greece would bring her to her home again.
But heaven incited her to that offence,
Who never, else, had even in her thought
Harbor'd the foul enormity, from which
Originated even our distress.
But now, since evident thou hast described
Our bed, which never mortal yet beheld,

Ourselves except and Actoris, my own
Attendant, given me when I left my home
By good Icarius, and who kept the door,
Though hard to be convinced, at last I yield."
    So saying, she awaken'd in his soul
Pity and grief; and folding in his arms
His blameless consort beautiful, he wept.
Welcome as land appears to those who swim,
Whose gallant bark Neptune with rolling waves
And stormy winds hath sunk in the wide sea,
A mariner or two perchance escape
The foamy flood, and swimming reach the land,
Weary indeed, and with incrusted brine
All rough, but oh, how glad to climb the coast;
So welcome in her eyes Ulysses seem'd,
Around whose neck winding her snowy arms,
She clung as she would loose him never more.



ARABIAN LITERATURE.

DURING the Christian Era no episode has been more dramatic than the swift and brilliant rise and development of the Arabian power and genius. When the Western Roman Empire collapsed in 476 A.D., language and learning were left in a chaotic state. The elegant Latin tongue was corrupted by contact with that of the Teutonic conquerors, while the latter failed to establish itself; and many centuries were to pass before the twain could be wrought into one. In the degenerate Byzantine Empire classical Greek suffered a similar fate. The Christian priesthood discouraged science and philosophy, as imbued with Paganism; social and political order were radically disturbed throughout Europe, and all signs pointed to a period of barbarism in the hitherto civilized countries of the world. Indeed, it was not until the close of the eighth century that Charlemagne, king of the Franks, established schools and encouraged the revival of letters; and three more centuries were to elapse before the conflicting elements of nationality and language were so far assimilated as to admit of the existence of what might properly be called literature. It was during this interval of the so-called Dark Ages that the Arabians stepped into the breach, and filled it with their splendid martial and intellectual achievements.

Descendants of Ishmael, they belonged to the Semitic family, and had hitherto borne no part in the progress of the world. With the exception of some rude but impassioned songs of love and war, they had contributed nothing to literature; their religion was idolatrous, and so loose was the cohesion between the various wandering tribes that they could scarcely be termed a nation. Nothing in the general scheme of things more useless than the Arabs, or less likely to become useful, could be imagined. Yet during the unknown ages of their unwritten history, there had been latent in them certain faculties and energies; and the day of their destiny was to come. Its brightness illumined the world. At the time of the death of their prophet Mohammed the Arabs were still barbarians; during the reign of Al Mamoun, a century and a half later, their glory was at its height. Until the fourteenth century they maintained their intellectual supremacy, and then their work was done. The Arabs of to-day are little if at all superior to the barbarians of the year 635.

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of this Arabian episode to the culture and character of the Europe that we know. And it all grew from a subjective hallucination in the brain of an otherwise obscure inhabitant of Mecca, in the Arabian desert, some six hundred years after Christ. But for Mohammed and his Koran, modern civilization would be immeasurably less rich and powerful than it is. Every æsthetic pleasure that we enjoy, every branch of knowledge that we cultivate, is directly or obliquely debtor to the movement begun by him more than twelve hundred years ago.

Mohammed was born of a noble stock, but his bringing up was rough and haphazard; he herded sheep in the pastures, journeyed with caravans, dwelt in tents, and fought in the tribal wars. In his youth he was of a solitary tendency, and given to brooding over matters of faith and religion. He longed for light in dark places, and hoped for some prophet who should by divine enlightenment explain man's duty and his destiny. By degrees he began to think that possibly this prophet might turn out to be himself. Then, in a dream or vision, he saw the angel Gabriel with an unfolded scroll, and knew that he was the prophet indeed. Other visions followed; he remembered the divine words, and preached them to others; and thus the revelations which were afterwards written down and called the Koran (the Book)—from the Arabic word *qârâ*, to read—came into existence.

The Koran was of necessity based upon information gathered from Jews and Christians with whom the young Mohammed had been brought in contact, and from collateral study. There is nothing fundamentally original in it. Apart from the didactic and theologic portions, it is the expression of the prophet's ardent imagination, which pictured the joys of heaven and the terrors of hell. There is no regular development of the theme, and no coherency is attempted between the constituent parts. The book contains 114 suras, or chapters, some referring to religious dogmas, others to social laws and personal observances. It is written in a sort of measure, and is full of sonorous phrases and emphatic exclamation; but it seems to outsiders dull and unprofitable reading, and we marvel at the stupendous influence which it exerted and still maintains over millions of highly intelligent minds. To Mohammedans, it is the most sacred of books, and the source of all knowledge and religion on earth. It was the stimulus which led to the conquest of the richest countries in the world, and to the establishment of the most gorgeous of modern empires. Mohammed himself, in his most unrestrained imaginings, could never have figured so mighty an issue to his comparatively modest initiative.

The Arabian conquests not only swept over Egypt and northern Africa, and gave the Saracens a solid foothold in Spain, but put them in possession of the chief sources of wealth and learning in the world. Instead of making themselves agents of destruction, as might have been expected from their previous record, they conserved, administered and profited by all they touched, and soon became the central and supreme source of culture and enlightenment, as well as of luxury and wealth. Schools accompanied mosques and palaces throughout all the countries that owned their sway. Their universities collected scholars and created them; their attainments in science and mathematics were swift and broad beyond precedent; their architecture was the most magnificent known, and countless arts and inventions, the benefit of which we enjoy, but whose origin we have forgotten, are due to this extraordinary people. Al Mamoun was the first to conceive and carry out the gigantic enterprise of measuring the globe; the so-called Arabic numerals, invented by the Hindus, were by the Arabians introduced into Europe in the ninth century. They read the stars, which they had formerly worshiped, and sounded the depths of occult knowledge. The institution of chivalry, which did so much to soften manners and increase respect for women, was powerfully supported by them; and the tournament is said to have been introduced through their means. For near eight hundred years the Crescent shone more brightly than the Cross.

The Koran is the leading fact in Arabian literature; but in addition to works in science and criticism, which were of vast extent and importance, the Arabs produced more poetry than any other nation. Poetry, indeed, had been their favorite avocation long before the time of the Prophet; at the regular meeting-place of the tribes, in the great annual fair, the bards sang in rivalry, and it is said that to the victor was given the honor of having his lyric hung on the door of the Kaaba in Mecca. But this implies that the poems were written, which is improbable. Fertile though the Arabs were in this species of composition, and stirring though were the passion and picturesqueness which they displayed in it, they never cultivated the sublimer and more imposing forms of verse. There is not a native epic in the language, nor any considerable poem other than the amatory and didactic. The artistic restraint of the Greek was distasteful to them; they sought beauty in hyperbole and extravagance, and in the heaping of one splendid epithet upon another. They contrasted the sternness and loneliness of the desert and the stars with the tenderness and devotion of love and the fire and terror of battle; after conquering other races, they drew upon rich mines of mythology and fairyland, and so created conceptions which, whatever their faults to a colder taste, are unequalled for vigor and glowing intensity.

Besides the Koran and lyric poetry, one other, and that not the least precious chapter, must be credited to the followers of Islam. It is to them that we owe that unique and immortal body of literature known as the Thousand-and-One

Nights; a collection of romantic and delectable tales, which would seem of themselves sufficient to embody the whole genius of a mighty people. The origin of these wonderful stories is lost in the obscurity of the early ages; we find mention of them before the middle of the tenth century as already a well-known collection, and many of them are recognizable as of Persian and Hindu descent. But the Arabian genius has made them all its own; in point of invention, imagination, incident, description and humor they are as a whole incomparable. Their background is the rich and varied life of city and palace, caravan and mosque; but to this they add the special charm of a naive and original world of genii, enchanters, fairies, ghouls, giants, afreets, and other supernatural folk, who are organically and vehemently involved in all that takes place. Until the complete and masterly translation of Sir Richard Burton, European readers had little conception of the extent and character of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments;" and it is unfortunate that the detail of many of them is too sensuous and unrestrained to be acceptable to our Western prejudices. The expurgated edition of her husband's translation, brought out by Lady Burton, is better adapted for ordinary perusal. But the perennial popularity of even so poor a version as that of Lane, produced in 1840, proves the essential worth and universal interest of the book.

The Koran was originally written in the Cufic character, so named from the town of Cufa, near Bagdad, where the scribes were famous for their proficiency. But Cufic letters are rude and difficult, and gave way to the Neshki cursive writing, in which the sacred volume is still published. The language is Semitic, the letters are Syrian, and were in use before Mohammed's time. The sound of the spoken speech is emphatic, resonant, and strong in gutturals and vowel sounds; it readily expresses passion, dignity and eloquence. Arabian grammarians and rhetoricians, from the seventh century onward, analyzed and purified the language in the most scientific and exhaustive manner. The poetical anthologies of Abu Teman and of Taoleti, containing respectively the poetry of the times preceding and of those following

Mohammed, give an adequate view of Arabian achievement in that direction.

The Arabians of to-day know little of their own literature, and the libraries in which it is preserved are possessed by alien races. From the long obscurity of their unrecorded past they emerged for a splendid age into the most dazzling sunshine of worldly and intellectual prosperity. The age expired; and now they have vanished into obscurity once more.

THE POEM OF AMRIOLKAIS.

Of the Arabian poets before the age of Mohammed seven attained chief fame and have been called the Arabian Pleiades. It is said that a song of each was hung at the shrine of the Kaaba in Mecca, and hence the poems collectively were called the *Mo'allakat*, or Suspended. In the following specimen the poet Amriolkais supposes himself on a journey attended by some friends; as they pass the place where the tribe of his mistress had lately sojourned, he desires them to stop that he may weep at the remains of her tent. They comply, but recall to his mind his past pleasures. His imagination is kindled by the thought, and he recounts some of his adventures. He dwells most on his love for a girl of a hostile tribe. After depicting her beauty he turns off, according to Arab usage, to show his poetical talent in describing night, and then his steed, and finally a thunder-storm. This medley of subjects was requisite to the perfection of an Arabian poem. The following translation of the central theme is by Sir William Jones.

With many a spotless virgin, whose tent had not yet been frequented, have I held soft dalliance at perfect leisure.

To visit one of them, I passed the guards of her bower, and a hostile tribe, who would have been eager to proclaim my death.

It was the hour when the Pleiads appear in the firmament, like the folds of a silken sash variously decked with gems.

I approached: she stood by the curtain; and as if preparing for sleep, had put off all her vesture but her night-dress.

"By Him who created me," she said, and gave me her lovely hand, "I am unable to refuse thee; for I perceive the blindness of thy passion is not to be removed."

Then I rose with her; and as we walked, she drew over our footsteps the train of her pictured robe.

As soon as we had passed the habitations of her tribe, and come to the bosom of a vale, surrounded by hillocks of spiry sand, I gently drew her towards me by her curled locks, and she softly inclined to my embrace; her waist was gracefully slender, and its swelling was encircled with ornaments of gold.

Delicate was her shape; fair her skin; her body well-proportioned; her bosom was as smooth as a mirror,

Or like the pure egg of an ostrich, of yellowish tint blended with white, and nourished by a wholesome stream not yet disturbed.

She turned aside and displayed her soft cheek; she gave a timid glance with languishing eyes like those of a roe looking tenderly at her young.

Her neck was like that of a milk-white hind, but when she raised it, exceeded not the justest symmetry; nor was the neck of my beloved so unadorned.

Her long black hair decorated her back, thick and diffused, like bunches of dates clustering on the palm-tree.

Her locks were elegantly turned above her head; and the riband which bound them was lost in her tresses, part braided, part disheveled.

She discovered a waist taper as a well-twisted cord; and a leg white and smooth as the stem of a young palm, or a fresh reed, bending over a rivulet.

The brightness of her face illumined the veil of night, like the evening taper of a recluse hermit.

On a girl like her, a girl of moderate height, between those who wear a frock and those who wear a gown, the most bashful man must look with an enamored eye.

THE PEACEMAKERS.

THIS poem, by Zohair, celebrates the chiefs Hareth and Harem, whose magnanimity put an end to a tribal war which had lasted forty years. A treaty had already been concluded by the tribes, but Hosein, whose brother had been slain, had made a vow not to bathe his head till he had avenged his brother's death. In spite of the treaty, therefore, he slew one of the Absite tribe, who had also been his guest. This dreadful violation of the law of hospitality aroused the virtuous Hareth and Harem to the necessity of terminating the feud. When the Absites approached seeking vengeance for the new crime, Hareth sent his own son to the tent of their chief, offering a hundred fine camels as an atonement for the murder, and expressing the hope that "they would prefer the milk of the camels to the blood of his son." Rabeiah, their chief, harangued his troops, and having received their approbation, replied that he accepted the camels as an expiatory gift, and would make a sincere and durable peace. The aged Zohair then composed this panegyric, which, however, in true Arab style, wanders about many other themes.

How nobly did the two descendants of Gaidh, the son of Morra, labor to unite the tribes, which a fatal effusion of blood had long divided!

I have sworn by the sacred edifice [the Kaaba at Mecca], round which the sons of Koraish and Jorham, who built it, make devout processions;

Yes, I have solemnly sworn that I would render due praise to that illustrious pair, who have shown their excellence in all affairs, simple and complicated.

Noble chiefs! you reconciled Abs and Dhobyan after their bloody conflicts; after the deadly perfumes of Minsham had long scattered poison among them.

You said: "We will secure the public good on a firm basis; whatever profession of wealth or exertion of virtue it may demand, we will secure it."

Thence you raised a strong fabric of peace; from which all partial obstinacy and all criminal supineness were alike removed.

Chiefs, exalted in the high ranks of Maad, father of Arabs! may you be led into the paths of felicity! The man who opens for his country a treasure of glory should himself be glorified.

They drove to the tents of their appeased foes a herd of young camels, noted for the goodness of their breed, and either inherited from their fathers or the scattered prizes of war.

With a hundred camels they closed all wounds; in due season were they given, yet the givers were themselves free from guilt.

The atonement was auspiciously offered by one tribe to the other; yet those who offered it had not shed one cupful of blood.

Convey this lesson from me to the sons of Dhobyan, and say to the confederates: Have you not bound yourselves in this treaty by an indissoluble tie?

Attempt not to conceal from God the designs which your bosoms contain; for that which you strive to hide, God perfectly knows.

He sometimes defers the punishment, but registers the crime in a volume, and reserves it for the day of account; sometimes He accelerates the chastisement, and heavily it falls!

THE WARRIOR'S VINDICATION.

ANTARA, the gallant Absite, whose warlike career is the theme of the celebrated Arabian romance, composed one of the poems of the Mo'allakat. In it, after celebrating the beauty of Abla, whom he loved, though belonging to a hostile tribe, he warmly vindicates his own character and virtues. The following extract blazons his prowess as a warrior.

Go, ask the warriors, O daughter of Malec, if thou art ignorant of my valor, ask them that which thou knowest not;

Ask how I act, when I am firmly fixed in the saddle of an elegant horse, swimming in his course, whom my bold antagonists alternately wound;

Yet sometimes he advances alone to the conflict, and sometimes he stands collected in a multitudinous throng of heroes with strong bows;

Ask, and whoever has been witness to the combat will inform thee that I am impetuous in battle, but regardless of spoils.

Many a warrior, clad in a suit of mail, at whose violent assault the boldest men have trembled, who neither had saved himself by swift flight nor by abject submission,

Has this arm laid prone with a rapid blow from a well-straightened javelin, firm between the knots:

Broad were the lips of the wound; and the noise of the rushing blood called forth the wolves, prowling in the night, and pinched with hunger;

With my swift lance did I pierce his coat-of-mail; and no warrior, however brave, is secure from its point.

I left him, like a sacrificed victim, to the lions of the forest, who feasted on him between the crown of his head and his wrists.

The instructions which my valiant uncle gave me I have diligently observed; at the time when the lips are drawn away from the bright teeth,

In the struggle of the fight, into whose deepest gulfs the warriors plunge themselves without complaint or murmur.

When my tribe has placed me as a shield between them and the hostile spears, I have not ignobly declined the danger, although the place where I fixed my foot was too narrow to admit a companion.

When I heard the din of Morra raised in the field, and the sons of Rabeia in the thick dust;

And the shouts of Dhobol at the moment of assault, when they rush in troops to the conflict with all their sharp-biting lions;

When soon the mildest of the tribes saw the skirmish under their standards (and Death spreads havoc under the standard of the mildest nation),

Then I knew with certainty, that, in so fierce a contest with them, many a heavy blow would make the perched birds of the brain fly quickly from every skull.*

As soon as I beheld the legions of our enemies advancing and animating one another to battle, I too rushed forward and acted without reproach.

The troops called out, "Antara!" while javelins, long as the cords of a well, were forcibly thrust against the chest of my dark steed.

I ceased not to charge the foe with the neck and breast of my horse, until he was mantled in blood.

My steed, bent aside with the stroke of the lances in his forehead, complained to me with gushing tears and tender sobbing;

Had he known the art of discourse, he would have addressed me in a plaintive strain; had he possessed the faculty of speech, he would have spoken to me distinctly.

In the midst of black dust, the horses were impetuously rushing with disfigured countenances; every robust stallion and every strong-limbed, short-haired male.

Then my soul was healed, and all my anguish was dispersed by the cry of the warriors, saying: "Well done, Antara, charge again!"

THE KORAN.

THE Koran is more reverently regarded and more implicitly believed by the hundred millions of the Mohammedan world than the Bible is by Christendom. Every syllable in it is supposed to be the direct revelation of God to his chosen prophet Mohammed for the benefit of all believers. It is therefore more diligently read and studied than any other book in the world. But on examining this unique work, persons trained in Western modes of thought are repelled by its apparent want of sense, and fail to apprehend the source of its power.

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* This old Arab notion of the birds of the brain is condemned in the Koran.

Apart from some sublime assertions of the unity of the Godhead, they see only the utterances of an Oriental visionary, rambling, repetitious, incoherent, inconsistent. The style is rhythmical, suited to a rude chant.

The Moslem's Prayer.

In the name of Allah, the merciful and compassionate. Praise be to Allah, the Lord of the worlds, the merciful and compassionate, the Sovereign of the Day of Judgment. Thee do we worship and of Thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom Thou hast been gracious, on whom there is no wrath, and who go not astray.

The Chapter of the Cave.

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.

Praise belongs to God, who sent down to His servant the Book and put no crookedness therein,—straight, to give warning of keen violence from Him; and to give the glad tidings to believers, who do what is right, that for them is a goodly reward wherein they shall abide forever and ever; and to give warning to those who say, "God hath taken to Himself a son."

They have no knowledge thereof, nor their fathers; a serious word it is that comes forth from their mouths! Verily, they only speak a lie!

Haply thou wilt grieve thyself to death for sorrow after them, if they believe not in this new revelation. Verily, we have made what is on the earth an ornament thereof, to try them, which of them is best in works; but verily, we are going to make what is thereon bare soil.

Hast thou reckoned that the Brethren of the Cave and Er-rakim* were a wonder among our signs?

When the youths resorted to the cave and said, "O our Lord! bring us mercy from Thee, and dispose for us our affair aright!" we struck their ears with deafness for a number of years. Then we raised them up again, that we might know which of the two sorts [that is, the youths themselves or the people outside] could best calculate the time of their tarrying.

We will narrate to thee their story in truth. Verily, they were youths who believed in their Lord, and we added to their guidance, and we braced up their hearts, when they stood up and said, "Our Lord is the Lord of the heavens and the earth, we will not call upon any god beside Him, for then we should have said a strange thing. These people of ours have taken to other gods beside Him, though they do not bring any authority for them. And who is more unjust than he who forges against God a lie?"

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* The Brethren of the Cave are otherwise known as the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. Er-rakim is generally supposed by Mohammedans to be the name of their dog.

So when ye have gone apart from them and what they serve other than God, then resort ye to the cave. Our Lord will unfold his mercy to you, and will dispose for you your affair advantageously.

Thou mightst have reckoned them waking though they were sleeping, as we turned them towards the right and towards the left; and their dog spreading out his fore-paws on the threshold. Hadst thou come upon them suddenly, thou wouldst surely have turned and fled away from them, and wouldst surely have been filled by them with dread.

Thus did we raise them up that they might question each other. Spake a speaker among them, "How long have ye tarried?" They said, "We have tarried a day or part of a day." They said, "Your Lord knows best your tarrying; so send one of you with your coin to the city, and let him look which of them has purest food, and let him bring you provision thereof; and let him be subtle, and not let any one perceive you. Verily, should they perceive you, they would stone you, or force you back again unto their faith, and ye would never prosper."

Thus did we make their people acquainted with their story that they might know that God's promise is true, and that there is no doubt about the hour. When they disputed among themselves, concerning their affair, and said, "Build a house over them, their Lord knows best about them;" those who prevailed in their affair said, "We will surely make a mosque over them."

Men will say, "Three, and the fourth of them was their dog;" and they will say, "Five, and the sixth of them was their dog," guessing at the unseen; and they will say, "Seven, and the eighth of them was their dog." Say ye, "My Lord knows best the number of them; none knows them but a few."

Dispute not therefore concerning them, and ask not any man concerning them.

They tarried in their cave three hundred years and nine. Say ye, God knows best of their tarrying. His are the unseen things of the heavens and the earth—He can see and hear!

SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

(From the Chapter of the Ant.)

SOLOMON was David's heir, and said, "O ye folk! we have been taught the speech of birds, and we have been given everything. Verily, this is a manifest grace!"

And assembled for Solomon were his hosts of the ginns [genii] and men and birds, and they were marshalled; until they came upon the valley of the ants. Said an ant, "O ye ants, go into your dwellings, that Solomon and his hosts crush you not while they do not perceive."

But he smiled, laughing at her speech, and said, "O Lord! excite me to be thankful for Thy favor, wherewith Thou hast favored me and my parents, and to do righteousness which may please Thee; and make me enter into Thy mercy among Thy righteous servants!"

And he reviewed the birds, and said, "How is it that I see not the hoopoe? Is he among the absent? I will surely torment him with a severe torment; or I will surely slaughter him; or he shall bring me manifest authority."

But the hoopoe tarried not long; he said, "I have compassed what ye compassed not; for I bring from Seba a sure information. Verily, I found a woman ruling over them; to her were given all things, and she had a mighty throne; and I found her and her people adoring the sun instead of God, for Satan had made seemly to them their work, and turned them from the path, so that they are not guided. Will they not adore God who brings forth the secrets in the heavens, and knows what they hide and what they manifest? God, there is no god but He, the Lord of the mighty throne!"

Said he, "We will see whether thou hast told the truth, or whether thou art of those who lie. Go with this my letter and lay it before them, then turn back from them and see what they return."

Said she, "O chiefs! verily, a noble letter has been laid before me. It is from Solomon, and it is, 'In the name of the merciful and compassionate God. Do not rise up against me, but come to me resigned.'" She said, "O chiefs! pronounce sentence for me in this affair. I never decide an affair until ye testify for me."

They said, "We are endowed with strength, and with force; but the bidding is thine, see then what it is that thou wilt bid."

She said, "Verily, kings when they enter a city despoil it, and make the mighty ones of its people the meanest; thus they do. So I am going to send them a gift, and will wait to see with what the messengers return."

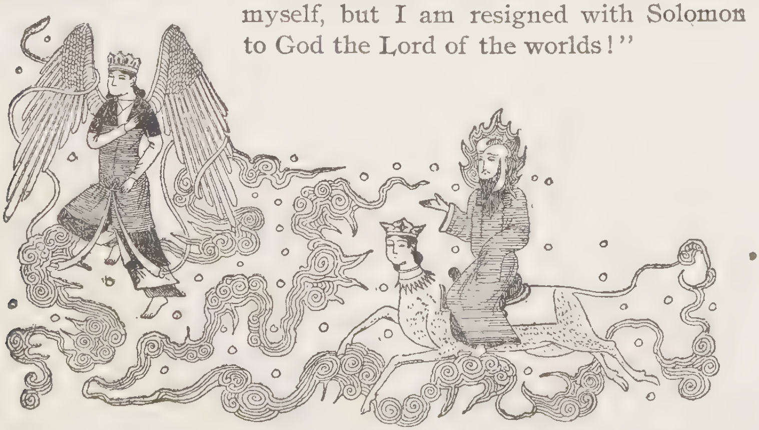
And when they came to Solomon, he said, "Do ye proffer me wealth, when what God has given me is better than what He has given you? Nay, rejoice in your gifts! Return to them, for we will surely come to them with hosts which they cannot confront; and we will drive them out mean and humbled!"

Said he, "O ye chiefs! which of you will bring me her throne before they come to me resigned?" Said a demon of the ginns, "I will bring it to thee before thou canst rise from thy place, for I am strong and faithful."

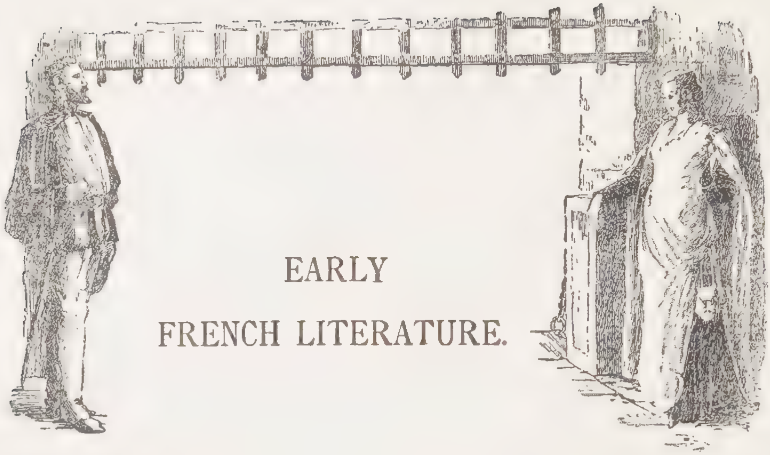
He who had knowledge of the Book said, "I will bring it to thee before thy glance can turn." And when he saw it set down beside him, he said, "This is of my Lord's grace, that He may try me whether I am grateful or ungrateful. Verily, my Lord is rich and generous."

Said he, "Disguise for her the throne; let us see whether she is guided, or whether she is of those who are not guided." And when she came, it was said, "Was thy throne like this?" She said, "It might be my throne." And we were given knowledge before her.

But that which she served beside God turned her away; verily, she was of the unbelieving people. It was said to her, "Enter the court;" and when she saw it, she reckoned it to be a pool of water, and uncovered her legs. Said he, "Verily, it is a court paved with glass!" Said she, "My Lord! verily I have wronged myself, but I am resigned with Solomon to God the Lord of the worlds!"



MOHAMMED'S NIGHT-JOURNEY FROM MECCA TO JERUSALEM.



EARLY FRENCH LITERATURE.

IF the Iberians and Celts who settled in France before European history begins, imagined that they would be undisturbed, they failed to realize that France was the highway to Spain and Britain, besides being next door neighbor to tumultuous Germany, and exposed on the north to the all-devouring Scandinavians. Southern France, on the Mediterranean, afterwards to be Provence, was early occupied by Greek colonists; but it was Cæsar who first conquered "all Gaul," about fifty years before Christ. Latin then became the official language, and soon the prevailing speech; but, four hundred years later, in poured Goths, Franks and Burgundians, and the Merovingian monarchy under Clovis was set up in 486. Now the language was thrown into dire confusion; but the Southern Gauls (who claimed to be Romans) called their illiterate speech the Roman tongue. At the time of Charlemagne, German, spoken by his court, was added to the others; Latin was used by writers; the late Roman, now called Romance, was relegated to the common people. But it had a wide vogue, and has characterized the Italian, Spanish, and others, which became known collectively as the Romance languages. In the tenth century the Normans invaded what has since been called Normandy, adopted the speech of the people, and regulated it. This Norman French, the *langue d'oil* (from the manner in which the word for "yes" was pronounced), divided the country with the Southern *langue d'oc*—that of the alternative pronunciation. In the twelfth century they appear as French and Provençal, respectively; and later, owing to the growing ascendancy of Paris and the king, the former grew to be the ruling form of speech. It was less soft and rhythmical than the other, but more vigorous; Francis I., and afterwards Richelieu (who founded the French Academy), perfected it, until finally it became the most accurate of modern tongues.

In the era of the Crusades the poetry of Provence won the ear of the world. Provençal song is a beautiful curiosity of literature. It rose to its height in the midst of almost childish ignorance. Not only did most of these poets not understand how to read or write, but they were destitute of knowledge of history, mythology and classical literature. Their sole resources were their delight in a new language, their high animal spirits, and their fantastic devotion to their mistresses; and the perfections of the latter and the singers' own love pangs formed the staple of their effusions. It was a movement led by and largely constituted of the aristocracy; it was strengthened by the enthusiasm of the Crusades, and by the concomitant chivalrous devotion to women. Morality, however, appears at its lowest ebb, in the songs of many troubadours, and in the conduct of their lives; it was an age of charming but exaggerated sentiment and sensuality; it produced no great poet or poem, and, after lasting two hundred years, the poetry ceased, and the language disappeared save as a dialect; largely owing to the fierce persecution of the Albigenses, who were finally stamped out in the thirteenth century.

Meanwhile, in the north, the trouvères arose, and achieved enduring fame. The name has the same significance as troubadour ("finder"), but that which the northern poets found was of a different stamp. The Normans, true to their Scandinavian origin were, first of all, warriors, and their love was ennobled by the masculine strain of battle. For more than a century after 1140, the subject of Arthurian romance was the leading theme, both of their poetry and their prose. In the year named, one Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Welshman, and probably a monk of St. Benedict, obtained from Archdeacon Walter of Oxford (according to his own account) the materials for a history of the Kingdom of Britain. The foundation of the work may have been Nennius's "Historia Britonum," written in the ninth century, and some now lost collection of Breton legends. It was, like the Nibelungenlied, a mingling of historic traditions with imaginative developments or variations. Be that as it may, the imagination of Europe had found food to its taste, and in fifty years the original book had been manipulated and adapted by Germany, Italy and France. The central figure of the story is King Arthur, and the action is concerned with the founding of the Round Table, and the adventures therefrom arising. A few years after its appearance in England it was translated into Anglo-Norman by Geoffrey Gaimar and Wace. By some chroniclers of the time, it was accepted as genuine history. The exploits of the various knights of the Round Table afforded inexhaustible material for poetic and romantic conception, and an Arthurian literature arose on all sides. The first French production was the Breton romance of Tristan, by a Norman knight, Lucas de Gast, in 1170. Before the end of the century appeared the tale of Lancelot, by Walter Map, another Welshman, who studied in Paris. This was in prose, as was also the first printed version, by Sir Thomas Malory, "Morte Arthure," published in 1485. At this period languages were not so strictly confined within geographical limits as they are now, and it is difficult to apportion to one or another people the credit for productions of origin so indeterminate and popularity so wide.

A mediæval romance equally famous in this century, and of older lineage, but which is now almost forgotten, was that of Alexander. Its beginning goes back to the time of Alexander himself, whose companion, Callisthenes, wrote the chronicle of his victories in a book now lost. But in the third century a fabulous story of the hero's career was produced in Alexandria, and Callisthenes' name attached to it. Latin, Syriac, Armenian and Hebrew translations followed. As many as twenty French poets were inspired by the tale, and one of them—Lambert li Cort—in collaboration with Alexander de Paris, evolved, in 1184, what was accepted as the standard version. It is from this that the Alexandrine verse, still used in French serious poetry, takes its name. Still another prose romance—that of Amadis of Gaul—is, in spite of its name, proved to be of Portuguese creation. Finally, there was the Charlemagne cycle of romance, which belonged to Germany as well as France. In those days of few books, each nation must have the general favorites in the costume of its country.

Besides their romances of chivalry, the trouvères were the inventors of mediæval allegories, of which the Romance of the Rose was the first and the most interminable. Tastes change. In our day allegories are so little appreciated that not even the genius of Spenser can render his "Faerie Queene" popular reading. But the Romance of the Rose, begun about 1260, by Guillaume de Lorris, and finished fifty years later by the satirical Jean de Meung, was devoured by entire populations. According to the English critic, Saintsbury, its vogue was due to the fact that it embodied the mental attitude of its period. It was a period in which free thought was beginning to oppose the dogmas of religion; in which dreams of social equality were gradually unsettling the foundations of caste; in which sensuality and asceticism were arraying themselves against each other, and the desire for wider horizons of knowledge was not yet directed by any recognized canons of criticism. All these matters are discussed or represented in the poem, which is a poem in name only, as being written in measured instead of unmeasured prose. We must also remember that it was the first book of its kind. The ostensible theme is the art of love; but many esoteric significances were read into it, and it was the subject of many learned mystical treatises. The fashion of naming characters according to their divers natures and dispositions was continued through the Elizabethan period, in the works of Spenser and Ben Jonson and others; appears in the Queen Anne dramatists, and is occasionally adopted even now. To the general reader the most familiar example of its use is Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." It is a device which only genius can render tolerable, and which even genius finds a burden.

Of the Chansons de Geste, which began early in the eleventh century, though the best of them bear a later date, more will be said in the next section. But the Fabliaux—the merry, comic and satirical tales and apologues, which, perhaps, had their first suggestion in Indian and Arabian tales, but which were soon acclimated in France and elsewhere in Europe—attract us more than anything else in the product of this time, for humor has no age, keeping, as perforce it must, so close to the commonplaces of human nature. In the contrasts and vicissitudes of life at that epoch suitable situations for the sharpening of wits were never lacking; and the best of the good stories were retold again and again, with local variations, by hundreds of wayside humorists. Many of them have been preserved in the collection of the Italian Boccaccio. Few are connected with the name of any particular writer; their author was the age. The most winning and sympathetic of them all is commonly conceded to be the love story of Aucassin and Nicolete, which belongs to the thirteenth century. It is nothing but a love-story, but it contains the elements which appeal to the heart now as strongly as six hundred years ago. It is brief, and is a medley of poetry and prose, as were many of the fabliaux; but it is a little masterpiece, and a permanent part of literature.

Of the dramatic representations known as the "Mysteries," and the "Moralities," little need be said here. The Passion Play of Oberammergau still exists, and is a type of them all. But it is of interest to remember that in Paris, which has ever since held the leading place as a dramatic centre, was first incorporated that society of the "Clerks of the Revels" whose function it was to provide dramatic entertainments for the Parisians. They alternated their "Moralities" with little comedies or farces, some of which, in modified form, still hold the stage. Thus early did the bent of French genius declare itself.

CHANSON DE ROLAND.

THE earliest form which French literature assumed is that of the "Chansons de Geste," Songs of Deeds; they are narrative or epic poems, relating to episodes of French history, arranged in stanzas of arbitrary length, each line containing ten or twelve syllables, ending with rhymes in which the vowel sounds, though not the consonants, must agree; these were called "assonant rhymes." Their composers were trouvères, of knightly or priestly rank. The best productions of this kind date from the twelfth century.

The "Chanson de Roland," the earliest of these, is supposed to have been written before the close of the eleventh century. The oldest manuscript of the poem is in the Oxford collection, and contains 4001 ten-syllable lines. The author is believed to have been a Norman trouvère named Théroulde. It tells the tale of the death of Roland at Roncesvalles, and Charlemagne's vengeance. It has been translated into English by John O'Hagan and by Leonce Rabillon.

Marsila, the pagan king of Saragossa, offers homage to Charlemagne if he will return to France. Roland opposes, Ganelon supports the proposal. Roland, denied the embassy to Saragossa, recommends Ganelon, who goes, though reluctantly. Marsila, discovering Ganelon's jealousy of Roland, seduces him to aid in an attack on the French rearguard in the pass of the Pyrenees. The false ambassador now returns with hostages and gifts. Roland guards the rear, against which Marsila gathers a vast host, including many recreant knights. At Roncesvalles they overtake and surround Roland and the peers. Oliver, valiant but wise, urges Roland to sound his horn and bring Charlemagne to the rescue. The hero refuses. Archbishop Turpin, after blessing the Christian host, plunges into the fight and is slain. Thousands are killed; and Roland, when it is too late, blows a blast upon his horn. Before Charlemagne can reach the field, Roland, last of his host, is dead. Charlemagne pursues the already fleeing pagan army, and exacts terrible vengeance. Ganelon is tried and is put to death with his kinsmen. In many subsequent romances Ganelon is named as the typical traitor, from whom the breed of traitors is descended. Under the name of Orlando, Roland is celebrated by later poets as the typical Christian hero.

ROLAND'S PRIDE.

"IN mighty strength are the heathen crew,"
Oliver said, "and our Franks are few,
My comrade Roland, sound on your horn,
Karl will hear and his hosts return."
"I were mad," said Roland, "to do such deed;
Lost in France were my glory's meed;
My Durindana shall smite full hard,
And her hilt be red to the golden guard,
The heathen felons shall find their fate,
Their death, I swear, in the pass they wait."

"O Roland, sound on your ivory horn,
To the ear of Karl shall the blast be borne,
He shall bid his legions backward bend
And all his barons their aid shall lend."

"Nay, God forbid it for very shame,
That for me my kindred were stained with blame,
Or that gentle France to such vileness fell;
This good sword that hath served me well,
My Durindana such strokes shall deal,
That with blood encrimsoned shall be the steel;
By their evil star are the felons led,
They shall be numbered among the dead."
"Roland, Roland, yet sound one blast,
Karl shall hear ere the gorge be passed,
And the Franks return on their path full fast."
"I will not sound on my ivory horn,
It shall never be spoken of me in scorn,
That for heathen felons one blast I blew;
I may not dishonor my lineage true.
But I will strike ere this fight be o'er
A thousand strokes and seven hundred more,
And my Durindana shall drip with gore,
Our Franks shall bear them like vassals brave,
The Saracen flock but find a grave."

"I deem of neither reproach nor stain,
I have seen the Saracen host of Spain
Over plain and valley and mountains spread
And the regions hidden beneath their tread;
Countless the swarm of the foes, and we
A marvellous little company."
Roland answered him, "All the more,
My spirit within me burns therefore;
God and his angels of Heaven defend
That France through me from her glory bend;
Death were better than fame laid low,
Our emperor loveth a downright blow."

The Horn of Roland.

As Roland gazed on his slaughtered men,
He bespake his gentle compeer again:
"Ah, dear companion, may God thee shield!
Behold, our bravest lie dead on the field!
Well may we weep for France the fair,
Of her noble barons despoiled and bare.
Had he been with us, our king and friend!
Speak, my brother, thy counsel lend,—
How unto Karl shall we tidings send?"
Oliver answered, "I know not how.
Liefer death than be recreant now."

"I will sound," said Roland, "upon my horn,
Karl, as he passes the gorge, to warn.
The Franks, I know, will return apace."
Said Oliver, "Nay, it were foul disgrace
On your noble kindred to wreak such wrong;
They would bear the stain their lifetime long.
Erewhile I sought it, and sued in vain;
But to sound thy horn thou wouldst not deign.
Now shall not mine assent be won,
Nor shall I say it is knightly done." . . .

"Ah, why on me doth thy anger fall?"
"Roland, 'tis thou who hast wrought it all.
Valor and madness are scarce allied,—
Better discretion than daring pride.

All by thy folly our Franks lie slain,
Nor will render service to Karl again.
As I implored thee, if thou hadst done,
The king had come, and the field were won;
Marsil captive or slain, I trow.
Thy daring, Roland, hath wrought our woe.
No service more to Karl we pay,
That first of men, till the judgment day.
Thou shalt die, and France dishonored be,
Ended our loyal company—
A woeful parting this eve shall see."

Archbishop Turpin their strife hath heard,
His steed with the spurs of gold he spurred,
And thus rebuked them, riding near:
"Sir Roland, and thou, Sir Olivier,
Contend not, in God's great name, I crave.
Not now availeth the horn to save;
And yet behoves you to wind its call;
Karl will come to avenge our fall." . . .
Said Roland, "Yea, 'tis a goodly rede,"
Then to his lips the horn he drew,
And full and lustily he blew.
The mountain peaks soared high around;
Thirty leagues was borne the sound;
Karl hath heard it and all his band.
"Our men have battle," said he, "on hand." . .
With deadly travail, in stress and pain,
Count Roland sounded a mighty strain.
Forth from his mouth the bright blood sprang,
And his temples burst from the very pang.
On and onward was borne the blast,
Till Karl hath heard, as the gorge he passed,
And Naimes and all his men of war.
"It is Roland's horn," said the Emperor,
"And save in battle he had not blown."

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP TURPIN.

The archbishop, whom God loved in high degree,
Beheld his wounds all bleeding fresh and free;
And then his cheek more ghastly grew and wan,
And a faint shudder through his members ran.

Upon the battle-field his knee was bent;
Brave Roland saw, and to his succor went,
Straightway his helmet from his brow unlaced,
And tore the shining haubert from his breast;
Then raising in his arms the man of God,
Gently he laid him on the verdant sod.
"Rest, Sire," he cried,—"for rest thy suffering needs."
The priest replied, "Think but of warlike deeds!
The field is ours; well may we boast this strife!
But death steals on,—there is no hope of life;
In Paradise, where the almoners live again,
There are our couches spread,—there shall we rest from pain."
Sore Roland grieved; nor marvel I, alas!
That thrice he swooned upon the thick green grass.
When he revived, with a loud voice cried he,
"O Heavenly Father! Holy Saint Marie!
Why lingers death to lay me in my grave?
Beloved France! how have the good and brave
Been torn from thee and left thee weak and poor!"
Then thoughts of Aude, his lady-love, came o'er
His spirit, and he whispered soft and slow,
"My gentle friend!—what parting full of woe!
Never so true a liegeman shalt thou see;—
Whate'er my fate, Christ's benison on thee!
Christ, who did save from realms of woe beneath
The Hebrew prophets from the second death."
Then to the paladins, whom well he knew,
He went, and one by one unaided drew
To Turpin's side, well skilled in ghostly lore;—
No heart had he to smile,—but, weeping sore,
He blessed them in God's name, with faith that he
Would soon vouchsafe to them a glad eternity.

The archbishop, then,—on whom God's benison rest!—
Exhausted, bowed his head upon his breast;—
His mouth was full of dust and clotted gore,
And many a wound his swollen visage bore.
Slow beats his heart,—his panting bosom heaves,—
Death comes apace,—no hope of cure relieves.
Towards heaven he raised his dying hands and prayed
That God, who for our sins was mortal made,—

Born of the Virgin,—scorned and crucified,—
In Paradise would place him by his side.

Then Turpin died in service of Charlon,
In battle great and eke great orison;
'Gainst Pagan host alway strong champion;—
God grant to him his holy benison!
—*Translated by* H. W. LONGFELLOW.

DEATH OF ROLAND.

THAT death was on him he knew full well,
Down from his head to his heart it fell.
On the grass beneath a pine-tree's shade,
With face to earth, his form he laid;
Beneath him placed his horn and sword
And turned his face to the heathen horde.
This hath he done the sooth to show,
That Karl and his warriors all may know,
That the gentle count a conqueror died.
"*Mea culpa*" full oft he cried,
And, for his sins, unto God above,
In sign of penance he raised his glove.

Roland feeleth his hour at hand,
On a knoll he lies towards the Spanish land;
With one hand beats he upon his breast:
"In thy sight, O God, be my sins confessed,
From my hour of birth, both the great and small,
Down to this day, I repent them all."
As his glove he raised to God on high,
Angels of Heaven descend him nigh.

. . . .

On his memory rose full many a thought,
Of the lands he won and the fields he fought,
Of his gentle France, of his kin and line,
And his nursing father, King Karl benign.
He may not the tear and sob control;
Nor yet forgets he his parting soul;
To God's compassion he makes his cry:
"O Father true, who canst not lie,
Who didst Lazarus raise into life again

And Daniel shield in the lion's den;
Shield my soul from its peril due,
For the sins I sinned my life-time through."
He did his right-hand glove uplift,
Saint Gabriel took from his hand the gift.
Then drooped his head upon his breast,
And with clasped hands he went to rest.
God from on high sent down to him
One of his angel cherubim;
St. Michael of Peril of the Sea,
St. Gabriel in company.
From Heaven they came for that soul of price,
And they bare it with them to Paradise.

THE ROMANCE OF ROLLO.

MASTER WACE, to whom the Christian name Robert has been improperly assigned, was a Norman cleric, born in the Isle of Jersey about 1124. He first used his poetic talent in versifying legends of the saints, and afterwards translated Geoffrey of Monmouth's half-fabulous History of England from Latin into French verse as the Romance of Brutus (*Li Romans de Brut*). This work he presented to Queen Eleanor, wife of Henry II., about 1155. Nearly fifty years later the English priest Layamon translated and enlarged this poem in the language of his countrymen. Wace likewise translated and enlarged the Latin narrative of the chaplain of William the Conqueror, calling his poetical version the Romance of Rollo (*Roman de Rou*). Though parts of it are undoubtedly fabulous, it has been used as an authority by the scrupulous historian Freeman. It contains nearly 17,000 lines, most of them octosyllabic, but about one-fourth are Alexandrines, which some critics ascribe to a different author. Wace died in England after 1174.

DUKE WILLIAM AT ROUEN.

THEN Duke William was right sorrowful, and strength and power had none,
For he thought that in the battle he should well-nigh stand alone;
He knew not who would fight for him, or who would prove a foe:
"Why should we linger here?" quoth he,—"I into France will go."
Then said Boten,—"Duke William, thou hast spoke a coward's word;—
What! fly away at once, ere thou hast wielded lance or sword?

Think'st thou I e'er will see thee fly? Thou talk'st quite childishly.
Summon thy men, prepare for fight, and have good heart in thee;
Perjured thy foemen are, and they shall surely vanquished be."
"Boten," said William, "how can I prepare me for the fight?
Rioulf can bring four well-armed men for every single wight
I can command;—I sure shall die, if I against him go."
"That thou 'rt a coward," said Boten, "Saint Fiacre well doth know;
But, by the faith which firm I hold to the Son of God, I say,
Whoe'er should do as thou deserves sound beating in the fray;
For thou wilt neither arm nor fight, but only run away."
"Mercie!" cried William, "see ye not how Rioulf me sieges here?
And my perjured knights are all with him; must it not cost me dear?
And they all hate me unto death, and round encompass me;
I never can, by my soul I swear, drive them from this countrie;
I must forsake it, and to France right speedily I'll flee."
Then spake Bernart,—"Duke, know this well, we will not follow thee.
Too much of ill these men have wrought, but a day will surely come
For payment, and we'll pay them well. When erst we left our home
In Denmark, and to this land came, we gained it by our might;
But thou to arm thee art afraid, and dar'st not wage the fight.
Go, then, to France, enjoy thyself, a wretched caitiff wight;
No love of honest praise hast thou, no prayer will e'er avail thee.
O wicked one! why shouldst thou fear that God will ever fail thee?
Rollo, like bold and hardy chief, this land by his good sword won;
And thou wouldst do even as he did, wert thou indeed his son!"
"Bernart," said William, "well, methinks, thou hast reviled me,
Offence enow to me hast given, enow of villainye;
But thou shalt see me bear myself even as a man right wode;
Whoe'er will come and fight with me shall see my will is good.
Boten, good friend," said he, "Bernart, now list to me, I pray;
No longer hold me evil one, nor coward, from this day;
Call my men unto the battle-field; I pledge my word, and know,
That, henceforth, for the strife of swords ye shall not find me slow."

Then all did rush to arms, and all with equal spirit came;
And, fully armed, thrice haughtily defiance did proclaim
To Rioulf and his vassals, who the challenge heard with glee,

And flung it back to William, who returned it joyfully.
Full harnessed was he now, and toward his foemen blithe he ran;
"God be our aid!" he shouted, and rushed on like a giant man.
Ye never saw such heavy blows as Duke William gave that day;
For when the sword was in his grasp, scant need of leech had they
Who felt its edge; and vain were lance and brand 'gainst him, I trow;
For when Duke William struck them down, joy had they never moe.
'T was blithe to see how he bore himself, like a wild bull, 'mid the fight,
And drove his foemen left and right, all flying with sore affright;
For truly he did pay them off, and with a right good will.

Now when Rioulf saw his vassals there, lying all cold and still
Upon the field, while William's men boldly maintained their ground,
He seized his good steed's bridle-rein, and madly turned him round,
And stayed not to prick and spur, till near a wood he drew;
Then, fearing that Duke William's men did even yet pursue,
His hauberk, lance, and trusty sword away he gladly threw,
That more swiftly he might speed along; but though he was not caught,
Scarce better fate that gallant fight unto bold Rioulf brought;
For there he died, heart-broke, I ween, with shame and mickle woe,
And his corpse was after in the Seine (do not all that story know?)
Found floating on the rising tide. So the victory was won,
And far and wide was the story spread of the deeds the duke had done.

TAILLEFER AND ODO AT SENLAC.

THE following is Wace's account of the beginning of the battle of Senlac, commonly called Hastings, by which William of Normandy won the crown of England, October 14, 1066.

THEN Taillefer, who sang right well, rode mounted on a swift horse before the duke, singing of Karlemaine, and of Rollante, of Oliver and the vassals who died in Renchevals. And when they drew nigh to the English, "A boon, sire," cried Taillefer. "I have long served you, and you owe me for all such service.

To-day, so please you, you shall repay it. I ask, as my guerdon, and beseech you for it earnestly, that you will allow me to strike the first blow in the battle." And the duke answered, "I grant it."

Then Taillefer put his horse to a gallop, charging before all the rest, and struck an Englishman dead, driving the lance below the breast into his body, and stretching him upon the ground. Then he drew his sword and struck another, crying out, "Come on!—come on! What do ye, sirs? lay on!—lay on!" At the second blow he struck, the English pushed forward and surounded him. Forthwith arose the noise and cry of war, and on either side the people put themselves in motion. The Normans moved on to the assault, and the English defended themselves well. Some were striking, others urging onwards; all were bold and cast aside fear.

And now behold! that battle was gathered whereof the fame is yet mighty. Loud and far resounded the bray of the horns, and the shock of the lances, the mighty strokes of clubs, and the quick clashing of swords. One while the Englishmen rushed on, another while they fell back; one while the men from over sea charged onwards, and again at other times retreated. The Normans shouted *Dex aie*, the English people *Out*. Then came the cunning manœuvres, the rude shocks and strokes of the lance and blows of the sword, among the sergeants and soldiers, both English and Norman. When the English fall the Normans shout. Each side taunts and defies the other, yet neither knoweth what the other saith; and the Normans say the English bark, because they understood not their speech. Some wax strong, others weak. The brave exult, but the cowards tremble, as men who are sore dismayed. The Normans press on the assault, and the English defend their post well; they pierce the hauberks and cleave the shields; they receive and return mighty blows. Again some press forward, others yield; and thus in various ways the struggle proceeds.

In the plain was a fosse, which the Normans had now behind them, having passed it in the fight without regarding it. But the English charged and drove the Normans before them, till they made them fall back upon this fosse, overthrowing into it horses and men. Many were to be seen falling therein, rolling one over the other, with their faces to the earth, unable to rise. Many of the English also, whom the Normans drew down along with them, died there. At no time during the day's battle did so many

Normans die, as perished in that fosse. So those said who saw the dead.

The varlets who were set to guard the harness began to abandon it, as they saw the loss of the Frenchmen, when thrown back upon the fosse, without power to recover themselves. Being greatly alarmed at seeing the difficulty in restoring order, they began to quit the harness, and sought around, not knowing where to find shelter. Then Odo, the good priest, the Bishop of Bayeux, galloped up and said to them, "Stand fast!—stand fast! be quiet and move not! fear nothing, for, if God please, we shall conquer yet!" So they took courage and rested where they were; and Odo returned, galloping back to where the battle was most fierce, and was of good service on that day. He had put a hauberk on, over a white aube [alb], wide in the body, with the sleeves tight, and sat on a white horse, so that all might recognize him. In his hand he held a mace, and wherever he saw most need, he led up and stationed the knights, and often urged them on to assault and strike the enemy.

THIBAUD, KING OF NAVARRE.

THIS royal Trouvère was by ancestry and possessions a connecting link between the north and the south of France. His father was Thibaud III., Count of Champagne; his mother Blanche, daughter of Sancho the Wise, King of Navarre. Born in 1201, after his father's death, Thibaud was educated at the court of Philip Augustus, King of France. His title to Champagne was disputed, but was protected by the king. As a courtier Thibaud was highly accomplished, he was surnamed the Song-maker. But the jealousy of others involved the poet in many difficulties. The stately Queen-regent, Blanche of Castile, mother of St. Louis, filled the gallant Count with awe and admiration. She was fifty years of age and showed him no favor, yet his devotion to her was made the subject of lampoons. According to one account, the king's brother, Robert of Artois, was instigated by the nobles to throw a soft cheese in the Count's face, and as the latter could not resent the insult from a child, he withdrew from the court. According to anothor story, the Queen, finding that his verses made his passion too apparent, ordered him to retire. In 1234 Thibaud succeeded his uncle on the throne of Navarre, and soon after set out on a crusade. Two years were spent on the expedition, but he got no further than Roumania. After his return he promoted the interests of his subjects, by whom he was greatly beloved. His later poetry took a religious turn. He died at Pampeluna in 1253. Dante calls him "the good King Tebaldo" (*Inferno*, xxii.), but Bossuet speaks contemptuously of his verses.

THE CRUSADER'S FAREWELL.

LADY, the fates command, and I must go—
  Leaving the pleasant land so dear to me:
Here my heart suffered many a heavy woe;
  But what is left to love, thus leaving thee?
Alas! that cruel land beyond the sea!
  Why thus dividing many a faithful heart,
Never again from pain and sorrow free,
  Never again to meet, when thus they part?

I see not, when thy presence bright I leave,
  How wealth, or joy, or peace can be my lot;
Ne'er yet my spirit found such cause to grieve
  As now in leaving thee; and if thy thought
Of me in absence should be sorrow-fraught,
  Oft will my heart repentant turn to thee,
Dwelling, in fruitless wishes, on this spot,
  And all the gracious words here said to me.

O gracious God, to thee I bend my knee,
  For thy sake yielding all I love and prize;
And oh! how mighty must that influence be,
  That steals me thus from all my cherished joys!
Here, ready, then, myself surrendering
  Prepared to serve thee, I submit; and ne'er
To one so faithful could I service bring,
  So kind a master, so beloved and dear.

And strong my ties,—my grief unspeakable!
  Grief, all my choicest treasures to resign;
Yet stronger still the affections that impel
  My heart toward Him, the God whose love is mine.
That holy love, how beautiful! how strong!
  Even wisdom's favorite sons take refuge there;
'Tis the redeeming gem that shines among
  Men's darkest thoughts,—forever bright and fair.

SUMMONS TO THE CRUSADE.

LORD! Thou canst tell that he who turns away
  From that blest land where God was born and died,
Nor will in pagan realms the Cross display,
  In blissful Paradise shall ne'er abide.
Ye whose high souls remorse and pity know,
For God and vengeance rise and strike the blow.
  Redeem his country from the heathen's pride!

Yet let the unworthy linger still behind,
  Who loves not God no honor shall attain:
A wife, a friend, subdue his wav'ring mind,
  Bound by the idle world in passion's chain.
Away with those who friends or kindred name,
Before the Cross which beckons them to fame!

Arm! noble youth, pursue the bright career!
  'Tis glory's call, 't is mighty Heaven's command;
Let earth and all her frailties disappear;
  Rouse for the faith, uplift thy conquering hand!
  And leave thy ashes in the sacred land!

God died for us,—for us His Cross He bore,
  And these, His words, a happy promise tell:
"Ye who my Cross uphold for evermore,
  Shall find a place where glorious angels dwell:
There ye shall gaze upon my brow of light,
  There my celestial mother ye shall know;
But ye who turn ye from the happy sight,
  Descend to darkness and eternal woe!"

Those who, devoted to the joys of earth,
  Shun death and danger with a coward's care,
I hold as foes and sinners little worth,
  Senseless of good, and worthy of despair.
O bounteous Lord! our evil thoughts remove,
Let us behold Thy sacred land of love!
Pray for us, Queen and Virgin, heavenly bright,
And let no ill assail us, through thy might!

MARIE DE FRANCE.

LITTLE is known of this mediæval poetess, except that she was born in France and appears to have lived chiefly in England. Her fourteen Lays are narrative poems of Breton origin, which she says she had carefully treasured in memory. She dedicated the collection to the king, probably Henry III., of England. Marie also translated from English into French a collection of over one hundred fables, which she called *Le Dit d' Ysopet* (Æsop). The epilogue mentions as her patron a Count William, who may have been William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury (died 1227). Another curious poem by Marie is on "The Purgatory of St. Patrick," but the "Crowning of Reynard," formerly ascribed to her, belongs to a later time.

THE LAY OF THE EGLANTINE.

THIS is one of the many poems relating to the story of Tristan and Yseult (or Isolde). Marc, King of Cornwall, having chosen as his bride Yseult la Blonde, daughter of Argius, King of Ireland, sent his nephew Tristan thither to escort her across the sea. Unfortunately they fell in love on the voyage, and the king, discovering their attachment, banished Tristan to Wales. The exile consoled himself by marrying another Yseult, the white-handed daughter of Hoël, King of Little Britain.

AWAKE, my harp, and breathe a lay
  Which poets oft have loved to tell,
Of Tristan and his lady gay,
  The fortunes that to each befell;
Of all their fondness, all their care,
  Of Tristan's wanderings far away;
And lovely Yseult, called the Fair,
  Who died upon the self-same day.

How Mark, the aged, jealous king,
  Their fatal passion came to know,
And banished Tristan, sorrowing,
  Where Wales a while concealed his woe.
There, wandering like a restless shade,
  From weary night to cheerless morn,
He roamed o'er mountain, wood, and glade,
  Abandoned, hopeless, and forlorn!

Nor marvel, ye who hear the tale,
  For such their fate will ever prove,
Whose constant hearts in vain bewail
  The lot of early blighted love.
A weary year in sudden mood
  With anxious memory he strove,
But found at length that solitude
  But added deeper wounds to love.

"Alas!" he said, "why lingering stay,
  Why hover round this living tomb?
Where Yseult pines far, far away,
  'Twere meet I sought my final doom.
There to some forest haunt I'll go,
  And, hid from every human eye,
Some solace yet my soul may know,
  Near where she dwells at least to die!"

He went—and many a lonely night
  In Cornwall's deep retreats he lay,
Nor ventured forth to mortal sight,
  An exile from the face of day.
At length along the flowery plains
  He stole at eve with humble mien,
To ask the simple shepherd swains
  Some tidings of the hapless queen.

Then told they how the baron bold
  Was banished to his distant home,
And to Tintagel's mighty hold
  The king, with all his court, was come.
For Pentecost, with pride elate,
  The feast, the tourney they prepare,
And, mistress of the regal state,
  The lovely Yseult would be there.

Joy sprang in Tristan's eager heart:
  The queen must through the forest wend,
While he, unnoticed, there apart,
  Secure, her coming could attend.
But how to bid her understand,
  When close to him she loved she drew?—
He cut in haste a hazel wand,
  And clove the yielding wood in two.

Then on the bark his name he traced,
  To lure her for a while to stay;
Each branch with trembling hand he placed
  At distance in fair Yseult's way.
It was their sign of love before;
  And when she saw that name so dear,
The deepest shade she would explore,
  To find if he were wandering near.

"Oh! well thou know'st, dear love," he said,
  "No life has Tristan but in thee!
And all my fondness is repaid,
  My Yseult lives alone for me!
Thou know'st the tree around whose stem
  The eglantine so fondly clings,
And hangs her flowery diadem
  From bough to bough in perfumed rings.

"Clasped in each other's arms, they smile,
  And flourish long in bliss and joy,
As though nor time nor age the while
  Their tender union could destroy.
But if it chance by Fate's hard hest
  The tree is destined to decay,
The eglantine droops on his breast,
  And both together fade away.
Ah, even such, dear love, are we:
  How can we learn to live apart?
To pine in absence thus from thee
  Will break this too devoted heart!"

She came—she saw the dear-loved name,
  So long to deep regret consigned,
And rosy bright her cheek became,
  As thoughts flashed quick across her mind.
She bade her knights a space delay,
  While she reposed amidst the shade;
Obedient all at distance stay,
  Nor seek her slumber to invade.

The faithful Brangian alone
  Companion of her search she chose,
To whom their early hopes were known,
  Their tender love and after woes!

Nor long amidst the wood she sought,
  Ere she beheld, with wild delight,
Him whom she loved beyond all thought,
  Rush forth to bless her eager sight.

Oh, boundless joy unspeakable!
  After an age of absent pain,
How much to say—how much to tell—
  To vow, regret, and vow again!
She bade him hope the time was near
  When his sad exile would be o'er,
When the stern king her prayer would hear,
  And call him to his court once more.

She told of many a bitter tear,
  Of hopes, of wishes unsubdued:
Ah! why, 'midst scenes so brief, so dear,
  Will thoughts of parting still intrude?
Yes, they must part, so lately met,
  For envious steps are lurking round;
Delay can only bring regret,
  And danger wakes in every sound.

"Adieu, adieu!" and now 'tis past,
  And now each path far distant lies;
Fair Yseult gains her train in haste,
  And through the forest Tristan hies.
To Wales again his steps he bent,
  And there his life of care renewed,
Until, his uncle's fury spent,
  He called him from that solitude.

'T was then in mem'ry of the scene,
  To both with joy so richly fraught,
And to record how blest had been
  The signal Love himself had taught,
That Tristan waked the softest tone
  His lute had ever breathed before,
Though well to him, Love's slave, was known
  All the deep springs of minstrel lore.
His strain to future times shall last,
  For 't was a dream of joy divine;
And that sweet record of the past
  He called "The Lay of Eglantine."

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE.

In recent years the pretty song-story of the love and adventures of Aucassin and Nicolete has anew captivated the hearts of all lovers of literature. It has been done into English by Andrew Lang, and other excellent writers, who have all commended the skill and originality of the nameless author. While he reproduces the manners and tone of a distant age, he touches chords which vibrate in modern hearts. Stedman and other poets of to-day have paid tribute to the mediæval master of their art. Some critics object to the burlesque interlude of the country of Torelore, but this is merely the fantastic reverse of the fairy tale of the lovers.

Fair Nicolete was in prison in the chamber. And the noise and bruit of it went through all the country and all the land, how that Nicolete was lost. Some said she had fled the country, and some that the Count Garin de Biaucaire had caused her to be slain. Whosoever had joy thereof, his son Aucassin had none, so he went to the Captain of the town and spake to him, saying:

"Sir Captain, what hast thou made of Nicolete, my sweet lady and love, the thing that best I love in all the world! Hast thou carried her off or ravished her away from me? Know well that if I die of it, the price shall be demanded of thee, and that will be well done, for it shall be even as if thou hadst slain me with thy two hands, for thou hast taken from me the thing that in this world I loved the best."

"Fair Sir," said the Captain, "let these things be. Nicolete is a captive that I did bring from a strange country. Yea, I bought her at my own charges of the Saracens, and I bred her up and baptized her, and made her my daughter in God. And I have cherished her, and one of these days I would have given her a young man, to win her bread honorably. With this hast thou naught to do, but do thou take the daughter of a King or a Count. Nay more, what wouldst thou deem thee to have gained, hadst thou made her thy leman, and taken her to thy bed? Plentiful lack of comfort hadst thou got thereby, for in Hell would thy soul have lain while the world endures, and into Paradise wouldst thou have entered never."

"In Paradise what have I to win? Therein I seek not to enter, but only to have Nicolete, my sweet lady that I love so well. For into Paradise go none but such folk as I shall tell thee now: Thither go these same old priests, and halt old men and maimed, who all day and night cower continually before the altars, and in the crypts; and such folk as wear old amices and old clouted frocks, and naked folk and shoeless, and covered with sores, perishing of hunger and thirst, and of cold, and of little ease. These be they that go into Paradise; with them have I naught to do. But into Hell would I fain go; for into Hell fare the goodly clerks, and goodly knights that fall in tourneys and great wars, and stout men at arms, and all men noble. With these would I liefly go. And thither pass the sweet ladies and courteous that have two lovers, or three, and their lords also thereto. Thither goes the gold, and the silver, and cloth of vair, and cloth of gris, and harpers, and makers, and the prince of this world. With these I would gladly go, let me but have with me Nicolete, my sweetest lady."

"Certes," quoth the Captain, "in vain wilt thou speak thereof, for never shalt thou see her; and if thou hadst word with her, and thy father knew it, he would let burn in a fire both her and me, and thyself might well be sore adread."

"That is even what irketh me," quoth Aucassin. So he went from the Captain sorrowing. Here singeth one:

Aucassin did so depart
Much in dole and heavy at heart
For his love so bright and dear,
None might bring him any cheer,
None might give good words to hear,
To the palace doth he fare,
Climbeth up the palace-stair,
Passeth to a chamber there,
Thus great sorrow doth he bear
For his lady and love so fair.
"Nicolete, how fair art thou,
Sweet thy foot-fall, sweet thine eyes,
Sweet the mirth of thy replies,
Sweet thy laughter, sweet thy face,
Sweet thy lips and sweet thy brow,
And the touch of thine embrace.
All for thee I sorrow now,
Captive in an evil place,
Whence I ne'er may go my ways,
Sister, sweet friend!"

So say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

While Aucassin was in the chamber sorrowing for Nicolete his love, even then the Count Bougars de Valence, that had his war to wage, forgat it no whit, but had called up his horsemen and his footmen, so made he for the castle to storm it. And the cry of battle arose, and the din, and knights and men at arms busked them, and ran to walls and gates to hold the keep. And the towns-folk mounted to the battlements, and cast down bolts and spikes. Then while the assault was great, and even at its height, the Count Garin de Biaucaire came into the chamber where Aucassin was making lament, sorrowing for Nicolete, his sweet lady that he loved so well.

"Ha! son," quoth he, "how caitiff art thou, and cowardly, that canst see men assail thy goodliest castle and strongest! Know thou that if thou lose it, thou losest all. Son, go to, take arms, and mount thy horse, and defend thy land, and help thy men, and fare into the stour. Thou needst not smite nor be smitten. If they do but see thee among them, better will they guard their substance, and their lives, and thy land and mine. And thou art so great, and hardy of thy hands, that well mightst thou do this thing, and to do it is thy devoir."

"Father," said Aucassin, "what is this thou sayest now? God grant me never aught of my desire, if I be dubbed knight, or mount steed, or go into the stour where knights do smite and are smitten, if thou givest me not Nicolete, my sweet lady, whom I love so well."

"Son," quoth his father, "this may never be: rather would I be quite disinherited and lose all that is mine, than that thou shouldst have her to thy wife, or to love *par amours*."

So he turned him about. But when Aucassin saw him going he called to him again, saying,

"Father, go to now, I will make with thee fair covenant."

"What covenant, fair son?"

"I will take up arms and go into the stour, on this covenant, that, if God bring me back sound and safe, thou wilt let me see Nicolete, my sweet lady, even so long that I may have of her two words or three, and one kiss."

"That will I grant," said his father.

At this was Aucassin glad. Here one singeth:

Of the kiss heard Aucassin
That returning he shall win.
None so glad would he have been
Of a myriad marks of gold,
Of a hundred thousand told.
Called for raiment brave of steel,
Then they clad him, head to heel;
Twofold hauberk doth he don,
Firmly braced the helmet on;
Girt the sword with hilt of gold,
Horse doth mount, and lance doth wield,
Looks to stirrups and to shield,
Wondrous brave he rode to field.
Dreaming of his lady dear,
Setteth spurs to the destrere,
Rideth forward without fear,
Through the gate and forth away
To the fray.

So speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin was armed and mounted as ye have heard tell. God! how goodly sat the shield on his shoulder, the helm on his head, and the baldric on his left haunch! And the damoiseau* was tall, fair, featly fashioned, and hardy of his hands, and the horse whereon he rode swift and keen, and straight had he spurred him forth of the gate. Now believe ye not that his mind was on kine nor cattle of the booty, nor thought he how he might strike a knight, nor be stricken again: nor no such thing. Nay, no memory had Aucassin of aught of these; rather he so dreamed of Nicolete, his sweet lady, that he dropped his reins, forgetting all there was to do, and his horse that had felt the spur, bore him into the press and hurled among the foe, and they laid hands on him all about, and took him captive, and seized away his spear and shield, and straightway they led him off a prisoner, and were even now discoursing of what death he should die.

And when Aucassin heard them,

"Ha! God," said he, "sweet Saviour. Be these my deadly enemies that have taken me, and will soon cut off my head? And once my head is off, no more shall I speak with Nicolete, my sweet lady that I love so well. Nathless have I here a good sword, and sit a good horse unwearied. If now I keep not my head for her sake, God help her never, if she love me more!"

The damoiseau was tall and strong, and the horse whereon he sat was right eager. And he laid hand to sword, and fell a-smiting to right and left, and smote through helm and *nasal*, and arm and clenched hand, making a murder about him, like a wild boar when hounds fall on him in the forest, even till he struck down ten knights, and seven he hurt, and straightway he hurled out of the press, and rode back again at full speed, sword in hand. The Count Bougars de Valence heard say they were about hanging Aucassin, his enemy, so he came into that place, and Aucassin was ware of him, and gat his sword into his hand, and lashed at his helm with such a stroke that he drave it down on his head, and he, being stunned, fell grovelling. And Aucassin laid hands on him, and caught him by the *nasal* of his helmet, and gave him to his father.

"Father," quoth Aucassin, "lo, here is your mortal foe, who hath so warred on you with all mischief. Full twenty years did this war endure, and might not be ended by man."

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* Young knight.

"Fair son," said his father, "thy feats of youth shouldst thou do, and not seek after folly."

Here one singeth:

When the Count Garin doth know
That his child would ne'er forego
Love of her that loved him so,
Nicolete, the bright of brow,
In a dungeon deep below
Childe Aucassin did he throw.
Even there the Childe must dwell
In a dun-walled marble cell.
There he waileth in his woe,
Crying thus as ye shall know:

"Nicolete, thou lily white,
My sweet lady, bright of brow,
Sweeter than the grape art thou,
Sweeter than sack posset good
In a cup of maple wood! . . .
I for love of thee am bound
In this dungeon under ground,
All for loving thee must lie
Here where loud on thee I cry,
Here for loving thee must die,
For thee, my love."

Then say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin was cast into prison as ye have heard tell, and Nicolete, of her part, was in the chamber. Now it was summer time, the month of May, when days are warm and long and clear, and the night still and serene. Nicolete lay one night on her bed, and saw the moon shine clear through a window, yea, and heard the nightingale sing in the garden, so she minded her of Aucassin her lover whom she loved so well. Then fell she to thoughts of Count Garin de Biaucaire, that hated her to the death; therefore deemed she that there she would no longer abide, for that, if she were told of, and the Count knew where she lay, an ill death would he make her die. Now she knew that the old woman slept who held her company. Then she arose, and clad her in a mantle of silk she had by her, very goodly, and took napkins, and sheets of the bed, and knotted one to the other, and made therewith a cord as long as she might, so knitted it to a pillar in the window, and let herself slip down into the garden, then caught up her raiment in both hands, behind and before, and kilted up her kirtle, because of the dew that she saw lying deep on the grass, and so went her way down through the garden.

Her locks were yellow and curled, her eyes blue and smiling, her face featly fashioned, the nose high and fairly set, the lips more red than cherry or rose in time of summer, her teeth white and small; her breasts so firm that they bore up the folds of her bodice as they had been two apples; so slim she was in the waist that your two hands might have clipped her, and the daisy flowers that brake beneath her as she went tip-toe, and that bent above her instep, seemed black against her feet, so white was the maiden. She came to the postern gate, and unbarred it, and went out through the streets of Biaucaire, keeping always on the shadowy side, for the moon was shining right clear, and so wandered she till she came to the tower where her lover lay. The tower was flanked with buttresses, and she cowered under one of them, wrapped in her mantle. Then thrust she her head through a crevice of the tower that was old and worn, and so heard she Aucassin wailing within, and making dole and lament for the sweet lady he loved so well.

Here one singeth:

Nicolete, the bright of brow,
On a pillar leanest thou,
All Aucassin's wail dost hear
For his love that is so dear,
Then thou spakest, shrill and clear,
"Gentle knight withouten fear,
Little good befalleth thee,
Little help of sigh or tear,
Ne'er shalt thou have joy of me.
Never shalt thou win me; still
Am I held in evil will
Of thy father and thy kin,
Therefore must I cross the sea,
And another land must win."
Then she cut her curls of gold,
Cast them in the dungeon hold;
Aucassin doth clasp them there,
Kissed the curls that were so fair,
Them doth in his bosom bear,
Then he wept, even as of old,
All for his love!

Then say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin heard Nicolete say that she would pass into a far country, he was all in wrath.

"Fair, sweet friend," quoth he, "thou shalt not go, for then wouldst thou be my death. And the first man that saw thee and had the might withal, would take thee straightway into his bed to be his leman. And once thou camest into a man's bed, and that bed not mine, know ye well that I would not tarry till I had found a knife to pierce my heart and slay myself."

"Aucassin," she said, "I trow thou lovest me not as much as thou sayest, but I love thee more than thou lovest me."

"Ah, fair, sweet friend," said Aucassin, "it may not be that thou shouldst love me even as I love thee. Woman may not love man as man loves woman, for a woman's love lies in the glance of her eye, and the bud of her breast, and her foot's tip-toe, but the love of man is in his heart planted, whence it can never issue forth and pass away."

Now while Aucassin and Nicolete held this parley together, the town's guards came down a street, with swords drawn beneath their cloaks, for the Count Garin had charged them that if they could take her they should slay her. But the sentinel that was on the tower saw them coming, and heard them speaking of Nicolete as they went, and threatening to slay her.

Here one singeth:

Valiant was the sentinel,
Courteous, kind, and practiced well,
So a song did sing and tell
Of the peril that befell.
"Maiden fair that lingerest here
Gentle maid of merry cheer,
Hair of gold, and eyes as clear
As the water in a mere,
Thou, meseems, hast spoken word
To thy lover and thy lord,
That would die for thee, his dear;
Now beware the ill accord
Of the cloaked men of the sword;
These have sworn and keep their word,
They will put thee to the sword
Save thou take heed!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

"Ha!" quoth Nicolete, "be the soul of thy father and the soul of thy mother in the rest of Paradise, so fairly and so courteously hast thou spoken me! Please God, I will be right ware of them, God keep me out of their hands."

So she shrank under her mantle into the shadow of the pillar till they had passed by, and then took she farewell of Aucassin, and so fared till she came unto the castle wall. Now that wall was wasted and broken, and some deal mended, so she clomb thereon till she came between wall and fosse, and so looked down, and saw that the fosse was deep and steep, whereat she was sore adread.

"Ah God," saith she, "sweet Saviour! If I let myself fall hence, I shall break my neck, and if here I abide, to-morrow they will take me, and burn me in a fire. Yet liefer would I perish here than that to-morrow the folk should stare on me for a gazing-stock."

Then she crossed herself, and so let herself slip into the fosse, and when she had come to the bottom, her fair feet and fair hands that had not custom thereof, were bruised and frayed, and the blood springing from a dozen places, yet felt she no pain nor hurt, by reason of the great dread wherein she went. But if she were in cumber to win there, in worse was she to win out. But she deemed that there to abide was of none avail, and she found a pike sharpened, that they of the city had thrown out to keep the hold. Therewith made she one stepping-place after another, till, with much travail, she climbed the wall. Now the forest lay within two crossbow-shots, and the forest was of thirty leagues this way and that. Therein also were wild beasts and serpents, and she feared that if she entered there they would slay her. But anon she deemed that if men found her there they would hale her back into the town to burn her.

Here one singeth:

Nicolete, the fair of face,
Climbed upon the coping-stone,
There made she lament and moan
Calling on our Lord alone
For his mercy and his grace.

"Father, King of Majesty,
Listen, for I nothing know
Where to flee or whither go.
If within the wood I fare,
Lo, the wolves will slay me there,
Boars and lions terrible,
Many in the wild wood dwell;
But if I abide the day,
Surely worse will come of it,
Surely will the fire be lit
That shall burn my body away.
Jesus, Lord of Majesty,
Better seemeth it to me,
That within the wood I fare,
Though the wolves devour me there,
Than within the town to go.
Ne'er be it so!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Nicolete made great moan, as ye have heard; then commended she herself to God, and anon fared till she came unto the forest. But to go deep in it she dared not, by reason of the wild beasts and serpents. Anon crept she into a little thicket, where sleep came upon her, and she slept till prime next day, when the shepherds issued forth from the town and drove their sheep between wood and water. Anon came they all into one place by a fair fountain which was on the fringe of the forest; thereby spread they a mantle, and thereon set bread. So while they were eating, Nicolete wakened, with the sound of the singing birds and the shepherds.

[Then she endeavored to hire the shepherds to bid Aucassin hunt in the forest, but they promised little.]

Here singeth one:

Nicolete, the bright of brow,
From the shepherds doth she pass
All below the blossomed bough
Where an ancient way there was,
Overgrown and choked with grass,
Till she found the cross-roads where
Seven paths do all way fare,
Then she deemeth she will try,
Should her lover pass thereby,
If he love her loyally.
So she gathered white lilies,
Oak-leaf, that in green wood is,
Leaves of many a branch I wis;
Therewith built a lodge of green,
Goodlier was never seen;
Swore by God who may not lie,
"If my love the lodge should spy,
He will rest a while thereby,
If he love me loyally."
Thus his faith she deemed to try,
"Or I love him not, not I,
Nor he loves me!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Nicolete built her lodge of boughs, as ye have heard, right fair and neatly, and wove it well, within and without, of flowers and leaves. So lay she hard by the lodge in a deep coppice to know what Aucassin will do. And the cry and the bruit went abroad through all the country and all the land, that Nicolete was lost. Some told that she had fled, and some that the Count Garin had let slay her. Whosoever had joy thereof, no joy had Aucassin. But the Count Garin, his father, had taken him out of prison, and had sent for the knights of that land, and the ladies, and made a right great feast, for the comforting of Aucassin, his son. Now at the high time of the feast was Aucassin leaning from a gallery, all woful and discomforted.

[But a knight advised him to ride out in the forest and hear the birds sing.]

He passed out of the hall, and went down the stairs, and came to the stable where his horse was. He saddled and bridled him, and mounted, and rode forth from the castle, and wandered till he came to the forest. He rode till he came to the fountain and found the shepherds at point of noon. And they had a mantle stretched on the grass, and were eating bread, and making great joy.

Here one singeth:

There were gathered shepherds all,
Martin, Esmeric, and Hal,
Aubrey, Robin, great and small.
Saith the one, "Good fellows all,
God keep Aucassin the fair,

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[illegible]

And the maid with yellow hair,
Bright of brow and eyes of vair.
She that gave us gold to ware.
Cakes therewith to buy ye know,
Goodly knives and sheaths also.
Flutes to play, and pipes to blow,
May God him heal!"

Here speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin heard the shepherds, anon he bethought him of Nicolete, his sweet lady he loved so well, and he deemed that she had passed thereby; then set he spurs to his horse, and so came to the shepherds.

[After some dallying, they tell him their message.]

"Sir, we were in this place, a little time agone, between prime and tierce,* and were eating our bread by this fountain, even as now we do, when a maid came past, the fairest thing in the world, whereby we deemed that she should be a fay, and all the wood shone round about her. Anon she gave us of that she had, whereby we made covenant with her, that if ye came hither we would bid you hunt in this forest, wherein is such a beast that, an ye might take him, ye would not give one limb of him for five hundred marks of silver, nor for no ransom; for this beast is so mighty of medicine, that, an ye could take him, ye should be healed of your torment, and within three days must ye take him, and if ye take him not then, never will ye look on him. So chase ye the beast, an ye will, or an ye will let it be, for my promise have I kept with her."

"Fair boys," quoth Aucassin, "ye have said enough. God grant me to find this quarry."

Here one singeth:

Aucassin, when he had heard,
Sore within his heart was stirred,
Left the shepherds on that word,
Far into the forest spurred
Rode into the wood; and fleet
Fled his horse through paths of it.
Three words spake he of his sweet,
"Nicolete the fair, the dear,
'Tis for thee I follow here
Nor track of boar, nor slot of deer,
But thy sweet body and eyes so clear,
All thy mirth and merry cheer,
That my very heart have slain.
So please God me to maintain,
I shall see my love again,
Sweet sister, friend!"

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* The first and third canonical hours of the day.

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin fared through the forest from path to path after Nicolete, and his horse bare him furiously. Think ye not that the thorns him spared, nor the briars, nay, not so, but tare his raiment, that scarce a knot might be tied with the soundest part thereof, and the blood sprang from his arms and flanks and legs, in forty places, or thirty, so that behind the Childe men might follow on the track of his blood in the grass. But so much he went in thoughts of Nicolete, his lady sweet, that he felt no pain nor torment, and all the day hurled through the forest in this fashion nor heard no word of her. And when he saw Vespers draw nigh, he began to weep for that he found her not.

The night was fair and still, and so long he went that he came to the lodge of boughs, that Nicolete had builded and woven within and without, over and under, with flowers, and it was the fairest lodge that might be seen. When Aucassin was ware of it, he stopped suddenly, and the light of the moon fell therein.

"God!" quoth Aucassin, "here was Nicolete, my sweet lady, and this lodge builded she with her fair hands. For the sweetness of it, and for love of her, will I alight, and rest here this night long."

He drew forth his foot from the stirrup to alight, and the steed was great and tall. He dreamed so much on Nicolete, his right sweet lady, that he slipped on a stone, and drave his shoulder out of its place. Then knew he that he was hurt sore, nathless he bore him with what force he might, and fastened with the other hand the mare's son to a thorn. Then turned he on his side, and crept backwise into the lodge of boughs. And he looked through a gap in the lodge and saw the stars in heaven, and one that was brighter than the rest; so began he to say:

Here one singeth:

"Star, that I from far behold,
Star, the Moon calls to her fold,
Nicolete with thee doth dwell,
My sweet love with locks of gold,
God would have her dwell afar,
Dwell with him for evening star.
Would to God, whate'er befell,
Would that with her I might dwell.
I would clip her close and strait,
Nay, were I of much estate,
Some king's son desirable,
Worthy she to be my mate,
Me to kiss and clip me well,
Sister, sweet friend!"

So speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Nicolete heard Aucassin, right so came she unto him, for she was not far away. She passed within the lodge, and threw her arms about his neck, and clipped and kissed him.

"Fair, sweet friend, welcome be thou."

"And thou, fair, sweet love, be thou welcome."

So either kissed and clipped the other, and fair joy was them between.

"Ha! sweet love," quoth Aucassin, "but now was I sore hurt, and my shoulder wried, but I take no force of it, nor have no hurt therefrom since I have thee."

Right so felt she his shoulder and found it was wried from its place. And she so handled it with her white hands, and so wrought in her surgery, that by God's will who loveth lovers, it went back into its place. Then took she flowers, and fresh grass, and leaves green, and bound these herbs on the hurt with a strip of her smock, and he was all healed.

"Aucassin," saith she, "fair, sweet love, take counsel what thou wilt do. If thy father search this forest to-morrow, and men find me here, they will slay me, come to thee what will."

"Certes, fair, sweet love, therefore should I sorrow heavily but, an' if I may, never shall they take thee."

Anon gat he on his horse, and his lady before him, kissing and clipping her, and so rode they at adventure.

Here one singeth:

Aucassin, the frank, the fair,
Aucassin of the yellow hair,
Gentle knight and true lover,
From the forest doth he fare,
Holds his love before him there,
Kissing cheek, and chin, and eyes,
But she spake in sober wise,
"Aucassin, true love and fair,
To what land do we repair?"
"Sweet my love, I take no care,
Thou art with me everywhere!"
So they pass the woods and downs,
Pass the villages and towns,
Hills and dales and open land,
Came at dawn to the sea sand,
Lighted down upon the strand,
Beside the sea.

Then say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin lighted down and his love, as ye have heard sing. He held his horse by the bridle, and his lady by the hands; so went they along the seashore, and on the sea they saw a ship, and he called unto the sailors, and they came to him. Then held he such speech with them that he and his lady were brought aboard that ship, and when they were on the high sea, behold a mighty wind and tyrannous arose, marvellous and great, and drave them from land to land, till they came unto a strange country, and won the haven of the castle of Torelore. Then asked they what this land might be, and men told them that it was the country of the King of Torelore. Then he asked what manner of man was he, and was there war afoot, and men said,

"Yea, and mighty!"

Therewith took he farewell of the merchants, and they commended him to God. Anon Aucassin mounted his horse, with his sword girt, and his lady before him, and rode at adventure till he was come to the castle. Then asked he where the King was, and they said that he was in childbed.

"Then where is his wife?"

And they told him she was with the host, and had led with her all the force of that country.

Now when Aucassin heard that saying, he made great marvel, and came into the castle, and lighted down, he and his lady, and his lady held his horse. Right so went he up into the castle, with his sword girt, and fared hither and thither till he came to the chamber where the King was lying.

Here one singeth:

Aucassin, the courteous knight,
To the chamber went fortbright,
To the bed with linen dight
Even where the King was laid.
There he stood by him and said:
"Fool, what mak'st thou here abed?"
Quoth the King: "I am brought to bed
Of a fair son, and anon
When my month is over and gone,
And my healing fairly done,
To the Minster will I fare
And will do my churching there,
As my father did repair.
Then will sally forth to war,
Then will drive my foes afar
From my countrie!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin heard the King speak on this wise, he took all the sheets that covered him, and threw them all abroad about the chamber. Then saw he behind him a cudgel, and caught it into his hand, and turned, and took the King, and beat him till he was well-nigh dead.

"Ha! fair sir," quoth the King, "what would you with me? Art thou beside thyself, that beatest me in mine own house?"

"By God's heart," quoth Aucassin, "thou ill son of an ill wench, I will slay thee if thou swear not that never shall any man in all thy land lie in of child henceforth for ever."*

So he did that oath, and when he had done it, "Sir," said Aucassin, "bring me now where thy wife is with the host."

"Sir, with good will," quoth the King.

He mounted his horse, and Aucassin gat on his own, and Nicolete abode in the Queen's chamber. Anon rode Aucassin and the King even till they came to that place where the Queen was, and lo! men were warring with baked apples, and with eggs, and with fresh cheeses, and Aucassin began to look on them, and made great marvel.

Here one singeth:

Aucassin his horse doth stay,
From the saddle watched the fray,
All the stour and fierce array;
Right fresh cheeses carried they,
Apples baked, and mushrooms grey,
Whoso splasheth most the ford
He is master called and lord.
Aucassin doth gaze a while,
Then began to laugh and smile
And made game.

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin beheld these marvels, he came to the King, and said, "Sir, be these thine enemies?"

"Yea, Sir," quoth the King.

"And will ye that I should avenge you of them?"

"Yea," quoth he, "with all my heart."

Then Aucassin put hand to sword, and hurled among them, and began to smite to the right hand and the left, and slew many of them. And when the King saw that he slew them, he caught at his bridle and said,

"Ha! fair sir, slay them not in such wise."

"How," quoth Aucassin, "will ye not that I should avenge you of them?"

"Sir," quoth the King, "overmuch already hast thou avenged me. It is nowise our custom to slay each other."

Anon turned they and fled. Then the King and Aucassin betook them again to the castle of Torelore, and the folk of that land counselled the King to put Aucassin forth, and keep Nicolete

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*This barbarous custom, called the *couvade*, lingered long in the mountains of Southern France.

for his son's wife, for that she seemed a lady of high lineage. And Nicolete heard them, and had no joy of it, so began to say:

Here singeth one:

Thus she spake, the bright of brow:
"Lord of Torelore and king,
Thy folk deem me a light thing,
When my love doth me embrace,
Fair he finds me, in good case,
Then am I in such derray,
Neither harp, nor lyre, nor lay,
Dance nor game, nor rebeck play,
Were so sweet."

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin dwelt in the castle of Torelore, in great ease and great delight, for that he had with him Nicolete, his sweet love, whom he loved so well.

[The story runs on that three years later the Saracens invade the land and carry off Aucassin and Nicolete. The ships were scattered by a storm, and Aucassin was shipwrecked at Biaucaire, where he became ruler. Nicolete was carried to Carthage, where she recognized the home of her childhood, and was accepted as the King's daughter. But when they wished her to marry she stole away, disguised as a harper. Taken on a ship, she reached Provence, and passed to Biaucaire. Here she sang her own story and was reunited to Aucassin.]

When Aucassin heareth now
That his lady bright of brow
Dwelleth in his own countrie,
Never man was glad as he.
To her castle doth he hie
With the lady speedily,
Passeth to the chamber high,
Findeth Nicolete thereby.
Of her true love found again
Never maid was half so fain.
Straight she leaped upon her feet:
When his love he saw at last,
Arms about her did he cast,
Kissed her often, kissed her sweet,
Kissed her lips and brow and eyes.
Thus all night do they devise,
Even till the morning white.
Then Aucassin wedded her,
Made her Lady of Biaucaire.
Many years abode they there,
Many years in shade or sun,
In great gladness and delight.
Ne'er hath Aucassin regret
Nor his lady Nicolete.
Now my story all is done,
Said and sung!

RUTEBŒUF.

In the twelfth century the roads of France were so crowded with traveling minstrels that King Philip Augustus limited their number by law. Many then went abroad, wandering in Italy, Spain, Germany and England. A noted member of this class was Rutebœuf, born in 1230, and educated at the University of Paris, though he took no degree. Up and down the country he wandered, playing his fiddle, singing his songs, and telling his story of alternate gayety and misery. He was robbed on the highway and dreaded a worse fate. Returning to the capital, he assured his hearers that he had traveled in foreign lands, and brought home many wonderful remedies. He settled down in Paris, however, without mending his fortune. He wrote songs to order, a miracle play, and satires on the vices of the times, especially of the monks. The thriftless, gambling poet married a wife as poor as himself, and found new troubles in providing for his large family. He sang for daily bread, all the while telling his story gaily and wittily. He grew old, lost the sight of one eye, yet sang merrily to the last. Paris had its Bohemians even in the thirteenth century.

THE QUACK DOCTOR.

Holà! lords and ladies all,
Gentles great, and villains small,
Hear what luck doth you befall
On this day.
There is no deceit or guile,
You will own it, if a while
You will stay.

Sit down all, 'twill please you well,
While my tale I sing and tell,
Strange and rare.
Sirs, I am a doctor wise,
Many lands have seen these eyes,
Here and there.

Cairo's city knows my face;
There I treated for a space
Man and maid.
Then I sailed across the seas,
Till my ship brought me to Greece,
Where I stayed.

Next to Italy I came,
Laden with my gold and fame,
Curing all.
There I found herbs strange to see,
Fit to heal all ills that be,
Great and small.

Thence I journeyed to the stream
Where the precious jewels gleam,
Day and night.
But, alas! I could not land,
Prester John was close at hand
With his might.

Yet they brought me from the port
Stones and gems of such a sort
(Magic art),
That at merest touch the dead
Come to life and lift their head,
Light of heart.

THE VILLAIN* THAT GAINED PARADISE.

I tell a tale that once I read;
'Tis of a villain long since dead,
And of his soul. He passed away
One Friday at the close of day.
When it behooved the man to die,
Angel or devil, none was by;

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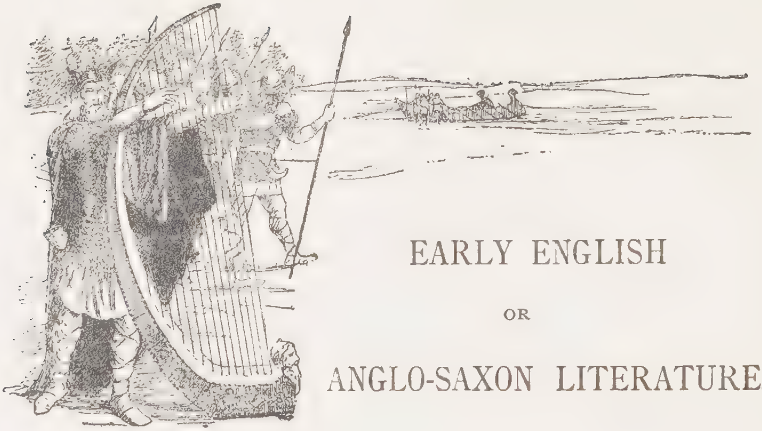
*Villain is here used in its old sense—countryman, peasant.

And so the soul, from body reft,
Stood waiting there unheeded left.
None came to claim it; all in awe,
Yet half rejoiced, the poor soul saw
No devil instant flames command,
No angel's smiling face at hand;
Then, looking curious here and there,
Perceived a distant portal, where
Saint Michael's self was leading straight
A happy soul through Heaven's gate.
The villain followed, till at last
To Paradise itself he passed.
St. Peter, Heaven's porter, who
Had opened gates to let them through,
The soul received by Michael brought,
And then his eyes the villain caught.
"Who art thou?" asked he, when he saw
The soul come in against the law.
"Here is there entrance none, except
For those by judgment strict elect.
Besides, in truth, by Saint Gillain,
We want not here base-born villain."
To whom the villain made reply,
"No worse than you, fair saint, am I;
Harder are you than any stone;
Small honor have the churches won
From your apostleship. 'Twas you
Who did deny your Saviour true."
Ashamed and angry, Peter stayed,
And called Saint Thomas to his aid.
Said Thomas: "Leave the case to me,
Not long in Heaven his soul shall be."
Then to the villain goes, and, "Say
By what authority you stay,
False villain, where no soul may come
Without escort? This is no home
For such as you. From Paradise
Begone at once." The villain cries:
"Ah! Thomas, Thomas, is it well
For thee such measure rude to tell?
Art thou not he who, doubting still,
Would'st not confess thy Lord until,

False and of little faith, I ween,
His very wounds thine eyes had seen?"
Saint Thomas grieved, with answer none,
Bent low his head, and next is gone
Straight to Saint Paul. "Now, by my head,"
Cried Paul, "this villain shall be sped."
"Villain," said he, "you enter here,
Regardless of all right—all fear;
Know, villain base, of low degree,
That Paradise is not for thee:
Therefore begone." "What!" cried the soul,
"Do I behold the apostle Paul?
That Paul who, cruel past compare,
Stoned Stephen, first of martyrs fair?
Full well I know thy life of old,
How many a man, betray'd and sold,
Was put to death by thee and thine,
Apostle fair, and saint divine.
Ha! have I not thy exploits heard?"
Saint Paul, abashed, with never a word
In answer, with confusion burned,
And to the other two returned.
They laid the case before the Lord;
Peter it was who spoke the word.
Judgment he pleads against the clown
Who had so rudely cast him down,
That now he dared not take his place
Where one had shamed him to his face.
Then God says, "I must see this man."
Back to the gate the apostle ran.
God calls the clown and says, "Why now
Have you come here? And further, how
Can you expect to stay, if these
Apostles mine, you flout and tease?"
"Sire, they first sought to drive me out.
But I told what I knew about
The faults of those that here I found.
My deeds and words on earth were sound.
I ne'er denied you, ne'er lost faith,
I ne'er stoned any one to death.
No one comes here till you decree;
Therefore judge me. A poor man see,

One who was born in poverty.
Hard work have I had all my life,
Enduring all, I made no strife;
Whatever I was told to do
I did. I can appeal to you
If I am lying the least whit.
To poorer men I gave a bit
From bread I earned by my brow's sweat.
I sheltered them; by fire them set.
When I was ill I sent for priest,
Confessed my sins, and was released.
This was the way to heaven I learned,
And here I am. I can't be turned.
Whoso does this may come on high:
This was your word. You cannot lie."
  Then said the Lord, "You plead so well,
That henceforth you in Heaven may dwell."



EARLY ENGLISH

OR

ANGLO-SAXON LITERATURE.

ENGLAND and the English language take their name from the Angles, a tribe of Teutonic stock, which first emerged from the dense forests of Germany in the fourth century. They gave their name to Angeln, a small region in Schleswig-Holstein, before they crossed the North Sea to Britain. The Roman legions had departed from this land early in the fifth century, and in the latter half the Angles with their kindred tribes, the Saxons and Jutes, began to make settlements on the unprotected island. For a hundred and fifty years these Teutonic invaders continued to come and dispossess the Celtic population. Their first settlements were on the south and east coasts, and several independent kingdoms were set up.

In 597 Gregory the Great sent Augustine from Rome to Britain, and the Saxons in Kent accepted the Christian faith. In 828, Egbert of Wessex became the first "King of England." By the Treaty of Wedmore, fifty years later, the Danes were compelled by Alfred the Great to retire north of Watling Street,—the old Roman Road which divided the island diagonally from southeast to northwest. Under Edward and Athelstan, in the next century, the two kingdoms were consolidated; but the invasion of Sweyne, a Danish adventurer, in 1000, was followed by the rule of Canute and his successors. Finally, the Norman conquest, under the leadership of William, in 1066, brings us to the close of the Anglo-Saxon period.

The name English, first applied to the language of the Angles, afterwards included the various Low German dialects mingling on the island. But the English of the post-Saxon and Norman times became practically another language. For the sake of clearness, therefore, we arbitrarily divide English into three stages:—the first, from 500 to 1200, we call Anglo-Saxon; the second, from 1200 to 1500, Middle English; and the third, from 1500 to the present day, English. For practical purposes, this arrangement is sufficiently accurate. Exact dates of the transition cannot be fixed. English is now the most composite of languages; it comprises words derived from Celtic, Scandinavian, Old French, later French, Latin, and many other tongues introduced through English explorations and conquests. But about three-fourths of the words used in the common speech are still Anglo-Saxon; only in literature and the learned professions does Latin preponderate.

English literature is commonly said to begin with the Epic of Beowulf, which was composed, and the scene of which is laid, on the Continent. The material on which it is based, legendary, mythical and historical, refers to the time of the Danish conquest of the Cimbrian peninsula, in the first part of the sixth century. The theory is that Danish poems embodying the epic were handed down from the Danes to Angles living in Angeln after the emigration of their countrymen to England had begun; and that when these in their turn emigrated, they brought it with them. The story was from time to time added to and modified, until after nearly three hundred years it attained the form in which we have it,—our copy being assigned to the eighth century. It is held to be the oldest epic not only in English, but in the whole Germanic group of languages. Beowulf, the hero (from *Baedo*, war, and *wulf*, wolf) was a thane, and later a king of the Swedish Goths (Geátas).

The connection of Gregory the Great with English history begins with the pun he made on the chubby-faced English children whom he saw exposed for sale in Rome; were they but Christians, he said, angels, not Angles, would have been the right name for them. He bore them in mind, with an eye to the conversion of their countrymen; an undertaking which he was unable to carry out himself, but did entrust to so good and persuasive a man as Augustine. Gregory died in 604, Pope of Rome, at the age of sixty-six; he left behind him, among other manuscripts, a book of "Dialogues," which had the honor of finding a translator in another great man, Alfred of England (849–901).

Bæda, or Bede, surnamed The Venerable, was born in 673 and died 735. He was the most learned man of his time; at the age of nineteen he was made a deacon, and became a priest at thirty. He was familiar with Greek and Hebrew and "all learning," and was an eminent teacher. His chief work is "Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum," which is considered an authority. It is from Bede that we derive our personal information concerning Cædmon, who flourished during Bede's boyhood. He was an unlearned man, Bede tells, and especially lacking in the poetic faculty, until in a dream or vision an angel bade him sing "The Beginning of Creatures." The unexpected success which attended his obedience to this command attracted to him the attention of Hilda, the princely abbess of Whitby, where the incident took place; and Cædmon was induced to enter the monastery and to devote his miraculous gift to the service of God. He made a number of remarkable metrical paraphrases of parts of Holy Writ, in which glows the fire of a rustic and rugged genius. His illumination did not come to him until he had passed the middle period of life; certainly, if Bede's tale of him be true, it is a strange case of delayed faculty. But, as always happens when anything a little passes the bounds of common experience, there are many who doubt whether Cædmon ever had any real existence. The poems attributed to him, however, are palpable and legible still.

A personage still more questionable is Cynewulf. This name was detected in an ancient Anglo-Saxon poem, "Elene," into which it had been worked by runes. The discovery was made in 1840 by two independent students, one of whom inferred that Cynewulf must have lived in the eighth century, while the other was just as convinced that he must have lived in the tenth and eleventh. In this case color would be lent to the accompanying suggestion that the mysterious poet might have been an abbot of Peterborough who officiated there from 992 to 1006. Cynewulf concealed himself so well that one conjecture about him is as good as another. Various productions—Elene, Juliana, Crist, Riddles, The Wanderer, and others, are attributed to him. But his true identity is forever lost in the shadows of that uncertain age.

A fragment of an early English poem called Judith was found in a MS. copy of Beowulf, made in the eighth century, and this, from internal evidence, is supposed to have been the work of Cædmon. Finally, to make an end of these ambiguous relics, may be mentioned the Exeter Book, given to the library of Exeter Cathedral in 1061 by Bishop Leofric. It is a collection of Anglo-Saxon poems, one of which is ascribed to Cynewulf; Widsith is probably the most ancient of all; others are a paraphrase of the Song of Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah; the Sea-farer, a poem on Christian morality; the Legend of St. Guthlac; hymns, a short sermon in verse, and minor pieces.

The latter half of the ninth century belongs to Alfred the Great, under whom England begins to assume stronger outlines. He became king of the West Saxons in 871, but the first part of his reign was a doubtful struggle against the invading Danes. He overcame Guthrum in 878, and concluded a favorable peace, one condition of which was that the Norse robber should receive baptism. Other Danes came upon the coast in 894, but were finally worsted in a sea-fight in 897, the first time that the Vikings had been beaten in their ships. Alfred meanwhile did not allow himself to be distracted by war from the pursuits of peace. For a man so young, and with cares so various, his achievements in literature and statesmanship are extraordinary. He compiled a code of laws, rebuilt schools and monasteries, surrounded himself with the distinguished scholars of his time, and translated into the speech of his people a number of works which had hitherto been hidden from them in their Latin dress. Among these were the works of Bede, Paulus Orosius's "Epitome of Universal History," the "Consolations of Philosophy" of Boethius, and, as has been already noticed, Gregory's "Dialogues." Having done so much, and so well, it presently came to be believed that there was nothing he could not do, and almost nothing that he had not done; he became the hero of legend. These anecdotes show the ideal man of the period; shrewd, brave, patient, fertile in expedients, equal to any fortune, however high or low; endowed with a quiet sense of humor, and always meeting or surpassing expectation in whatever crisis he might encounter. And though some of the anecdotes themselves may be apocryphal, it is likely that such a man as this Alfred really was.

Edward, surnamed the Elder, Alfred's son, succeeded him, and enlarged the kingdom; but his reign is not asssociated with any literary advance. Under the next king, Athelstan, Anlaf or Olaf of Ireland and Constantine of Scotland were leagued to overthrow him, but were themselves defeated at the battle of Brunanburh in Northumbria; and a ballad describing this victory is found in the Saxon Chronicle. This Chronicle is a relation of the principal events of the times, begun probably under Alfred, and continued for about three hundred years. It is the earliest history of any Teutonic people in its own language.

Another battle celebrated in contemporary verse is that of Maldon, in which Brihtnoth, an eaoldorman of the East Saxons, fell fighting against the Norwegians. This was in the year 991.

It will be seen that the literature before the Conquest is small in amount; but it is of high value. When the Normans had established themselves in the country, the manuscripts of the Anglo-Saxons were preserved only in the monasteries; and, the native language being repressed, they soon ceased to be regarded. In 1534 Henry VIII. quarreled with the pope, and severed the tie between the Roman church and English state. In his hot zeal against Catholicism, he dissolved the monasteries, and most of their archives were destroyed. A few books were saved by Matthew Parker, then a chaplain of the Court, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury; and others were collected still later by Sir Robert Bruce

Cotton (1571–1631), an ardent antiquarian, founder of the Cottonian Library, now in the British Museum.

The Anglo-Saxons had the custom, which has not died out in our time, of celebrating all events and sealing compacts with strong drink. To these ceremonial revels, in court, mead-hall or green, flocked the scöps or bards, inspired "shapers," who sang death-songs, epics, and the exploits of heroes. Anglo-Saxon verse was formed of two half-lines, each having four or more syllables and two accents; three accented syllables of every pair of half-lines were alliterated with the same letter, and thus the two were made into one long line with four accents. This arrangement is well exemplified in a translation by Prof. Henry Morley:

"One shall *h*andle the *h*arp | at the feast of his *h*ero
Sit and *w*in *w*ealth | from the *w*ill of his lord;
Still *q*uickly *c*ontriving | the throb of the *ch*ords,
The *n*ail *n*imbly makes music | awakes a glad *n*oise,
While the *h*eart of the *h*arper | throbs, *h*urried by zeal."

The Anglo-Saxon genius is not romantic or florid; it deals sparingly in figures of speech and flights of rhetoric; though its tropes, when they do appear, are strong and memorable, as when the sea is termed "the whale-road," or a ship, "wave-traverser." But earnestness is always its leading characteristic, and, under Christianity, a strong religious sentiment. Generally speaking, they eschewed fancy, and in their poetry depended less on national legends than on ethics, religion and meditative themes. In these respects it is in contrast with the most of the contemporary verse of the Continent. They were a shrewd, serious, sensible people, and their literature reflects them.

WIDSITH, OR THE TRAVELER'S SONG.

In Exeter Cathedral is preserved one of the early Anglo-Saxon songs, revealing the character and the way of life of the old Teutonic minstrels. The manuscript was the gift of Bishop Leofric, about 1061, but the poem itself is of earlier date. Indeed, the English version is probably but a recast of a poem composed before the Saxon migration. Widsith means "Far Away," referring to the travels of the poet. He describes himself as born among the Myrgings, north of the Elbe; in his youth he visited the court of Hermanric, a warrior king of the Goths in the fourth century. The Exeter manuscript, however, contains a list of monarchs down to beyond the year 520. There is incidental mention of the Angles and Saxons, and the names of chiefs and tribes of remote countries are recited. He relates how mighty princes rewarded his songs, and how he in turn stimulates them with promises of fame.

Thus I traveled through strange lands and learnt
Of good and evil in the spacious world;
Parted from home-friends and dear kindred, far
The ways I followed. Therefore I can sing
And tell a tale, recount in the Mead Hall
How men of high race gave rich gifts to me.
I was with Huns and Hreth Goths, with the Swedes,
And Getás, and with the South Danes. I have seen
The Wenlas and the Wærnas, and have been
With the Vikings. And also I have been
Among the Gefthas and the Winedas,
And Gefflegas; with Angles, and with Swæfs,
And Ænenas; with Saxons and with Sycgs,
With Swordmen, with the Hrons, and with the Deans;
With Heathoreams and with Thuringians,
With Throwends, with Burgundians; there I had
A circlet given to me by Guthhere,
A welcome treasure for reward of song.
That was no tardy king! With Franks I was,
And Frisians, and Frumtings, with the Rugs,
And with the Gloms, and with the Rúmwealhs;
So was I with Albuin in Italy;
He of all men was readiest of hand
In shaping praise, most liberal of heart
In sharing rings, bright collars, Eádwin's son.

. . . . . . And I was
With Eormanric, and all the while the king
Of Goths was good to me. Chief in his burgh,
A collar of six hundred sceats of gold
Counted in coin he gave me—beaten gold—
Which I, home coming, in requital gave
To Eádgil, my protector and my friend;
For he, Prince of the Myrgings, gave to me
The land I hold, my father's heritage.
Then Eálhhild, Eádwin's daughter, noble queen,
Gave me another. Over many lands
I have prolonged her praise, when my task was
To say in song where under Heaven I knew
The gold-wreathed Queen most happy in her gifts.

When I and Skilling for our conquering lord
With clear voice raised the song loud to the harp,
The sound was music; many a stately man,
Who well knew what was right, then said in words
That never had they heard a happier song.

. . . .

So have I ever found in journeying
That he is to the dwellers in a land
The dearest, to whom God gives, while he lives
Here upon earth, to hold rule over men.
Thus wandering, they who shape songs for men
Pass over many lands, and tell their need,
And speak their thanks, and ever, south or north,
Meet some one skilled in songs and free in gifts,
Who would be raised among his friends to fame
And do brave deeds till light and life are gone.
He who has thus wrought himself praise shall have
A settled glory underneath the stars.

BEOWULF.

THIS remarkable epic poem, long buried in manuscript in England, was first published by the Danish scholar Thorkelin in 1815, and was translated into Danish by Dr. Grundtvig in 1820. In 1833 J. M. Kemble issued the first English edition of *Beowulf*. Since that time there has been a large number of editions and interpretations in German and English. The poem appears fairly to belong to Denmark; it contains no mention of England, and hardly anything Christian; in its original form, therefore, it probably antedated the Anglo-Saxon settlement in Britain. Though the scene of Beowulf is as distinctly laid in Denmark as that of Hamlet, some critics have found in England places from which the description of the scenery might have been taken.

The outline of the poem is as follows: After a pedigree of Danish kings, in which the name Beowulf occurs, King Hrothgar is declared to have built a grand mead-hall, called Heorot. Here his warriors gather to enjoy festivity until their noise rouses a gigantic invulnerable fiend, Grendel, whose home is in a marshy lake not far off. The fiend, issuing by night, approaches the hall, seizes one of the men asleep on benches, and carries him off to be devoured. From time to time for twelve years the fiend thus rages until the mead-hall is deserted, and its fate is made known far and near in songs. Then another Beowulf, of Gothic descent, kinsman of Hygelac, King of Sweden, sailed from that country with fourteen warriors to help the distressed king. The Danish guards at first challenged them as pirates, but King Hrothgar gave friendly welcome, and learning Beowulf's errand, resigned to him charge of the hall. The fiend Grendel, renewing the attack, seizes one of Beowulf's men, yet loses an arm in that hero's mighty grasp. Next day the festivity is renewed, but at night Grendel's mother, the Eheswulf, rushes in and carries off Æschere, Hrothgar's dearest thane. The king urges Beowulf to attack the monsters in their dreadful haunts. The hero, donning his armor, plunges into the gloomy, blood-stained stream, and encounters Grendel's mother at the bottom of the lake. A desperate fight ensues, but Beowulf destroys both monsters and discovers rich treasure in a cave. Neglecting this, he carries off as trophies the heads of the fiends, and swimming through a sea of blood, reaches the land, where his friends await him. In the mead-hall he relates his exploits to Hrothgar, who rewards him magnificently, while the gleeman celebrates his deeds in a new song. The warriors renew their revelry, shouting "Heorot is ransomed." When morning came, Beowulf and his followers resolved to return home. The Danish king gave them a splendidly-equipped vessel, and Beowulf presents Hrothgar with a jeweled sword.

Fifty years later Beowulf has another adventure. A dragon, guardian of a hidden treasure, ravages his country and burns his palace. The king sets out with a few comrades to meet it. Believing that he will fall in the conflict, he rehearses his past life. Then he advances against the dragon, whose scaly hide his sword cannot penetrate, and whose fiery breath consumes the shield of his comrade Wiglaf. Beowulf's sword is broken and the dragon seizes him, but Wiglaf stabs it, and then Beowulf cuts it in two. Wiglaf brings out the treasure, and receives the king's last commands. Beowulf dies, and the poem closes with his funeral.

Beowulf's Fight with the Fiend.

Then from the moor, under the shroud of mist,
Came Grendel striding. Wrath of God he bare.
Scather of men, he thought in the high hall
To snare one of man's race. Shrouded he went
Till he saw clearly the gold-hall of men,
The wine-house, gay with cups; nor then first sought
The home of Hrothgar. But in his life-days
Never before or since a bolder man
He found, or hall-thanes. Journeying to the house
Came then the man divided from all joys;
Quickly he rushed upon the door made fast
With bands fire-hardened; with his hands broke through,
For he was swollen with rage, the house's mouth.
Then soon upon the many-colored floor
The foe trod; on he went with ireful mood,
Came from his eyes a fierce light likest fire.
He saw within the hall a kindred band
Of many men asleep, a company
Of comrades, all together; then he laughed:
For the dire monster thought before day came
To part life from the body of each one.
Hope of a glut of food had grown in him,
Yet it was not his fate that he should eat
After that night more of the race of men.
Hygelac's strong kinsman saw how the foul foe
Would make his sudden grasps; nor meant the wretch
Delay, for at the first he swiftly seized
A sleeper, slit him unaware, bit through
His bone-case, from his veins drank blood, and soon,
Swallowing in large lumps, had eaten all
The dead man, feet and hands. Then nearer, forth
He stepped, laid hands on the stout-hearted chief
Upon his couch. But he against the foe
Stretched out a hand, soon knew his foul intent,
And fastened on his arm. Herdsman of mischiefs,
Soon he found that on earth in all its parts

A stronger hand-grip never had he felt.
Fearful in mind and soul, he sought escape,
But not for that came he the sooner thence.
He to his lurking-place would fly, would seek
The wild throng of the devils; his life-days
Had known before no tug so sharp as this.
Then Hygelac's good kinsman bore in mind
His evening speech, stood upright, grasped him hard;
His fingers burst, and free the eoten [fiend] was.
The earl advanced more. The bold champion thought
Whether he might not so get room to escape,
Fly to his fen pool, but his fingers' strength,
In the fierce grip, he knew. The harmful spoiler
Found that his path to Heorot led to grief.
The great hall thundered, for all Danes who dwelt
There fortified, for all the brave men, earls,
The ale was spilt; that the wine-hall withstood,
The fair house of the world, the shock of war,
That it fell not in ruin, was great wonder.
But it was strengthened against that with bands,
Within, without, of iron, cunning work
Of smiths. There many a mead-bench, gold-adorned,
Was tilted from its sill, as I've heard tell;
Old counsellors of the Scyldings never thought
That any man in hate and slaughter stained
Could break it or unclose it by his craft,
But only by the hot embrace of fire.

Uprose a cry, new, urgent; a dire fear
Fell on the North Danes, on each one of those
Who from the wall heard the wild whoop, the chant
Of horror sung by God's antagonist,
Song of no victory, the thrall of hell
Wailing in pain; too tightly he was held
By him then strongest of all living men.
The help of earls would not for anything
Let go that deadly guest while living, thought
His life-days of no use to any man.
Then many an earl of Beowulf's drew his sword,
His ancient heritage, and would defend,
If so he might, the prince's life. They knew not,
These eager sons of battle, when they joined

The strife, and sought to hew on every side,
To seek his soul, that no sword upon earth,
Choicest of blades, could touch the wicked fiend.
But he all martial weapons had forsworn,
Every edged blade. And he was wretchedly
On that day of this life of men to die,
His ghost far journeying to serve the fiends.
Then he who erst against the race of man
In mirthful mood had wrought out many crimes,
He was God's foe, found that his body failed
To serve him, because Hygela's bold kinsman
Had him in hand. The other's life to each
Was hateful; the fell wretch endured sore pain,
A wide wound on his shoulder could be seen;
The sinews snapped, the bone enclosures burst,
Glory of battle was to Beowulf given;
To his fen shades, death-struck, must Grendel flee,
Seek a sad home, well knowing that life's end
Was come, the number of his days was past.

So he who had come from afar fulfilled
In deadly fight the will of all the Danes;
Wise and stout-hearted, had cleansed Hrothgar's hall,
Saved it from malice. Glad in his night's work,
His fame for strength, the chieftain of the Goths
Had served the Danes according to his boast,
Healing the deep-set griefs they had endured,
No slight affliction, borne through hardest need.
Clear was the token of this, when the stout chief
Laid down hand, arm, and shoulder, there was all
The grip of Grendel under that great roof.

THE SEAFARER.

The "Seafarer," another song found in the Exeter book, is probably of Christian origin, and hence later than the "Traveler's Song." It is one of the many allegories of human life. Here man's soul is represented as leaving its earthly abode to cross the seas in quest of a heavenly home. Prof. Henry Morley gives the following modernized version, preserving much of the original alliteration and metrical form.

I may sing of myself now a song that is true,
Can tell of wide travel, the toil of hard days;

How oft through long seasons I suffered and strove,
Abiding within my breast bitterest care;
How I sailed among sorrows in many a sea;
The wild rise of the waves, the close watch of the night
At the dark prow in danger of dashing on rock,
Folded in by the frost, my feet bound by the cold
In chill bands, in the breast the heart burning with care.
The soul of the sea-weary hunger assailed.
Knows not he who finds happiest home upon earth
How I lived through long winter in labor and care,
On the icy-cold ocean, an exile from joy,
Cut off from dear kindred, encompassed with ice.
Hail flew in hard showers, and nothing I heard
But the wrath of the waters, the icy-cold way;
At times the swan's song; in the scream of the gannet
I sought for my joy, in the moan of the sea-whelp
For laughter of men, in the song of the sea-mew
For drinking of mead. Starlings answered the storm
Beating stones on the cliff, icy-feathered, and often
The eagle would shriek, wet of wing.
Not one home-friend could feel with the desolate soul;
For he little believes to whom life's joy belongs
In the town, lightly troubled with dangerous tracks,
Vain with high spirit and wanton with wine,
How often I wearily held my sea-way.

The night shadows darkened, it snowed from the north;
The rime bound the rocks; the hail rolled upon earth
Coldest of corn: therefore now is high heaving
In thoughts of my heart, that my lot is, to learn
The wide joy of waters, the whirl of salt spray.
Often desire drives my soul to depart,
That the home of the strangers far hence I may seek.

. . . .

Let us look to the home where in truth we can live,
And then let us be thinking how thither to come;
For then we too shall toil that our travel may reach
To delight never ending, when life is made free
In the love of the Lord, in the height of the heavens!
May we thank the All-Holy who gave us this grace,—
The Wielder of glory, the Lord everlasting,—
In time without end! Amen.

CÆDMON.

At Whitby, in Yorkshire, a famous abbey was founded in 657 A.D., by Hilda, a lady of the royal family and a convert from Paganism. Her memory was so precious to her countrymen that, though the abbey was dedicated to St. Peter, it was popularly called St. Hilda's. Here was held in 664 the synod in which the North British Christians, who had been instructed by the Culdees, or Celtic missionaries, accepted the Roman time of celebrating Easter. Here also, in Hilda's lifetime, arose a poet who attempted to diffuse among the people a knowledge of Scripture history by means of Anglo-Saxon verse. The historian Bede, some fifty years later, thus sketched his career:

"Cædmon was a brother in her monastery, specially distinguished by divine grace, for he used to make songs apt to religion and piety; so that, whatever he learnt through interpreters of Holy Writ, this he, after a little while, composed in poetical words, and, with the utmost sweetness and feeling, would produce in his own English tongue. By his songs often the minds of many were made to glow with contempt of earthly and desire for heavenly things. He was a layman until of mature age, and had never learnt any poem. Sometimes, therefore, at a feast when, for the sake of pleasure, all should sing in their turn, he, seeing the harp coming near him, rose from the table and went home. Once, having left the house of festivity, he went out to the stables of the beasts, care of which on that night was entrusted to him, and there, when at the usual hour he had yielded to sleep, one stood by him, saluting him and calling him by name: 'Cædmon, sing me something.' 'I cannot sing,' said he, 'I have come hither out of the feast because I could not sing.' Again spoke the other, 'But you shall sing to me.' 'What ought I to sing?' said he, and the other answered, 'Sing the origin of creatures.' Having received this answer he immediately began to sing to the praise of God the Creator verses meaning thus:

"'Now ought we to praise the Author of the heavenly kingdom, the power of the Creator and His counsel, the deeds of the Father of glory. How He, being the eternal God, became the author of all marvels; the Almighty Guardian, who created for the sons of men first heaven for their roof, and then the earth.'

"Cædmon, awakening, remembered some of the lines, and made others similar. These he related to the steward, and by him was led to the abbess who ordered him to tell his dream, and repeat his poem. A portion of sacred history was read to him, and he was directed to put it in verse. This he did by the next day, and the abbess then advised him to become a monk. Having done so, he was taught the sacred history, and by remembering and ruminating, like a clean animal, he turned it into sweetest verse, making his teachers in turn his hearers."

Such is Bede's account of this Saxon Christian poet, and the fragments ascribed to him correspond in the main with this description of his work. Many critics consider that the works of two or more authors have been brought together under his name. The first part, *Genesis*, departs further from the Biblical narrative, and is more sublime than the later parts. In its story of the fall of Satan from heaven it anticipates Milton's Paradise Lost. This idea is found, however, in other authors and is traced to Pope Gregory the Great in his exposition of Isaiah XIV. 12–15. A closer parallel is found in a Latin poem on sacred history by Avitus, bishop of Vienne in Gaul, A.D. 500. The sublimity and poetic merit of Cædmon, even as translator, cannot be gainsaid. In some passages his grand simplicity is superior to the elaborate ingenuity of Milton. The whole subject has been carefully discussed by S. Humphreys Gurteen in his work, The Epic of the Fall of Man.

EVE.

THE Heavenly Guardian then saw Adam lone,
And friend or comforter was by him none:
Therefore for him, in this his lonely state,
The Lord a woman made—a fair helpmate.
Softly he slept, and fast he lay at rest,
No soreness wist, nor any suffering guessed;
Nor whilst the Lord of Angels from his side
A jointed rib took out to form his bride,
Did any blood the place with crimson stain—
Ere Adam woke the wound was healed again.
In their glad hearts no sinful passions move—
Their bosoms glow with pure and ardent love;
With youth and beauty clad, they shone so fair,
Well might they with th' angel host compare.

The Lord Himself the pair with joy surveyed,
And while He blest, these were the words He said:—
"Teem now and multiply; fill with your happy kin
The all-green earth; your reign forthwith begin;
To you the salt sea-waves shall service owe,
And all creation shall in reverence bow.
To you be subject all the hornéd band,
And the wild beasts submit to your command—
All living things that seek on earth their prey,
And all that swim along the huge whales' way—
These all shall you with humble fear obey."
—*Modernized by* R. T. GASKIN.

SATAN, THE ANGEL OF PRESUMPTION.

THE Almighty had disposed ten Angel tribes,
The Holy Father by his strength of hand,
That they whom He well trusted should serve Him
And work His will. For that the holy God
Gave intellect, and shaped them with His hands.
In happiness He placed them, and to one
He added prevalence and might of thought,
Sway over much, next highest to Himself
In Heaven's realm. Him He had wrought so bright
That pure as starlight was in heaven the form
Which God, the Lord of hosts, had given him.
Praise to the Lord His work, and cherishing
Of heavenly joy and thankfulness to God
For his share of that gift of light, which then
Had long been his. But he perverted it,
Against Heaven's highest Lord he lifted war,
Against the Most High in his sanctuary.
Dear was he to our Lord, but was not hid
From him that in his Angel pride arose.
He raised himself against his Maker, sought
Speech full of hate and bold, presuming boast.
Refused God suit, said that his own form beamed
With radiance of light, shone bright of hue,
And in his mind he found not service due
To the Lord God, for to himself he seemed
In force and skill greater than all God's host.
Much spake the Angel of Presumption, thought

Through his own craft to make a stronger throne
Higher in Heaven. His mind urged him, he said,
That north and south he should begin to work,
Found buildings; said he questioned whether he
Would serve God. "Wherefore," he said, "shall I toil?
No need have I of master. I can work
With my own hands great marvels, and have power
To build a throne more worthy of a God
Higher in Heaven. Why shall I for His smile
Serve Him, bend to Him thus in vassalage?
I may be God as He.
Stand by me, strong supporters firm in strife.
Hard-mooded heroes, famous warriors,
Have chosen me for chief; one may take thought
With such for counsel, and with such secure
Large following. My friends in earnest they,
Faithful in all the shaping of their minds;
I am their master and may rule this realm.
Therefore it seems not right that I should cringe
To God for any good, and I will be
No more His servant."

When the Almighty heard
With how great pride His Angel raised himself
Against his Lord, foolishly spake high words
Against the Supreme Father, he that deed
Must expiate, and in the work of strife
Receive his portion, take for punishment
Utmost perdition. So doth every man
Who sets himself in battle against God,
In sinful strife against the Lord Most High.
Then was the Mighty wroth, Heaven's highest Lord
Cast him from his high seat, for he had brought
His Master's hate on him. His favor lost,
The Good was angered against him, and he
Must therefore seek the depth of Hell's fierce pains;
He strove against Heaven's highest Lord,
Who shook him from his favor, cast him down
To the deep dales of Hell, where he became
Devil. The fiend with all his comrades fell
From Heaven, Angels, for three nights and days,
From Heaven to Hell, where the Lord changed them all

To Devils, because they his Deed and Word
Refused to worship. Therefore in worse light
Under the earth beneath, Almighty God
Had placed them triumphless in the swart Hell.
There evening, immeasurably long,
Brings to each fiend renewal of the fire;
Then comes, at dawn, the east wind keen with frost
Its dart, or fire continual, torment sharp,
The punishment wrought for them they must bear.
Their world was changed, and those first times filled Hell
With the Deniers. Still the Angels held,
They who fulfilled God's pleasure, Heaven's heights·
Those others, hostile, who such strife had raised
Against their Lord, lie in the fire, bear pangs,
Fierce burning heat in midst of Hell, broad flames,
Fire and therewith also the bitter reek
Of smoke and darkness; for they paid no heed
To service of their God; their wantonness
Of Angel's pride deceived them, who refused
To worship the Almighty Word. Their pain
Was great, then were they fallen to the depth
Of fire in the hot hell for their loose thought
And pride unmeasured, sought another land
That was without light, and was full of flame,
Terror immense of fire. Then the fiends felt
That they unnumbered pains had in return,
Through might of God, for their great violence,
But most for pride. Then spoke the haughty king,
Once brightest among Angels, in the heavens
Whitest, and to his Master dear, beloved
Of God, until they lightly went astray,
And for that madness the Almighty God
Was wroth with him and into ruin cast
Him down to his new bed, and shaped him then
A name, said that the highest should be called
Satan thenceforth, and o'er Hell's swart abyss
Bade him have rule, and strife with God avoid.

JUDITH.

It is related in the Apocrypha that Bethulia, a city of Judea, was closely besieged by Holofernes, a captain of the host of Nebuchadnezzar. To avert its threatened doom, the patriotic maiden Judith ventured into the enemy's camp, hoping to beguile the general with her beauty, and thus secure an opportunity to slay him. Such blending of treachery and daring devotion had special attraction for war-loving barbarians half redeemed from Paganism. This sacred legend was the theme of a spirited Anglo-Saxon poem which has been attributed to Cædmon, as having certain characteristics of style found in his other works. It varies in several features from the original story, adapting it to Anglo-Saxon hearers. All that remains formed probably a fourth of the whole. The fragment was found in the same manuscript with "Beowulf." The following extract is from Prof. Henry Morley's modernized version.

She doubted not the glorious Maker's gifts
In this wide earth; from the great Lord to find
Ready protection when she needed most
Grace from the highest Judge; that He, whose power
Is over all beginnings, with His peace
Would strengthen her against the highest terror.
Therefore the Heavenly Father, bright of mood,
Gave her her wish, because she ever had
Firm faith in the Almighty.
Then heard I Holofernes bade prepare
Wine quickly, with all wonders gloriously
Prepare a feast, to which the chief of men
Bade all his foremost thanes, and with great haste,
Shield-warriors obeyed, came journeying
To the rich lord, the leader of the people.
That was the fourth day after Judith, shrewd
Of thought, with elfin beauty, sought him first.

Then Holofernes, the gold friend of man,
Joyed in the pouring out, laughed, talked aloud,
Roared and uproared, that men from far might hear
How the stern-minded stormed and yelled in mirth,
Much bidding the bench-sitters bear their part
Well in the feasting. So the wicked one
Through the day drenched his followers with wine,

The haughty gift-lord, till they lay in swoon;
His nobles all o'er drenched as they were struck
To death, and every good poured out of them.
So bade the lord of men serve those in hall
Till the dark night drew near the sons of men.
Then they brought quickly to his place of rest
The woman wise of wit; went rugged men
To make known to their lord that there was brought
The holy woman to his bower tent.
Then was the famed one blithe of mood, the chief
Of cities thought the bright maid to defile
With filth and stain, but that the glorious Judge
Would not allow, who kept the flock of fame;
The Lord, who guides the good, stayed him in that.
Then went the devilish one, with crowd of men,
Baleful, to seek his bed, where he should lose
His prosperous life, at once, within a night;
There had he to await his end, on earth
A bitter one, such as he in old time
Wrought for himself, while he, bold chief of men,
Dwelt on this earth under the roof of clouds.
So drunken then with wine the king fell down
In the midst of his bed, that counsel he knew none
Within the chamber of his thought.

Then she of braided locks, the Maker's maid,
Took a sharp sword, hard from the grinding, drew it
With strong palm from the sheath, and then by name
Began to name Heaven's Warden, Saviour
Of all who dwell on earth, and spake these words:
"God, first Creator, Spirit of Comfort, Son
Of the Almighty, glorious Trinity,
I will pray for Thy mercy upon me
Who need it. Strongly is my heart now stirred,
Distressed the mind sorely disturbed with care:
Give to me, Lord of Heaven, victory
And true belief, that with this sword I may
Hew at this giver of death. Grant me success,
Strong Lord of men, never had I more need
Of Thy compassion; now, O mighty Lord,
Bright-minded Giver of renown, avenge
What stirs my mood to anger, mind to hate."

He then, the highest Judge, encouraged her
At once with strength. So doth He to each one
Of those here dwelling who seek Him for help
With reason and with true belief. Her mood
Then became unoppressed and renovate
With holy hope; she took the heathen then
Fast by his hair, and drew him with her hands
Shamefully towards her, and laid with skill
The hateful man where she most easily
Might have the wicked one within her power.
She, braided-locked, then struck the scather-foe
With glittering sword, him in whose thought was hate,
That she cut half his neck through, and he lay
In swoon, drunk, with a death wound, but not yet
Was dead, his soul all fled; the woman then,
Famous for strength, with vigor struck again
The heathen dog, so that his head went forth
Upon the floor. Then the foul carcase lay
Empty behind, while the soul went elsewere
Under the abyss, and there it was condemned,
Tied down to torment ever after, wound
About with serpents, fixed to punishment,
Chained in hell's burning after it went hence.

Great glory Judith then had gained in strife,
As God, the Lord of Heaven, granted her,
Who gave her victory. The clear-witted maid
Then quickly brought the leader's bleeding head
Into the bag that her attendant maid,
A pale-faced woman, trained to noble ways,
Had carried thither with the food of both,
And Judith, thoughtful-minded, gave it then,
So gory, to her maid to carry home.
Then both the women went directly thence
Bold in their strength, exulting in success,
Out from that host, till they might clearly see
The glittering walls of fair Bethulia.

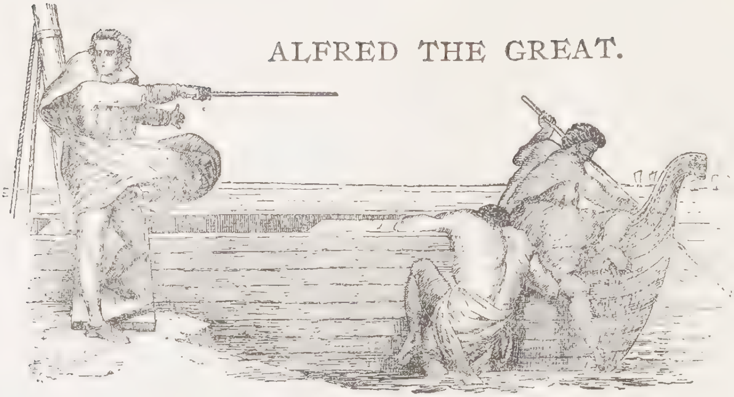
CYNEWULF.

In 1823 there was discovered in a monastery at Vercelli, in northern Italy, a manuscript of Anglo-Saxon poetry. The last and longest poem, *Elene*, related the legend of the finding of the true Cross by Helena, the mother of Constantine. In the closing verses the poet had curiously inserted his own name in runes, the early alphabetic characters of northern Europe. These runes were read in 1840 by Jacob Grimm and J. M. Kemble, working independently. The name Cynewulf, thus found, was discovered similarly in two poems of the Exeter Book, one on the Coming of Christ, the other relating the legend of St. Juliana. Smaller poems in these books, including ninety riddles, have been attributed to this poet, previously unknown. The following passage is the end of the poem on the Coming of Christ.

Now it is likest to that as if on liquid flood
Over cold water in keels we went forward
Through the vast sea with ocean-horses,
Ferried the floating wood. Frightful that stream is
Of waves unmeasured, that here we toss upon,
Over a deep passage. It was strong effort,
Ere we to land had reached hardly,
Over the rough swell. Then help to us came,
So that us into safety to the port guided
God's heavenly Son; and He gave us the gift
That we may espy over the ship's side
Where we shall fasten the steeds of the sea,
Old mares of the water, with anchors fast.
Let us in that port our confidence plant,
Which for us laid open the Lord of the skies,
Holy on high, where He to heaven ascended.

Here also is his Call to Christ:

Come now, thou Lord of Victory, Creator of Mankind,
  Make manifest Thy tenderness in mercy to us here!
Need is there for us all in Thee Thy Mother's kin to find,
  Though to Thy Father's mystery we cannot yet come near.
Christ, Saviour, by thy coming bless this earth of ours with love;
  The golden gates, so long fast barred, do Thou, O Heavenly King,
Bid now unclose, that humbly Thou, descending from above,
  Seek us on earth, for we have need of blessing Thou canst bring.



ALFRED THE GREAT.

THE surname "Great" was first bestowed on Alfred in the sixteenth century; by his contemporaries he was called in such affectionate titles as "England's Darling," "England's Comfort," "England's Shepherd." Born 849, he twice visited Rome, was anointed by the pope, fought beside the king his brother against the Danes, and was himself crowned in 871. The Danes occupied all his attention till by his exertions as warrior in the field and statesman in the cabinet he finally subdued them. The rival English factions were meanwhile united by their common cause against the invaders.

Alfred was a fighter, an administrator, a scholar, and a good man. His main service to literature consisted in rendering into the vernacular, and adding to, the useful books of the time, "so that," as he said, "all the youth of England, more especially those who are of gentle kind and at ease in their circumstances, may be grounded in letters; for they can profit in no pursuit until they are well able to read English." He himself kept school in his Court for the sons of his nobles. In his translations, which were in fact free paraphrases, he was helped by Werferth, Bishop of Worcester, Plegmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop Asser, of Wales, and the priests John and Grimbald from Saxony and St. Omer. His own knowledge of Latin was acquired late in life; but he knew the popular traditions and urged the teaching of them to the younger generation. It is told of him that he was wont to sing the old folk-songs in the homes of the people, accompanying himself on the harp.

He translated the History of Orosius, a Spanish priest of the fifth century; condensing the seven books into six and interpolating new matter. This consists in the narratives of two Scandinavian voyagers, taken down by him from their own lips. He followed this by a rendering of Bede's History, which became under his hands the first English history of the English people. Next came the translation of the "Consolations of Philosophy" of the Roman scholar Boethius, written in prison in the fifth century. It was the last work of genius of old Rome, and marks the transition from Paganism to Christianity. Alfred occasionally substitutes his own conclusions for those of the Roman philosopher.

In his version of Gregory's "Pastoral Care," presented by Alfred to Bishop Werferth, he gives his reasons for undertaking the translation in these words:

DEOS BOC SCEAL TO WIOGORACEASTRE.

ÆLFRED kyning gretan Wœrferth biscep his wordum luflice and freondlice: and the cythan hate thaet me com swithe oft on gemynd, hwelce wiotan in woeran gyond Angelcynn, ægthe ge godcundra hada ge woruldcundra; and hu gesaeliglica tida tha woeron giond Angelcynn, and hu tha kyningas the thone onwald haefdon thaes folces on them dagum Gode and his ærendwrecum hersumedon; etc.

(Translation:—THIS BOOK SHALL (GO) TO WORCESTER.—Alfred, King, commandeth to greet Werferth, bishop, with his words in loving and friendly wise; and I would have you informed that it has often come into my remembrance what wise men there formerly were among the Angle race, both of the sacred orders and the secular, and how happy times those were throughout the Angle race; and how the kings who had government of the folk in those days obeyed God and his messengers.—(*Here the above passage ends; we continue:*)

—And they on the one hand maintained their peace and their customs and their authority within their borders, while at the same time they spread their territory outwards; and how it then went well with them both in war and in wisdom; and likewise the sacred orders, how earnest they were, as well about teaching as about learning, and about all the services they owed God; and how people from abroad came to this land for wisdom and instruction, and how we should now have to get them from abroad if we were going to have them. So clean was it fallen away in the Angle race that there were very few on this side Humber who would know how to render their services in English, or so much as translate an epistle out of Latin into English; I ween that not many would be on the other side Humber. So few of them were there that I cannot think of so much as a single one south of Thames when I took to the realm. God Almighty be thanked that we have now any teachers in office.

Alfred's Code of Laws gives him legislative as well as literary honor. And to him England owes it that, alone among nations, she possesses a history of her own people in their own tongue from the beginning of their national existence. He lived but fifty-two years, and in his arduous life there could have been small room for leisure. In one of his note-books occurs this passage:—"Desirest thou peace? But thou shalt never get it without sorrows, both from strange folk, and yet keener from thine own kin.—Hardship and sorrow! Not a king but would fain lack them; but I know he cannot." Again, before his death in 901, he wrote,—"So long as I have lived I have striven to live worthily. I desire to leave to the men who come after me a remembrance of me in good works." The historian Freeman says of him, "No other man on record has ever so thoroughly united all the virtues both of ruler and private man."

The Peace of Wedmore.

(This Treaty between Alfred and Guthrum the Dane, in 878, may in a sense be considered the starting-point of English History.)

This is the peace that King Alfred and King Guthrum and the counselors of all the Anglecynn (English nation) and all the people that are in East Anglia have all decreed and with oaths confirmed for themselves and for their children, both for the born and for the unborn, all who value God's favor or ours.

Cap. I.—First about our Land-boundaries.—Up the Thames, then up the Lea, and along the Lea to her source, then straight to Bedford, then up the Ouse to Watling Street.

Cap. II.—Then there is this:—if a man be slain we reckon all of equal value, the Englishman and the Dane, at eight half-marks of pure gold, except the churl who dwells on gravel land, and the Danish leisings, those also are equally dear, either at 200 shillings.

Cap. III.—And if a king's thane be charged with killing a man, if he dare to clear himself, let him do it before twelve kings' thanes. If the accused man be of less degree than the king's thane, let him clear himself with eleven of his equals and one king's thane. And so in every suit that may be of more than four mancuses. [A mancus was 150 cents.] And if he dare not, let him pay threefold, according as it may be valued.

CAP. IV.—And that every man may know his warrantor for men and for horses and for oxen.

CAP. V.—And we all said on that day when the oaths were sworn, that neither bond nor free should be at liberty to go to the host [the Danish camp] without leave, nor of them any one, by the same rule, to us. If, however, it happen that for business any one of them desires to have dealings with us or we with them, about cattle and about goods, that is to be granted on this wise, that hostages be given for a pledge of peace, and for evidence whereby it may be known that the party has a clean back [meaning a back unladen with stolen goods].

ALFRED'S PREFACE TO GREGORY'S DIALOGUES.

I, ALFRED, by the grace of Christ dignified with the honor of royalty, have distinctly understood, and through the reading of holy books have often heard, that from us to whom God hath given so much eminence of worldly distinction, it is specially required that we from time to time should subdue and bend our minds to the divine and spiritual Law, in the midst of this earthly anxiety; and I accordingly sought and requested of my trusty friends they should transcribe for me out of pious books about the conversation and miracles of holy men the instruction that hereafter followeth; so that I, being strengthened in my mind through the admonition and love, may now and then contemplate heavenly things in the midst of earthly troubles. Now we can plainly hear how the blessed and apostolic man, St. Gregory, spake to his deacon, whose name was Peter, about the manners and life of holy men for instruction and for example to all who are working the will of God.

THE NUN AND THE LETTUCE.

(From Gregory's Dialogues.)

A NUN walking in the convent garden took a fancy to eat a leaf of lettuce, and she ate, without first making the sign of the cross over it. Presently she was found to be possessed with an evil spirit. The abbot was called and questioned the fiend. But the fiend protested that what had happened was not his fault. He said, "I was harmlessly sitting on a lettuce, and then came she and ate me."

St. Benedict's Vision.

(From Gregory's Dialogues.)

It happened that there came to visit the venerable Benedict, as his custom was, Servandus, the deacon and abbot of the monastery that Liberius the patrician had built in South Lombardy. Indeed, he used to visit Benedict's monastery frequently that in each other's company they might be mutually refreshed with the sweet words of life and the delectable food of the heavenly country, which they could not as yet with perfect bliss enjoy, but did at least in aspiration taste it, insomuch that the said Servandus was likewise abounding in the lore of the heavenly grace. When at length the time was come for their rest and repose, the venerable Benedict was lodged in the upper floor of a tower, and Servandus, the deacon, rested on the lower floor of the same tower. There was a solid staircase with plain steps from the nether floor to the upper floor. There was also in front of the tower a spacious house in which slept the disciples of them both.

When now Benedict, the man of God, was keeping the time of his nightly prayer during his brethren's rest, then stood he all vigilant at a window praying to the Almighty Lord. Then suddenly in that time of nightly stillness, as he looked out, he saw a light sent from on high disperse all the darkness of the night, and shine with a brightness so great that the light which then gleamed in the midst of the darkness was brighter than the light of day. Lo, then in this sight a wonderful thing followed next, as he himself afterwards related;—that even all the world, as if placed under one ray of the sun, was displayed before his eyes. When now the venerable father had fastened his attention on the brightness of that shining light, he saw angels conveying in a fiery group into heaven the soul of Germanus, who was bishop of the city of Capua. He desired then to secure to himself a witness of so great a wonder, and called Servandus the deacon twice and thrice, and repeatedly named his name with loud exclamation. Servandus was disturbed at the unusual outcry of the honored man, and he mounted the stairs and looked as directed, and saw verily a small portion of that light. As the deacon was then amazed for so great a wonder, the man of God related to him in order the things that there had happened; and forthwith he sent orders to the faithful man Theoprobus in Casinum, the chief house, that he in the same night should send a man to the city of Capua, and should ascertain and report to him what had happened about Germanus the bishop. Then it came to pass that he who was sent thither found that the venerable Bishop Germanus had indeed died; and carefully inquiring, he found that his departure was at that very time that the man of God had witnessed his ascent to Heaven.

THE SAXON CHRONICLE.

One of the chief authorities for the early history of England is the Saxon Chronicle, a record written by various authors, who commenced this work by the order of King Alfred. Copies were prepared for the principal monasteries, and seven of these have been preserved, varying in several respects. The history extends from Cæsar's invasion to the year 855 in the earliest copy, and to the year 1154 in the latest. In some places the prose narrative gives way to verse, as in the account of the battle of Brunanburh. The following passage is the modest relation of the critical turn in the fortunes of Alfred.

A.D. 878.—This year, during midwinter, after Twelfth night, the [Danish] army stole away to Chippenham, and overran the land of the West Saxons and sat there; and many of the people they drove beyond sea, and of the remainder the greater part they subdued and forced to obey them, except King Alfred; and he, with a small band, with difficulty retreated to the woods and to the fastnesses of the moors. And the same winter the brother of Hingwar and of Halfdene came with twenty-three ships to Devonshire in Wessex; and he was there slain, and with him eight hundred and forty men of his army; and there was taken the war-flag which they called the Raven. After this, at Easter, King Alfred, with a small band, constructed a fortress at Athelney; and from this fortress, with that part of the men of Somerset which was nearest to it, from time to time they fought against the army. Then, in the seventh week after Easter, he rode to Brixton, on the east side of Selwood; and there came to meet him all the men of Somerset, and the men of Wiltshire, and that portion of the men of Hampshire which was on this side of the sea; and they were joyful at his presence. On the following day he went from that station to Iglea [Iley], and on the day after this to Heddington, and there fought against the whole army, put them to flight, and pursued them as far as their fortress; and there he sat down fourteen days. And then the army delivered to him hostages, with many oaths, that they would leave his kingdom, and also promised him that their king should receive baptism; and this they accordingly fulfilled. And about three weeks after this King Guthrum came to him, with some thirty men, who were of the most distinguished in the army, at Aller, which is near Athelney; and the king was his god-father at baptism, and his chrism-loosing was at Wedmore: and he was twelve days with the king; and he greatly honored him and his companions with gifts.

THE BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH.

THIS account of the battle of Brunanburh, A.D. 937, is modernized from one of the poetical passages of the Saxon Chronicle by Lord Tennyson. The Anglo-Saxon King Athelstan had driven Anlaf or Olaf the Red from possession of his father Sitric's Danish kingdom of Northumbria. Olaf took refuge in his Irish kingdom, and returned thence with 615 vessels into the Humber. He was aided by his father-in-law Constantine II., of Scotland, by Owen, king of Strathclyde, and some British princes. But these allies were completely defeated at Brunanburh, and the victory was celebrated in this spirited ballad.

Athelstan King, Lord among Earls,
Bracelet-bestower and Baron of Barons,
He with his brother, Edmund Atheling,
Gaining a lifelong glory in battle,
Slew with the sword-edge, there by Brunanburh,
Brake the shield-wall, hew'd the linden-wood,
Hack'd the battle-shield,
Sons of Edward with hammer'd brands.

Theirs was a greatness got from their Grandsires—
Theirs that so often in strife with their enemies
Struck for their hoards and their hearths and their homes.

Bow'd the spoiler, bent the Scotsman,
Fell the ship-crews doom'd to the death.
All the field with blood of the fighters
Flow'd, from when first the great sun-star of morning-tide,
Lamp of the Lord God, Lord everlasting,
Glode over earth till the glorious creature
Sunk to his setting.

There lay many a man marr'd by the javelin,
Men of the Northland shot over shield.
There was the Scotsman weary of war.

We, the West Saxons, long as the daylight
Lasted, in companies
Troubled the track of the host that we hated,
Grimly with swords that were sharp from the grindstone,
Fiercely we hack'd at the flyers before us.

Mighty the Mercian, hard was his hand-play,
Sparing not any of those that with Anlaf,
Warriors over the weltering waters
Borne in the bark's-bosom, drew to this island,
Doom'd to the death.

Five young kings put asleep by the sword-stroke,
Seven strong Earls of the army of Anlaf
Fell on the war-field, numberless numbers,
Shipmen and Scotsmen.

Then the Norse leader, dire was his need of it,
Few were his following, fled to his war-ships:
Fleeted his vessel to sea with the king in it,
Saving his life on the fallow flood.

Also the crafty one, Constantinus,
Crept to his north again, hoar-headed hero!
Slender reason had he to be proud of
The welcome of war-knives—he that was reft of his
Folk and his friends that had fallen in conflict,
Leaving his son too, lost in the carnage,
Mangled to morsels, a youngster in war!

Slender reason had he to be glad of
The clash of the war-glaive—
Traitor and trickster and spurner of treaties—
He nor had Anlaf with armies so broken
A reason for bragging that they had the better
In perils of battle on places of slaughter—
The struggle of standards, the rush of the javelins,
The crash of the chargers, the wielding of weapons—
The play that they play'd with the children of Edward.

Then with their nail'd prows parted the Norsemen, a
Blood-redden'd relic of javelins, over

The jarring breaker, the deep-sea billow,
Shaping their way toward Dyefin again,
Shamed in their souls.

Also the brethren, king and Atheling,
Each in his glory,
Went to his own in his own West-Saxonland,
Glad of the war.

Many a carcass they left to be carrion,
Many a livid one, many a sallow-skin—
Left for the white-tail'd eagle to tear it, and
Left for the horny-nibb'd raven to rend it, and
Gave to the garbaging war-hawk to gorge it, and
That gray beast, the wolf of the weald.

Never had huger slaughter of heroes
Slain by the sword-edge—such as old writers
Have writ of in histories—hapt in this isle, since
Up from the East hither Saxon and Angle from
Over the broad billow broke into Britain with
Haughty war-workers who harried the Welshmen, when
Earls that were lured by the hunger of glory gat
Hold of the land.

THE DEATH OF BRIHTNOTH.

ONE of the finest fragments of old English literature is the ballad on the battle of Maldon, fought A.D. 991. It is considered by most critics to have been written immediately after the battle. The historian Freeman declares that it "ranks among the noblest efforts of Teutonic poetry." Though the original manuscript is now lost, a copy was published by the antiquarian, Thomas Hearne, in 1726. According to the Chronicle of Ely, Brihtnoth (or Byrhtnoth) was a Northumbrian earl or ealdorman, brave, wise and pious, who having once defeated the Vikings at Maldon in Essex, was called to repel them when they returned. Olaf, their leader, being unable to force the wooden bridge guarded by Wulfstan, marched further up to a ford. There Brihtnoth, with too generous chivalry, allowed him to cross without molestation. Then followed the fierce conflict in which Brihtnoth fell, while some of his associates fled. Yet others, as the poet goes on to relate, fought to revenge their lord's death. The lamented Brihtnoth was buried at the Abbey of Ely, but his bones were removed in the eighteenth century to the Cathedral, where a tablet records his benefactions to the Church, and a window bears his effigy. The following poetical rendering of the ballad is by H. W. Lumsden.

The herald of the Vikings stood beside the river shore,
And the sea-rover's haughty words before the Earl he bore:
"From seamen bold I come: they bid that thou shalt straightway send
Treasure for ransom: better 'twill be for you in the end
To buy with gifts our onslaught off than with us war to hold;
No need to fight if ye agree—we'll make a peace for gold:
If so thou orderest it, who here among the rest are chief,
That thou wilt set thy people free, then bid for their relief,
That they shall to the seamen give as seamen shall decree,
Treasure for peace: then take ye peace, and we will put to sea
With booty-laden ships, and peace henceforth between us be!"
Then Brihtnoth lifted up his voice—his shield he brandished high,
And shook his slender ashen shaft—and thus he made reply:
Wrathful and resolute he spake: "O thou sea-robber, hear
What saith this folk! To you they give no tribute but the spear,
The venomed point, the old keen edge, and all the battle-gear
That works no good for you in fight! Go, seamen's herald, say
This message of yet deeper hate: that here, an Earl I stay
Undaunted, with my men to guard the kingdom, folk and land
Of Æthelred my lord. In war the heathen shall not stand!
That ye should with our spoil go hence unfought, since thus ye came
So far into this land of ours, too great meseems the shame:
Nor think ye to win gold with ease—rather shall grim war play,
And sword and spear our compact make ere we will tribute pay!"
With that he bade his men go forth: their bucklers then they bore
Till at the landing-place they stood, beside the river shore.
Neither could reach the other there, between them flowed the tide;
For after all the flood rolled up, it filled the channel wide.
And till their spears together clashed too long the time did seem
To Vikings and East Saxon ranks arrayed by Panta's stream,
For neither could the other hurt, save by the arrow's flight,
Till ebb of tide. Then ready there and burning for the fight
The Vikings stood, the seamen host. But Wulfstan—warrior old,
The son of Ceola—with his kin by Brihtnoth sent to hold
The bridge against them, with the lance the foremost Viking slew,

Who stepped foolhardy on the bridge. With Wulfstan heroes two,
Ælphere and Maccus, firmly stood, no passage would they yield,
But bravely fought against the foe while they could weapons wield.
Now when the hated strangers saw the bridge-wards there so stout,
They changed their ground, and to the ford they led their forces out.
Then for the heathen host the Earl made way, and over-bold
Men heard the son of Brihthelm shout across the waters cold:
"Lo! here is room for you! Come on, come, warriors, to the fray!
God only knows which of us twain shall hold the field to-day."
Then onward came the wolves of war, they recked not of the flood:
Westward o'er Panta's gleaming waves they bore their shields and stood
Upon the bank. There 'gainst their foes were Brihtnoth's men arrayed,
And at his word they held their ground, and buckler wall they made.
Now drew the time of glorious deeds, the tide of battle, nigh;
And now the fatal hour was come when death-doomed men must die!
Now loud uprose the battle-cry, and greedy for their prey,
The ravens wheeled, the eagles screamed. On earth was noise of fray!
From hand was hurled the sharp-filed spear, the whetted arrow flew,
The bow was busy, shield met spear, and fierce the combat grew.
On either side brave soldiers fell. There Brihtnoth's kinsman died,
Wulfmær, his sister's son, all hewn with sword-wounds deep and wide.
But to the Vikings recompense was fully paid: I know
That Eadward smote one with his sword, nor did the stroke forego
Till at his feet the doomed foe lay. For this his lord gave thanks
To his bower-thane in season due. Thus stoutly in the ranks
The warriors fought with weapons sharp, and each one strove to be
The first whose spear might reach the life of death-doomed enemy.
On earth was slaughter! Firm they stood; and Brihtnoth's words of flame
Stirred every heart to bide the brunt and win a glorious name.
Forth went the hero old in war, he raised his sheltering shield
And shook his spear, and onward went into the battle-field.
Thus of one mind went earl and churl—alike their fell intent.

A southern lance the warrior's lord now pierced, by Viking sent;
But with his shield he thrust at it, the shaft to splinters broke
And bent the head till out it sprang: then fierce his wrath awoke,
And at the foe who dealt the wound he hurled his deadly spear.
Skilled was the leader of the host—he sent the javelin sheer
Through the youth's neck: his guiding hand the Viking sought to slay;
And then another swift he shot, through corselet it made way,
And in the heart through rings of mail the venomed lance-head stood.
The blither was the Earl for that—he laughed, the bold of mood,
And for the day's work rendered thanks that God to him had given.
But from a warrior's clenched hand a dart was fiercely driven:
Too sure it went, and pierced the noble thane of Æthelred.
Beside him stood a beardless youth—a boy in battle dread—
Young Wulfmær, son of Wulfstan: he swift from the hero drew
The bloody dart and hurled it back: the hardened spear-head flew,
And on the earth the Viking lay who thus had reached his lord.
Then rushed a warrior armed to seize the goodly graven sword,
Bracelets and corselet of the Earl, but Brihtnoth drew his blade,
Brown-edged and broad, and fierce the strokes he on his corselet laid.
Too soon another smote his arm and hindered him. Then rolled
On earth the yellow-hilted sword, nor longer could he hold
Keen blade, nor weapon wield; but still the grey-haired leader bade
His men keep heart and onward press, good comrades undismayed.
No longer could he stand upright, his eyes to heaven he bent:
"Ruler of nations! I give thanks for all that Thou hast lent
Of joys in this world. Now have I, gracious Lord! most need
That Thou show favor to my soul, that it to Thee may speed,
And to Thy kingdom, Lord of Angels! pass in peace. I pray
That hell-foes do me no despite." They hewed him as he lay—
The heathen dogs!—and two with him, Ælfnoth and Wulfmær; there
Beside their lord they gave their lives. . . . .
Thus fell the leader of the host, the Earl of Æthelred,
And all his hearth-companions saw that there their lord lay dead.
But hotly thither came proud thanes and dauntless men drew nigh:
One thing alone they all desired—to take revenge or die!

LAYAMON'S BRUT.

For more than a century after the Norman Conquest there was no evidence of Anglo-Saxon literature. Driven from court, it was concealed in scattered monasteries and villages. Gleemen and story-tellers may have entertained the country folk on holidays and at village ales, but no fresh songs or tales were written. The only manuscripts of the period were in Latin for the church and in Norman-French for the court. But about 1200 A.D., Layamon, a village priest on the banks of the Severn near Wales, rehearsed in the speech of the people the story of Britain, as he gathered it from a few books in English, French, and Latin. His poem, called "Brut," is an Anglo-Saxon expression of the French "*Roman de Brut*," versified by the Norman Wace about 1155. It was drawn from the Latin History of Geoffrey of Monmouth, who introduced much romance into his account of Britain. Layamon's poem, containing altogether 56,000 lines in the Old English alliterative verse, is remarkably free from admixture of Latin or French words. It has the simple, straightforward style of Cædmon and Beowulf, and was evidently adapted to the entertainment of the common people. It mingles in a curious arbitrary way stories derived from Roman poetry, history, and mythology, with others as purely unhistorical relating to Britain. Among these are not only the legends of King Arthur and Merlin, but also the outlines of the stories of Cymbeline and Lear, which have been immortalized by Shakespeare. A thoroughly patriotic spirit pervades the whole. It renewed among the people the traditions of their ancient glory and gave fresh spirit to those who were recovering from the effect of the Conquest. From Prof. H. Morley's outline of the story, the following further abridgment of the tale of Brutus till his arrival in Britain is made.

The Story of Brutus.

Ascanius, the son of Eneas, was king of Alba Longa in Italy. He had a son named Silvius, who secretly loved Lavine's niece; and when the lady was with child, Ascanius called all who knew songs of magic art, the Devil was among them, to tell what that was. And they found by their sorrowful spells that it was a son, who should slay both his father and his mother, and be through their death driven from the land. And his mother died through him in his birth, but the child lived, and was named Brutus, throve, and loved virtue. When fifteen years old, he went to the wood with his father. They found a herd of harts. The father drove them towards his son; Brutus set on his arrow, he thought to shoot the tall deer, but hit his own father through the breast. Woe was Brutus therefore! Woe was it to live when his father was dead!

When his kindred heard that he had slain his father, they banished him from the land, and he went sorrowful to Greece, where he found his kindred of the Troy folk, but they were all slaves. The men were become numerous; the women had thriven; the cattle were abundant. Brutus had been but a little while in the land when he became dear to all; for he was a man most good to please the people; bountiful, which is great honour; beloved by all who looked on him. They gave him gifts and greeted him courteously; they said to him secretly that if he were bold and durst do it, he would lead them out of slavery to freedom, and he should be their duke. Brutus was made Duke, war was prepared, and a letter was sent by Brutus to Pandrasus, the Greek king, telling him that he had seven thousand men in castles, and in the mountains many thousands, who would rather live on roots like swine of the forest than endure more slavery, and that they prayed him in friendship to set them free. The king raised a great army, but Brutus, disposing his men in a forest pass, smote the king's army, so that many fell by sword and spear; many were drowned in the river Achalon. Then the king's brother, Antigonus, marched against Brutus, was defeated and taken prisoner. The king besieged the castle of Sparatin, in which were six hundred Trojan knights; Brutus, dividing his army, crept by stealth on the king's camp; and when he was at the door of the king's tent, he leaped from his horse and blew a loud blast on his horn. The Trojans heard that and advanced; they awakened the Greeks with their terrible slaughter. Heads flew on the field. The fated fell; many lost a hand, many a foot, worse hap. Brutus with his knights captured the king. All whole and sound, loudly he called, "I have the king of this folk! Strike down his people. Let none escape alive to the woods, and I will lead this king with myself." So Brutus took all and delivered

Sparatin. On the morrow they buried the slain and divided the spoil.

Then it was agreed that the Trojans should depart over the seas to a country pleasant to them, where they would make Brutus king. They righted their ropes, they reared their masts, they wound up sails, the wind stood at their will; sixteen times twenty ships went from the haven, and four great ships that were full laden with the best weapons that Brutus had.

First they landed at the island of Leogice, that had been ravaged by outlaws, and bereft of inhabitants. There the men killed as many wild deer as they would, and found a ruined castle with a temple made of marble stone, lofty and spacious, "the Worse had it to wield." Therein was an image of woman's form, fair and very noble, called by her heathen name Diana. The Devil loved her. She worked wondercraft with the Fiend's help. She was queen of all the woods that were on earth. Brutus took his twelve wisest men and a priest, bare a gold vessel of wine mixed with the milk of a hind shot by his own hand, lighted a fire on the altar, and went nine times around it. He entreated the beloved lady, often kissed the altar, poured milk on the fire, with mild words, "Lady Diana! loved Diana! high Diana, help in need. Teach me, counsel me by thy wise craft, whither to lead my people to a winsome land, where they may dwell. And if I may get the land and my people spread over it, I will make a spacious dwelling in thy name, and honor thee with high worship." Thus spake Brutus, and he took the hide of the hind, spread it before the altar, kneeled, lay down on it and slept. Then it seemed to him in a dream that his lady, Diana, beheld him lovingly, and courteously laid her hand upon his head, and said, "Beyond France thou shalt find in the West a winsome land that is surrounded by the sea. Thereon thou shalt prosper. There is fowl, there is fish; there dwell fair deer. There is wood, there is water, there is much wilderness. The land is most winsome. Springs there are fair. Giants most strong dwell in the land. Albion is the land's name, but men there are none. Thereto shalt thou go, and a new Troy there make; there shall arise of thy kin royal progeny, and over all lands shall their fame be high." Brutus when he awoke promised the lady in that land a temple and an image of red gold.

So they sailed on, and, escaping at the pillars of Hercules the siren snares of the mermaids, saw Spain, and there landing, found a four-fold host of their own kindred, who had been led thither by Atenor [Antenor], after the fall of Troy. After Atenor was dead, Corineus, strong as a giant, was their duke, and he it was who gave Brutus the kiss of welcome. When Brutus told whither he was bound, Corineus said, "And I will go with thee, with my good folk, and have part with thee; and hold thee for chief and obey thee for lord."

So they came by Armorica, and anchored in the Loire for seven nights and a day, and sent over the land and viewed the people. Goffar, King of Poitou, fought them and was defeated. Then Goffar fled out of his kingdom to the Emperor and his twelve companions, who were kings of France. While Brutus was harrying Armorica, they gathered forces, and presently they besieged Brutus in a strong castle that he had built. In a sally made by Brutus, a strong knight, and relation of his, named Turnus, was so furious in fight that, when he was killed, from him the castle was named Tours, and the whole land Touraine.

The French were beaten, Brutus blew his horn, assembled his forces, and they held council together, and resolved to march to the sea. So they went to their ships with treasure of Goffar and of the Frenchmen dead in fight, and voyaged till they came to land at Dartmouth, by Totnes. Then had Brutus the gift Diana promised him, and his men made mirth and were thankful. They found in the land twenty giants and their chief lord, hight Geomagog, who was the most powerful. He was God's enemy: the Worse loved him. The arrows of the Trojans at first drove these fiends into the caverns. But one day, when Brutus and all his folk were blithe, there came twenty tall giants descending from the hills, mighty and strong; great trees were their clubs, and in a little time they slew five hundred. Then the Trojan men turned on them with arrows and slew all but Geomagog, who was taken alive, and brought before Brutus, to wrestle with Corineus.*

"Brutus sat as judge upon a down, the folk came together upon a sea-cliff. Forth came Corineus, and advanced himself, and the giant also, that all beheld it. There was many a man, there was many a woman, there was mickle folk at the wrestling. They yoked their arms and made themselves ready; breast against breast—bones they cracked. They thrust out their shanks, the heroes were strong; they rammed their heads together, the people beheld. Oft they fell down, as they would lie; oft they leaped up, as they would fly. Loathly glances they flashed with their eyes. Their gnashing of teeth was as the wild boar's rage. Awhile they were black and loathly swollen; awhile they were red and highly enraged. Either of them willed to conquer the other with wiles, with stratagems, and with wondrous strength. Geomagog bethought what he might do, and thrust Corineus from off his breast, then drew him back and broke him by the back four of his ribs, evilly he marred him; but he no whit minded that. It wanted little that Corineus was not overcome. Nevertheless he bethought him what he might do; he took Geomagog to heart and stretched out his arms and hugged him so that his back broke, grasped him by the girdle, and grimly heaved him up. The rock was most high where on the cliff they fought. Corineus felled him, and hurled him with strength down the rock, so that his bones clave asunder, so the fiend broke all to pieces ere he came to the ground, and thus went the mighty wretch to hell. Now and evermore is the cliff known to each people as Geomagog's leap."

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* The following paragraph is translated literally.

Then the Trojans spread over the land, tilled it, built towns. It had been named Albion; they called it as the land of Brutus, Britain; and the Trojan men after their lord called themselves Britons. Brutus gave Corineus, his dear warrior, one part of the land. The lord was called Corineus and the land Corine. Afterwards, through the people who were in the land they called it Cornwall, through their foolish custom. Their own Trojan speech they called British, but Englishmen changed its name after Gurmund came into this land. Gurmund drove out the Britons, and his folk were named Saxons from one end of Alemaine, that was named Angles, and of Angles come Englishmen, and they called it England. The English overcame the Britons. Brutus had Britain, and Corineus Cornwall. The people increased and throve, and the fair land was dear to Brutus.

KING ARTHUR'S DREAM.

TO-NIGHT in my sleep where I lay in bower (chamber), I dreamt a dream; therefore am I full sorry. I dreamt that men raised me upon a hall. The hall I did bestride, as if I would ride; all the land that I owned I there over-saw. And Walwain sat before me; my sword he bare in hand. Then came Modred there with unnumbered folk. He bare in his hand a strong axe. He began to strike hardily and thoroughly hewed all the posts that held up the hall. There I saw Wenhever (Guinever, the

Queen) of women loveliest to me: all the great hall roof with her hands she drew down. The hall began to tumble, and I fell to the ground, so that my right arm broke. Then said Modred, Take that! Adown fell the hall and Walwain also fell, and lay on the earth; both his arms broke. I grasped my dear sword with my left hand, and smote off Modred's head, that it rolled on the field; and the queen I cut all to pieces with my dear sword, and then I set her down in a black pit. And all my great people set to flight, that I wist not under Christ where they were gone. But myself I found to stand upon a wold, and then I wandered wide over the moors. There I saw gripes (griffons) and grisly birds. Then came a golden lion to glide over the down, a beast very handsome that our Lord made. The lion ran forward to me, and took me by the middle, and began to move herself forth and went to the sea. And I saw the waves in the sea drive; and the lion went in the flood with myself. When we came into the sea, the waves took her from me. A fish came there to glide and brought me to land. Then was I all wet and weary from sorrow and sick. When I awoke and began to quake greatly; then began I to tremble as if I burned with fire. And so I had all night of my dream much thought, for I wot to certainty my bliss is all gone; throughout my life sorrow I must endure. Welaway! alas! that I have not here Wenhever, my queen!

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE early history of the Germans is chaotic. The struggles of the tribes, first with the Romans, and afterwards with one another; the continual inflowing of the barbaric tide from the east, and its eddies and currents to and fro in the great basin of Europe; its reckless ignorance, and its savage instinct to destroy all monuments of art and culture; its vast, blind, irresistible, irresponsible force, as of something natural and God-driven—all remind the spectator of the irruption of a flood into some hitherto protected region, swirling, expunging, submerging, aimlessly tossing upon its muddy waves the flotsam and jetsam of all that had been precious and beautiful; roaring, and deepening, and self-conflicting, till all the world seems turning into a wanton and meaningless welter of barren and windy surges. But at length, the waters find their boundaries, the shores assume permanence and character, the turbid flood becomes a lake, clear and calm, harmonious with the landscape and lending it a new beauty. It sparkles in the sunshine, and glimmers beneath the moon, and heaven is reflected in it. All that had been threatening, hostile and terrible has become friendly, civilizing and beneficent.

The obscurity of the first ages after Rome is hardly worth penetrating, were the means of doing it available. The end of the old order, and the beginning of the new, are never fair to contemplate. Goths and Vandals, Franks and Huns, Gauls and Saxons, trampling on the corpse of murdered antiquity, grappled fiercely at one another's throats; they knew not where they were, nor wherefore they had come; the past was dark, the future blank; was the undefined impulse which had brought them thus far to urge them further yet? But from the outer borders of invasion rumor ran that the ocean had been reached, and that the mysterious migration had found its bourne. Here must the roaming myriads find their home.

For centuries there was not, nor could there be, any literature or cultivated arts. There was no harmony in the life, and the mind could mirror none. The strong must master the weak, and settle rivalries between each other; the weak must find subsistence, or perish. The confused rabble of paganism and superstition must endure the strange light of Christianity, and resolve itself accordingly. The constitutional incompatibility between the Latin and the Teutonic genius must have time to adjust itself, whether chemically or mechanically. An infant civilization, unlike any preceding one, must be born, and space and season for it to get on its legs and walk must be accorded. All the old ideals must be changed for new; the voice of the old oracles must yield to counsels till now unimagined. It is no marvel that for six hundred years after the Roman Empire fell, no literary monument—with two or three notable exceptions—arose amidst the waste to witness of the survival of the constructive and creative faculty in human nature. Not until the twelfth century did any sustained literary movement begin among the Germanic nations.

But the oases in this desert are worth recording. The difficulties which beset Bishop Ulfilas (or Wulfilas), when in the middle of the fourth century he undertook the translation of the Bible into Gothic, were similar to those experienced by our own Apostle Eliot, when he set out to do a like service for the American Indians in 1661. Like Eliot, Ulfilas had to invent a medium in which to write; unlike Eliot, he had almost to create a language to be written. One advantage over Eliot he had—he was writing for a coming race, while

Eliot wrote for one that was soon to vanish. But the obstacles were stupendous, and the merit of this primitive churchman's achievement cannot be too much honored. In 360 A.D., the Gothic tongue was in an inchoate condition, but Ulfilas, looking about him, found Gothic runes and Greek letters, and from the two made his alphabetic characters. His life had not been an undisturbed one; he had embraced the Arian heresy, and was persecuted and driven hither and thither by the zeal of the orthodox. His parents were Cappadocian Christians; he was consecrated bishop at Antioch in 341, being then thirty years of age, and was assigned to the Arian Visigoths, who lived north of the lower Danube. But after seven years he was expelled from this region, and, with the consent of Constantius, emigrated to Mœsia (now Bulgaria), with his people. It was here, probably, that he accomplished his translation, after years of labor. Meanwhile he attended to the duties of his calling, preaching in Latin, Greek and Gothic. At the age of seventy he traveled to Constantinople to defend the Arian doctrines, and there death overtook him. A more reverend and remarkable figure does not belong to this epoch, and no worthier subject for poetry or romance could be desired. Of his great work, which practically created a language, to speak nothing of its other benefits, most of the Gospels and fragments of the Old Testament survive. The intellectual solitude of the man and of his achievement is strange and impressive. He was the first, and for centuries to come he was the last, to put Gothic words on parchment and gather them in a book. There was no other mind to catch fire from his, and carry on the inspiration. Yet ages after his toil-worn body was dust, his gift to religion and civilization was recognized, and homage done to his faith and genius.

Books, after Ulfilas, there were for a long time none; but the people had their voice, which uttered itself in songs of war and of warriors, sung with applause by minstrels, of which the best were remembered and sung again. The Christian monks, who alone possessed the scribe's art, would not record such unchristian productions, nor would they help to prolong the dying throes of paganism by writing down the remnants of mythology which still circulated from mouth to mouth. But paganism, so far as its scenery and *dramatis personæ* were concerned, was not dying; nor is it in these respects dead to-day. The Gothic imagination needs its giants, dwarfs, kobolds, gnomes, White Women, heroes and heroines, witches and magicians; it engenders them spontaneously, and never relinquishes the legends and traditions in which they are preserved. Substantially the same tales that grown folk told one another twelve hundred years ago in central Europe are told by nurses to children all over the civilized world in these closing years of the century; and yet they remained unwritten for ages upon ages; and, indeed, had probably already survived countless generations of war, defeat, conquest, emigration, and vicissitude of all kinds, ever since the first Aryan adventurers turned their faces westward four thousand years ago. Nothing else has such vitality as these romantic, heroic, mysterious, homely conceptions, handed about among the common people, who can neither read nor write, but feel touched by simple, elemental things, and never forget them. The German folk-lore—Grimm's Fairy Tales—of our era were the religious dogmas of pre-historic Asia, and may be found in the Eddas and Nibelungenlieds of the Dark Ages. They need no scribes to keep them alive; the principle of life is inextinguishable in them.

Precisely what these "ancient barbarous poems" were, we know not; for, although Charlemagne in the ninth century had made a collection of them, this was afterwards lost. One ballad remains from the latter part of the eighth century; this is known as the "Hildebrandslied;" the verse is alliterative, and the subject is the combat between Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand. The copy we have is doubtless a comparatively late version of the original tale, which refers to the period of Dietrich von Bern (it was thus that the Goths pronounced Theodoric of Verona, surnamed The Great). He was born in 454 A.D., and died in 526, and became the hero of all manner of extravagant fables, and the central figure of a cycle of romances. The Hildebrandslied is as rough as the blows of a hammer on the anvil, but it has power and some dramatic quality.

Passing over these questionable ages, we come to that of Charlemagne, the great emperor, who was born at Aachen just before the middle of the eighth century, and died in the same place in 814. His political career need not detain us; he was one of the great figures of history; but his mind had room for the arts as well as for war and statesmanship. He made his court a sort of royal "salon" for men of learning and letters; he established schools all over the empire; he ordered the priests to deliver their sermons in the vernacular. He did his best, as we have seen, to preserve the fragments of the earlier literature. He and his Twelve Peers or Paladins entered into heroic legend, and three hundred years later the various tales were collected, forming a mythical history of Charlemagne's career. There are discrepancies between the stories, and the *dramatis personæ* occasionally vary; but Roland and Oliver, who have become proverbial, maintain their places throughout. But much of this Charlemagne literature belongs to French and Italian rather than to German categories.

The eleventh century is a literary blank. The so-called Suabian Age began with the succession of the Hohenstauffen dynasty in 1138, and ended with the decapitation of the last monarch at Naples, in 1268. This period covers that of all the Crusades but the first and the seventh and last; and the institution of Chivalry attained its apogee during the same era. The Germans and the French became more closely associated than for some centuries past, and influenced each other.

The Suabian Minnesingers—so named because their songs were of love and chivalry—were everywhere renowned, and most of them were men of princely or noble birth. They met at the great courts of monarchs, and vied with each other in their songs, accompanying themselves on the viol. Suabia and Austria were the headquarters of the Minnesingers; the language in which their compositions were delivered was, for the most part, the Suabian dialect. The poetry of Provence was the model for these effusions, but the themes were taken from life, and the treatment was original. They marked the first reaction from the purely narrative and ecclesiastical styles.

In a literary movement so widespread, but few of the partakers could achieve permanent fame. Wolfram von Eschenbach, who lived during the latter part of the twelfth and the first quarter of the thirteenth century, is accounted the greatest epic poet of mediæval Germany. His birth was noble, but his estate poor, and he could neither read nor write. The "Parzival" was the leading court epic of Germany; it was composed between 1205 and 1215, and was based on a poem of Celtic origin by a French trouvère, Chrestien de Troyes (about 1140–1191). Its theme, like that of its successor, "Titurel," was the Quest of the Holy Grail,—the sacred dish which received the blood of the Saviour on the Cross. The conception caught the chivalric and religious imagination of the time, and became enormously popular. The story has several forms; but the central idea is the effort of a chaste and perfect knight to find the San Grail (the Holy Dish). In later writers this mysterious dish was regarded as a chalice, and the term was changed to Sang Real (the Real Blood). The dish or chalice is supposed to have been brought by Joseph of Arimathea (or by angels from Heaven) to Europe, and guarded on a mountain-top; but it was lost, and, because only the pure in thought and deed could approach it, it became the object of the highest knight-errantry. According to Eschenbach, the San Graal, or Grail, was a precious stone, confided to the care of a religious brotherhood, the Chevaliers of the Grail. "Titurel" is a series of songs relating to the same story at an earlier stage; it seems to have been written about 1210. Another epic, "Willehalm," was left incomplete; it was derived from the national poetry of France. Eschenbach was also the author of lyrics, such as the four "Tagelieder" (Day-Songs).

But the chief lyric poet of the age was Walther von der Vogelweide. He too was poor but noble, and lived as a wandering minstrel throughout Germany and the neighboring countries. His poems were of love, of politics and of religion,—to which theme he turned in his declining years. His last song, dated 1227, is in encouragement of the Crusade of Frederic II. His youth was spent at Vienna; he died in Wurzburg.

The Nibelungenlied, as we have seen, is founded upon a group of earlier date; but the unknown author who, in the first half of the thirteenth century, gave it its final form, must be credited with producing the greatest single imaginative work in all German literature. In it are combined the finest elements of history and of myth; while so deeply poetic is the treatment that its power and beauty shine through all impediments of translation. The story is familiar to readers: it turns on the fatal quarrel between two women, Brunhild and Kriemhild, brought about by the act of the hero Siegfried; who after being a party to a well-intentioned piece of deception practiced upon Brunhild, was induced, for the sake of his friend and her husband, Gunther, to get possession of her girdle of strength. This he gave to his wife, Kriemhild; whereupon Brunhild compassed his death through her henchman Hagen, who stabs Siegfried in his one vulnerable point, between the shoulders. To avenge him, Kriemhild marries Etzel (Attila), king of the Huns; in a festival at his court a bloody affray is provoked by her, in which all the chief personages of the drama slay and are slain by one another. An excellent account of this poem has been given by Carlyle; but no criticism can do justice to its charm and power. Its passionate grandeur embodies the highest expression of the Teutonic spirit. It inspired the art of Kaulbach and the music of Wagner, and has brought down to the present daylight the very genius of the sombre Norse. The scene is laid at the old Burgundian court in the fifth century; but the roots from which it grew were probably planted yet further back in the twilight of time.

The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries saw the rise of the poetic corporation called the Meistersingers, of which Hans Sachs is the best remembered representative, and the last handful of whose members declared it solemnly extinct in 1839. They cultivated niceties of form; he among them who committed fewest technical errors received the prize ; but the dearth of poetic inspiration in all of them was not penalized. Their spirit resembled that of the "Realistic" school of our contemporary novelists and versifiers.

The reaction against this ponderous pedantry began early in the shape of humorous and satirical productions, aimed chiefly at church and state. Stricker's "Parson Amis," and the Narrenschiff (Ship of Fools) of Sebastian Brant, in the last years of the fifteenth century, are examples of this style. But the most famous and, in its origin, the earliest of these satires is the Epic of Reynard the Fox, which can be traced back to the tenth century, and received artistic form at the hands of Goethe in 1793. During this period of about nine hundred years the poem never lost its popularity, and was constantly re-appearing in variations of costume, but essentially the same. Flemish, French, High German, Low German, and Latin versions have been written, to say nothing of translations into other tongues. In 1479 a prose tale, Historie van Reynært de Vos, was printed at Gouda in Holland. In fact the idea underlying the composition is a permanent possession of the human mind, in its tendency to picture its follies in the guise of animals. Æsop illustrated it six centuries before Christ, and we may detect its workings in the Hindu and Aryan myths before the time of the Ægean fabulist.

The German Mystery-Plays (of similar origin with those of England) depicted Biblical incidents in a homely dress. In the interval between the Crusades and the Reformation appeared the Mystics, best known through Thomas à Kempis (1380–1471), whose real name was Hammerken, and whose "Imitation of Christ" is still as much read as ever. This school prepared the way for Luther, while the establishment of the national universities, and the invention of printing, for the first time opened the world of learning to the common people.

MUSPILLI.

THIS fragment of an Old High German alliterative poem on the Day of Judgment was found in a monastery at Regensburg, and is now in the Royal Library at Munich. The inscription shows that it was written about 828 A. D. In the poem ideas derived from heathenism are blended with those obtained from Christian sources. Muspel in Scandinavian mythology denotes the final conflagration which will destroy the earth.

When now the great King sends forth His command
For judgment, to which every race of earth
Must come, no child of man can then delay,
For all mankind must join the great assembly.
I have heard wise men say that Antichrist
Will fight then with Elias. The Accursed
Is armed; the battle is begun between them.
Strong are the warriors, and the cause is great.
Elias battles for eternal life,
He seeks to assure the kingdom of the just;
Therefore the Lord of Heaven will give him help.
Antichrist stands by the Old Enemy,
By Satan, who will be his overthrow.
He therefore from the battle-place will fall
Wounded, be this time wholly overcome.
Yet many of the men of God believe
Elias, too, will take hurt in the fight.
When the blood of Elias drips to earth,
The streams will dry, the sea devour itself,
The heavens pass in flames, the moon will fall,
The circle of the earth will be on fire,
No stone remained unshattered on the ground.
  Then there breaks in the Day of Recompense.
It comes to seek the mortal home with fire,
Then may no kin save kin from Muspilli.
Then when the heavenly trumpet rings, and He
Rises who shall be judge of quick and dead,
With Him there rises an uncounted host
Of bold ones that no man can stand against.
He goes to the appointed meeting-place.
Then comes the Days-man looked for from of old.

Then Angels fly across the land, awake
The peoples, call them to the Day of Doom.
Many will rise then from the dust, break free
From the grave's burden, take their life again,
Stand to be judged according to their deeds.
When He who shall be judge of quick and dead
Sits at the Judgment, Angel-squadrons stand
About him, countless circle of the blest,
And those who then have risen to be judged.
There nothing can be hid.
. . . . . Then will be brought forth
The holy cross upon which Christ was nailed.
He shows the wounds that He received as man,
For love to this our race. . . . . .

THE SONG OF HILDEBRAND.

From the period of the Migration of the Nations in the fifth to the ninth centuries but few remnants of poetry survive. The chief are the Anglo-Saxon poem of Beowulf, part of the Low-German song of Hildebrand, and the heroic tales of the Icelandic Edda. These appear all to have been of the same form, having a verse without rhyme, but marked by alliteration and four accents. Its sonorous monotony was fitted to represent the rude heroism of the age. Hildebrand had been the armorer of Theodoric, and had accompanied the latter in his exile to the court of Attila. He met Hadubrand on his return after years of absence.

I have heard say, that Hildebrand and Hadubrand agreed to go on a warlike expedition. These kinsmen made ready their horses, prepared their war-shirts, and girded on their chain-hilted swords.

As they rode to the meeting of heroes, Hildebrand, Herbrand's son (he was one of the wise, and questioned in few words), said to his companion: "If thou wilt tell me who was thy father, and of what people thou art sprung, I will give thee three garments."

"I am a child of the Huns," answered Hadubrand, "and our old people have told me that my father's name was Hildebrand. In former times he came from the East, flying the enmity of Otaker (Odoacer), and put himself with Dietrich (Theodoric) and his bands. He left behind, in the land, a bride in child-bed, and a child without inheritance; and went to the south with Dietrich, where he stood many brunts.

"He was a man without connexions, not a match for Otaker; but he was a good soldier, while he strove under Dietrich, acquired domains, was his people's father, and dear to brave men. I do not believe that he is living."

"My worthy god Irmin* in heaven above," quoth Hildebrand, "do not let me fight with so near a kinsman!" Then he untwisted golden bracelets from his arm, and imperial rings, which his king had given him, saying: "This I give thee, not without good will; I am thy father Hildebrand."

Hadubrand answered: "With willing soul be gifts taken, tit for tat. Thou art not of his age. Craftily thou seekest to deceive me; but I will convict thee out of thine own mouth. Thou art so advanced in years that thou must be older than he. And shipwrecked men told me that he died by the Wendel Sea [the Mediterranean], in the West."

Then Hildebrand answered: "I well see thou hast in thy breast no Lord God, and carest not for His kingdom. Go, now, so God be willing; I would we were parted. Sixty summers have I wandered out of my country, and sometimes I have joined archers, but in no borough did they ever fasten my legs; and now my nearest kinsman would aim his battle-axe at my neck, or I must bind his legs.

"Yet you may now easily, if your valor is up, win the spoils of the dead from one you should venerate, if you have any sense of right. He would be a base Ostrogoth who should refuse thee battle, seeing thou so greatly desirest it. Good commoners, be judges, which it is who flinches in the field, and which it is who ought to have our two coats of mail."

Then they let fly their ashen spears with such force that they stuck in the shields. Then they struck together their stone axes, and uplifted hostilely their white shields, till their loins and bellies quivered.

[Here the fragment of the original ends, but a later writer has concluded the story.]

But the lady Utta rushed in between them: "I know," said she, "the cross of gold which I gave him for his shield; this is my Hildebrand. You, Hadubrand, sheathe your sword; this is your father."

Then she led both champions into her hall, and gave them meat and wine and many embraces.

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* Probably the national hero Hermann, deified.

THE WEISSENBRUNNER PRAYER.

This oldest fragment in the High German dialect was found in the Benedictine monastery at Weissenbrunner, in Bavaria. It belongs to the eighth century.

I sought out and heard among men
  The greatest of wonders.
Earth was not, nor heavens bright.
  There was not hill or tree,
No sun shone, no moon gave light,
  There was not the sea.
There was nothing, so no end,
  Beginning, bounds, were there:
Only God, man's tenderest friend,
  And His angels fair.
Holy God, Almighty God,
  That madest sky and land,
That givest man so many a good,
  Give me to understand
Thy grace, in right belief and will
  In wisdom and in strength,
To fight against the powers of ill,
  And come to Thee at length.

WALTAR STRONG-HAND.

Some German writers of the Middle Ages attempted to preserve the traditions and ballads of their countrymen, by putting them in Latin dress. Among the most successful was the noted mystic Ekkehard, who sang the story of Waltar Strong-hand. This hero was the son of Alpher, king of Aquitania, who was surrendered as hostage to Attila, king of the Huns. Another captive at his court was Hildegund, daughter of Herrick, king of Burgundy; and still another was Hagen, a cousin of Gibich, king of Franconia. The latter's son, Gunther, succeeding to the throne, broke the treaty with Attila, and Hagen escaped. Then Waltar, who had fallen in love with Hildegund, persuaded her to join him in flight from the Huns, when Attila was overcome with wine. When they crossed the Danube, Gunther heard of them, and sought to secure the treasure they were supposed to have. Several knights were sent in pursuit and fought with Waltar, but were slain, one after another. At last the king commanded Hagen, who had been Waltar's dearest friend, to attack him. The following extract relates the last fight.

THE FIGHT OF HAGEN AND WALTARI.

Waltari, taking off his armor, lay
Upon his shield, to rest his weary limbs;
And speaking tender words to Hildegund,
He bade her watch his slumbers as before,
For sore he needed some refreshing sleep.
Thus all the night, the fair and faithful maid
Sat by his side, driving the sleep away
That tried to steal upon her unawares,
By softly singing snatches of old song.
Before the dawn of day Waltari rose,
And telling her to sleep now in her turn,
He paced the ground with calm and even steps,
His lance in hand, prepared for an attack.

And thus the night wore on, and morning came;
With dew bespangling tree and bush and fields.
Then from the corpses with all reverent care
Waltari took the armors, swords and shields,
But left their rich embroidered robes untouched.
This hard-earned booty he securely bound
On four great chargers, the remaining two
He destined for himself and Hildegund.
Yet ere they started, with his falcon eyes,
Waltari reconnoitered all the land;
But seeing nought and hearing also nought
Which roused suspicion, they at length departed;
Hildegund ahead with the new treasure,
Waltari following to protect the rear.

A thousand paces they had hardly gone
When Hildegund, with frightened backward glance,
Beheld two stalwart knights approaching fast,
And, paling with dismay, she cried aloud:
"O dear, my Lord! The end is coming now.
I pray thee fly, and save thy precious life!"
Turning his head, Waltari saw the foe,
But said with tranquil mien: "No man shall say,
Waltari fled whilst he could wield a sword!

Attila's steed thou now must mount again
And save the golden treasure. Yonder wood
Will give thee shelter, whilst I here await
The strangers, as it well becomes a knight."

The maiden tremblingly obeyed his wish,
Whilst he prepared his trusty lance and shield.
From out the distance, Gunther called aloud:
"Now thou no more canst hide behind huge rocks,
I hope the end a different turn will take
From the beginning. Here in open field
Another fortune may attend thy arms!"
Waltari did not deign to answer him,
But turning to stern Hagen, gently said:
"O Hagen, my old friend, what has occurred,
That as an enemy thou com'st to me?
Hast thou forgot the tears which thou didst shed,
When lying in my arms for the last time,
That thus thou treatest me, thy faithful friend?
Indeed, I thought the day that we should meet
Would be a joyous one for thee and me,
And that with open arms and loving words
Thou wouldst accost me. Oh, how oft my heart
Has beat with restless longing, when I thought
Of thee, so far away, yet still my friend.
Hast thou forgotten then our boyish days,
When both did work and strive for one great aim?
Then, when I looked into thine eyes I felt
As if my parents and my home were near,
And so I kept my love and faith for thee.
For this I pray thee to depart in peace,
And as a friendly gift I'll fill thy shield
With gold and jewels even to the brim."

But with fierce frowning brow and angry voice
Sir Hagen to this speech made brief reply:
"Indeed, I think that thou didst break thy faith
When by thy cruel sword my nephew fell.
His life and not thy gold I claim from thee,
And nought will hear of friendship past and gone."

Thus speaking he alighted from his horse
As likewise did Waltari and the king;

And so they stood prepared, the two to one;
Sir Hagen was the first to break the peace,
And with an able hand he threw his spear,
Which hurtled through the air with hissing sound.

But without deigning e'en to turn aside,
Waltari threw before him his good shield,
From which the lance rebounded with such force
As though its point had struck a wall of stone.

Then Gunther threw his spear with good intent,
But with such feeble arm that it fell down,
Scarce having touched the rim of his strong shield.
Their lances being gone, both drew their swords,
And with them laid on many a mighty blow
Which all were parried by Waltari's lance.
At last an evil thought struck Gunther's mind,
And whilst Sir Hagen fiercely onward pressed
He stealthily bent down to seize his lance,
But just as he had grasped the oaken shaft,
Waltari, throwing bold Sir Hagen back,
Quicker than thought set foot upon the spear.

Full of dismay, the king remained aghast,
Not moving hand or foot, so that his life
Was sore endangered, till Sir Hagen sprang
With deerlike swiftness forwards, shielding him.
Trembling he rose and joined again the fight,
That fiercer now than e'er before they waged:
Yet still Waltari stood like some strong rock,
Unmoved and calm amidst the breakers' roar.

At last, to Hagen he address'd these words:
"O hawthorn tree,* thou think'st to weary me
With all this useless fencing; now at last
I mean to wrestle with thee in good truth."
Then hurled his lance with such unerring aim
That part of Hagen's harness was torn off.
And turning suddenly upon the king,
With one astounding cut of his good sword,
He severed his right leg below the thigh.

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* The meaning of Hagen in German.

Half dead, King Gunther fell upon his shield,
But when Waltari lifted up his arm,
To deal the mortal blow, Sir Hagen then,
Seeing the danger, interposed himself.
The blade fell ringing on his well-forged helm
And striking out a shower of flying sparks,
Was shivered into atoms 'gainst the steel.

With angry frown, Waltari threw the hilt
Contemptuously aside, for though of gold,
What could it now avail him? Instantly,
Swift Hagen saw his chance and with his sword
Cut off the hand which to its enemies
Had been so fearful, and so far renowned.
Yet even then, Waltari's noble heart
Thought not of flight, but heedless of his pain,
His left hand grasped the Hunnic scimitar
Which still was left him in this hour of need.
And it avenged him, slashing Hagen's face
And tearing out six teeth and his right eye.

Then both did drop their arms, and thus at last
The bloody fight was ended. Both had shown
Their strength and valor in an equal way,
And now did part with knightly courtesy.

Then sitting side by side, they staunched the blood
With flowers, until Waltari's ringing voice
Had brought fair Hildegund unto their side,
Who with her gentle hands bound up their wounds.
As soon as this was done, Waltari said:
"Now, sweet my love, I pr'ythee go and bring
For each a cup of wine, for verily
I think we have deserved it well to-day.
First give the cup to Hagen, my old friend,
Who, like a loyal vassal to his king,
Has fought full valiantly in his behalf;
Next give it me, and then the king may drink,
Who least has done, and therefore shall be last."
The maiden doing as her lord had bid,
Advanced to Hagen, who, though parched with thirst,
Refused to drink, before Waltari's lips

Had first been moistened by the cooling draught.
And when the pangs of thirst had thus been quenched,
The two, who just before had been dread foes,
Now sat together, holding friendly talk,
And jesting gaily as in days gone by.

"In future thou, my friend," Sir Hagen said,
"Must wear a leathern glove stuffed out with wool,
On thy right arm, to make the world believe
Thou still hast both thy hands at thy command,
And at thy right side thou must wear the sword;
But worse than all, when thou wilt kiss thy bride
With thy left arm must thou embrace her then,—
In fact, all thou wilt do in future life
Must awkward be,—*left-handed*, as they say."

Briskly Waltari to this jest replied:
"Oh, cease thy railing, toothless, one-eyed friend,
For with my left hand here, I yet may kill
The boar and stag, which thou no more wilt eat;
And in my fancy I can see thee look
On friends and foes and all the world askance.
But for the sake of our once youthful days
And ancient friendship, I will counsel thee,
To bid thy nurse make porridge and milk soups
When thou goest home, such as befit thy state
Of toothless incapacity for other food."—

Thus they renewed the friendship of their youth,
And after having rested, laid the king,
Who suffered greatly, on his horse's back,
And he and Hagen rode again to Worms.
While Waltari and gentle Hildegund
Went on their way to Aquitania,
Where they were both received with tears of joy
By his old father, who had long despaired
Of holding in his arms his son again.
The two young lovers presently were wed,
And when his father died, for thirty years
Waltari swayed the sceptre, loved of all.

LAMPRECHT'S ALEXANDER.

LAMPRECHT was a Christian priest who towards the end of the twelfth century sought to supersede the Pagan influence of the old national stories by introducing others from French and classical sources. The heroic career of Alexander the Great, as set forth by late Greek and later Latin writers, had caught the attention of some mediæval students, and had inspired a French poet, Aubrey de Besançon, to celebrate his exploits in the vernacular. This poem secured wide popularity and rivaled the legends of Charlemagne and King Arthur. Alexander is pictured as a mediæval king with his knights setting out on what might be called a crusade against the barbarous East. Lamprecht reveled in Oriental descriptions, as his picture of the Flower-maidens encountered by the conqueror in India testifies.

THE FLOWER-MAIDENS.

WE entered here a shady wood,
Where trees of spreading foliage stood,
And twined their branches so together
As to shut out the sultry weather.
Below, cool fountains bubbled out,
And, winding playfully about,
Moistened the mossy roots, and then
Together flowed into a glen
Beside the pleasant wood, and here
Was spread a lake as crystal clear.

Shining birds, with tuneful throats,
Cheered the forest with their notes;
And on the mossy turf there grew
Large rose-buds, beautiful to view—
Some as white as mountain-snow;
Others had a ruddy glow.
We gazed with wonder there, beholding
Each its fragrant leaves unfolding;
For out of every flower there
Stepped a maiden rosy-fair,
Rosy as evening skies, and bright
In youth and joy as morning light!

Among the forest-trees they played,
And danced together on the glade;

And when these fairy-damsels sang,
Within the wood their carols rang
More tunefully than any bird,
Or instrument we ever heard;
And lulled by their melodious strain
We all forgot our toil and pain:
Our life was like a pleasant stream,
Or like a sweet, enchanting dream;
We longed forever there to stay—
Alas, that joys should pass away!

Our forest-brides, who rose from flowers,
Faded with the fading bowers;
Buds that were so bright in May,
Died when summer passed away;
And, like the flowers that once were bright,
Our fairies faded from our sight:
'Mid withered leaves the breezes sighed,
The crystal fountains all were dried,
The merry birds were dead or banished,
And all our forest pleasures vanished!

THE MINNESINGERS.

The Minnesingers (Love-singers) in Germany correspond to the Troubadours of Southern Europe. They were poets closely attached to the courts of the feudal nobles, and sang in short lyrics of love and war. While the Troubadours, whether in France, Italy or Spain, adopted the Provençal language, with its elaborate forms of verse, the Germans adhered faithfully to their own speech, and produced lyrics in which considerable originality was shown. The tone is nobler and less sentimental, befitting the ideas and traditions of the Teutonic race. This epidemic of courtly poetry prevailed in Germany, as in Southern Europe, from the middle of the eleventh century to the end of the thirteenth. Its greatest exponents were Walther von der Vogelweide and Wolfram von Eschenbach; but there were hundreds of minor fame who were known only by single lyrics. As in the case of the Troubadours, the lives of many Minnesingers were even more interesting and romantic than their songs. In the same age there appeared popular hero-ballads and national epics entirely distinct from the effusions of the courtier-like Minnesingers. The old heroic poetry banished from the mead-halls of kings and barons had taken refuge in the gatherings of the common folk. The minstrels, once the companions of rulers, had been compelled to wander from city to city, and from village to village, entertaining the crowds at fairs and market-places. The Minnesingers, ministering to the entertainment of the ladies of the castle, chose personal themes and treated them in sentimental style.

CONRAD VON KIRCHBERG.

Count Conrad von Kirchberg was a Suabian, who lived in the latter part of the twelfth century. The following is the best of his songs.

May, sweet May, again is come,
May that frees the land from gloom;
Children, children, up and see
All her stores of jollity.
On the laughing hedgerow's side
She hath spread her treasures wide;
She is in the greenwood shade,
Where the nightingale hath made
Every branch and every tree
Ring with her sweet melody;
Hill and dale are May's own treasures.
Youths rejoice! In sportive measures
    Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
    Hail this merry, merry May!

Up, then, children! we will go
Where the blooming roses grow;
In a joyful company
We the bursting flowers will see;
Up, your festal dress prepare!
Where gay hearts are meeting, there
May hath pleasures most inviting,
Heart and sight and ear delighting.
Listen to the birds' sweet song.
Hark, how soft it floats along!

Courtly dames our pleasures share!
Never saw I May so fair;
Therefore dancing will we go.
Youths, rejoice! the flowerets blow!
    Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
    Hail this merry, merry May!

. . . .

Our manly youths,—where are they now?
Bid them up and with us go
To the sporters on the plain;
Bid adieu to care and pain
Now, thou pale and wounded lover!
Thou thy peace shalt soon recover.
Many a laughing lip and eye
Speaks the light heart's gayety;
Lovely flowers around we find,
In the smiling verdure twined,
Richly steeped in May-dew's glowing.
Youths rejoice! the flowers are blowing!
    Sing ye, join the chorus gay!
    Hail this merry, merry May!

Oh, if to my love restored,—
To her, o'er all her sex adored,—
What supreme delight were mine!
How would care her sway resign!
Merrily in the bloom of May
Would I weave a garland gay.
Better than the best is she,
Purer than all purity;
For her spotless self alone
I will praise this changeless one;
Thankful or unthankful, she
Shall my song, my idol be.
    Youths, then join the chorus gay!
    Hail this merry, merry May!

WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

Born about 1160 in Tyrol, and wandering in manhood from the Adriatic to the Baltic, Walther von der Vogelweide was the highest type of the Minnesinger. He was a welcome guest at the courts of emperors, dukes and landgraves, but he preserved a noble independence amid all the vicissitudes of a turbulent time. He acquired not only wide experience of the world, social and political, but a lofty genuine patriotism not limited to a small principality, but embracing the whole German race. In his conception of love this grand poet was true to the nobler ideas of that race. He regarded it not as the fleeting passion of a day or a season, but as the life-long devotion of two hearts to each other. In style he shows the gracefulness of the Troubadour, but he does not sacrifice truth to form or artificial rules. His songs express a natural purity as well as a vehemence of passion. This truthfulness renders them readable when the sweetness of minor poets cloys the taste. He avoids wearisome detail and a multiplicity of figures, but dashes off in a happy phrase a truthful portrait or a memorable incident. The decline of the Minnesingers may be dated from the death of their greatest representative in 1227.

A Lament.

Ah! my best years have fled away,
Like dreams, or like a minstrel's lay;
I see, once more, my native ground,
And wonder as I look around;
For now I see a stranger here,
Where many faces once were dear:
My playmates all are gray and old;
The land itself seems drear and cold:
They've felled the trees on yonder hill;
The river flows beside it still;
But my best years have passed away
As on the sea the drops of spray,
Or like the waves upon the shore—
I say "Alas!" for evermore.

Time, like the earth with flowers bespread
In youthful spring, is dark and dead
When age and cares are coming on,
And friends and pleasures all are gone.

One consolation now remains—
To combat on the holy plains,
Not for riches, nor renown,
But for an everlasting crown;
For absolution, for release
From all my sins; for rest and peace.
May I but tread that sacred shore!
Then will I say "Alas" no more!

To the Ladies of Germany.

This song is supposed to have been written by Walther on his return from an embassy to France in 1201.

Ye should bid me welcome, ladies,
  For my word is now to you,
All that ye have heard before this
  Is but empty vain halloo.
But ye should reward me nobly;
  If my recompense is right,
I can tell you what will please you;
  Help me then with all your might.

I will tell to German maidens
  Such a word that all the more
They shall delight the universe,
  And I will ask slight pay therefor.
What then shall I ask in payment?
  They are all so good, so dear,
That my earnest prayer is lowly:
  Let them give me welcome cheer.

Many lands I've wandered over;
  From their glories I have come.
Ill would sure befall the rover,
  Should I rest afar from home.
What true pleasure could I ever
  Have in foreign court or hall?
What avails me to seek falsehood?
  German truth surpasses all.

From the Elbe west to the Rhineland,
  And back again to Hungary's plain,

These are still of lands the fairest
  That in all the world remain.
Furthermore, I swear by Heaven,
  That in person, mien and grace,
Fairer than all other ladies
  German ladies take their place.

WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH.

Wolfram von Eschenbach holds an honorable place among mediæval poets. He was a knight of Bavaria, and died in 1220, being about sixty years of age. Although the form of his work is marked by the characteristics of his period, there is a tone in his poetry which seems essentially modern. While thoroughly Christian in spirit, he does not yield entirely to the churchly and ascetic ideas then prevalent. He holds stoutly to the primitive ideals of a German warrior. He recognizes the virtues of the heathen, the manliness of sport and war, and the love of adventure. The Arthurian legend had been diffused through Europe, and Wolfram took as his chief hero Parzival, the Christian knight, and for his theme the quest of the Holy Grail. Yet he does not treat this famous mediæval allegory in a mechanical spirit. He dwells upon the development of the perfect knight from the erring man, and shows how his own experience of evil was necessary, as well as early and late instructions, to make him fit for his self-imposed task and its glorious accomplishment. In Titurel he went back to a still earlier period, yet without much change of characters.

The Beloved Lady.

Would I the lofty spirit melt
  Of that proud dame who dwells so high,

Kind Heaven must aid me, or unfelt
By her will be its agony.
Joy in my soul no place can find:
As well might I a suitor be
To thunderbolts, as hope her mind
Will turn in softer mood to me.

Those cheeks are beautiful, are bright
As the red rose with dewdrops graced;
And faultless is the lovely light
Of those dear eyes, that, on me placed,
Pierce to my very heart, and fill
My soul with love's consuming fires,
While passion burns and reigns at will;
So deep the love that fair inspires!

But joy upon her beauteous form
Attends, her hues so bright to shed
O'er those red lips, before whose warm
And beaming smile all care is fled.
She is to me all light and joy;
I faint, I die, before her frown;
Even Venus, lived she yet on earth,
A fairer goddess here must own.

. . . .

While many mourn the vanished light
Of summer, and the sweet sun's face,
I mourn that these, however bright,
No anguish from the soul can chase,
By love inflicted: all around,
Nor song of birds, nor ladies' bloom,
Nor flowers upspringing from the ground,
Can chase or cheer the spirit's gloom.

. . . .

Yet still thine aid, beloved, impart;
Of all thy power, thy love, make trial;
Bid joy revive in this sad heart,
Joy that expires at thy denial:
Well may I pour my prayer to thee,
Beloved lady, since 't is thine
Alone to send such care on me;
Alone for thee I ceaseless pine.

The Watchman and the Lovers.

I HEARD before the dawn of day
The watchman loud proclaim:
"If any knightly lover stay
In secret with his dame,
Take heed, the sun will soon appear;
Then fly, ye knights, your ladies dear,
Fly ere the daylight dawn!

"Brightly gleams the firmament,
In silvery splendor gay,
Rejoicing that the night is spent,
The lark salutes the day:
Then fly, ye lovers, and be gone!
Take leave, before the night is done,
And jealous eyes appear!"

That watchman's call did wound my heart,
And banished my delight:
"Alas! the envious sun will part
Our loves, my lady bright!"
On me she looked with downcast eye,
Despairing at my mournful cry,
"We tarry here too long!"

Straight to the wicket did she speed:
"Good watchman, spare thy joke!
Warn not my love, till o'er the mead
The morning sun has broke.
Too short, alas! the time, since here
I tarried with my leman dear,
In love and converse sweet."

"Lady, be warned! on roof and mead
The dewdrops glitter gay;
Then quickly bid thy leman speed,
Nor linger till the day;
For by the twilight did I mark
Wolves hasting to their covert dark,
And stags to covert fly."

Now by the rising sun I viewed
 In tears my lady's face:
She gave me many a token good,
 And many a soft embrace.
Our parting bitterly we mourned;
The hearts, which erst with rapture burned,
  Were cold with woe and care.

A ring, with glittering ruby red,
 Gave me that lady sheen,
And with me from the castle sped
 Along the meadow green;
And whilst I saw my leman bright,
She waved on high her 'kerchief white:
  "Courage! To arms!" she cried.

In the raging fight each pennon white
 Reminds me of her love;
In the field of blood, with mournful mood,
 I see her kerchief move;
Through foes I hew, whene'er I view
Her ruby ring, and blithely sing,
  "Lady, I fight for thee!"

PARCIVAL.

PARCIVAL was educated by his widowed mother in profound retirement in the forest. He grew up grave, serious, and high-minded, full of vague desires and aspirations. While roaming pensively in the woods, he saw three knights in bright armor, mounted on spirited horses. A longing for adventure took possession of his soul, and he begged his mother's permission to enter the great world in which his father had been renowned. When she gave a sad consent, Parcival hastened to the court of King Arthur. Here he wins general admiration by his surpassing beauty, courage, skill in feats of arms, and all manly exercises, and perfect knighthood. Hearing that a fair princess is besieged in her castle by rebellious subjects, he hastens to her rescue, overcomes her enemies, and receives her hand as his reward. But a higher destiny awaits him. He soon bids his bride farewell, being filled with desire to inform his mother of his success and happiness. While on his return, some fishermen lead him to a lofty castle. He enters a spacious hall, and finds four hundred knights seated on elegant couches. But on the most splendid he sees a person of kingly aspect, who yet shows signs of grief and suffering. This is King

Anfortas, the guardian of the Holy Grail, and the castle is the temple of that mysterious vessel. Parcival remains in ignorance of the fact, though entrance to this place was indeed the reward of his Christian chivalry.

He gazed awhile! the changes rung!
The gates of steel have open flung
Their portals; two sweet maidens there
  Appear, with veil and flowery wreath,
Binding the tresses long and fair
  Which fall in waving locks beneath.
Two candlesticks of beaten gold
  This lovely pair, all graceful, bear;
If aught could move the king to love,
  Sick as he is, he'd find it there.
It was the Countess Terriprobe,
  And her sweet friend; a girdle bright
Confined the rich and scarlet robe,
  Which floated o'er her form of light!

A second pair then nearer drew;
Of these one was a duchess too.
A tray of ivory pure she bore;
  Her lips were red as summer roses,
Her robe with gems all studded o'er
  A hue deep as her lips discloses;
The virgins bow'd and placed the tray
Before the monarch where he lay.
Four more, with torches, then appear,
  And then four more who bear a stone
Shining with radiance, bright and clear,
  That eye can scarcely gaze upon!
These lovely maids, so young and fair,
Had wreaths of flowers amid their hair;
Their robes, tight bound with jewell'd zone,
Were green as grass, when freshly grown!

. . . .

At length appeared the queen alone,
A light from her sweet features shone,
As when, at the approach of day,
Shines, through the clouds, the sun's bright ray!
Upon a cushion soft and fair
  Of finest silk that Persia wove,

She bore that treasure, rich and rare,
   All earthly joy, or bliss above!
To which no mortal dare aspire!
Above the reach of all desire,
   The Holy Grail!

Parcival retires to rest. Next morning he finds beside him his vestments and a rich scimitar the king had presented him; a horse, ready saddled and bridled, stands at the castle gate, but no human form is to be seen. Parcival mounts his steed and is riding slowly away, when he hears a mocking voice and beholds a dwarf upon the castle walls, who tauntingly reproaches him for not having inquired the meaning of all the strange sights he had seen; the dwarf then, with a wild, unearthly laugh, disappears. Soon Parcival meets a lovely maiden, overwhelmed with grief and holding in her arms a bleeding corpse. It is his cousin Sigune, bearing the body of her beloved husband, and, though it is the first time they have ever met, they recognize each other as relatives. From her, Parcival learns his fatal omission in not inquiring the name of the castle where he had been welcomed; for by him alone could Anfortas be restored to health.

While musing on all these extraordinary proceedings, Parcival perceives three drops of blood in the snow, and these drops recall the recollection of his wife. Years, however, pass before he again beholds her or his twin boys, to whom, since his departure, she has given birth. His present journey proves a useless one. Soon after his departure, his sad and broken-hearted mother, whose affections had been bound up in her son, had died.

After many adventures, Parcival returns to King Arthur's court, where he is about to be received as knight of the Round Table, when an enchantress appears and pronounces a curse on him for that omission which had led to such calamitous results; for Anfortas is still a victim to his wound. Sad, yet resigned, the young hero renounces his fond hopes of distinction; he resolves, as an expiation of his unconscious sin, to devote himself henceforward to the defence of the Holy Grail, if permitted this high honor. Then mounting his steed, he rides sorrowfully away.

For four long and weary years does Parcival wander through the world. He has lost his trust in man and God. At length he meets a knight who, byh is wise and holy counsel, gradually leads back his erring spirit to faith, trust and hope. By him he is conducted to an aged hermit who, he learns, is his uncle, who has long devoted himself to the service of God, and who teaches him that pride and self-esteem are obstacles to that high and holy office, which is now the aim of all his desires. It was these passions which had subjected Anfortas to the power of the demon and exposed him to that terrible wound from which he was to recover only when Parcival, to whom he was to deliver up the sovereignty, should enter the fortress and ask those simple yet mysterious questions.

Parcival, disdaining worldly fame or honor, henceforth devotes the whole energies of his noble nature to these duties and sacrifices, which alone can make him worthy of becoming the guardian of the Holy Grail. After encountering many dangers, and vanquishing many foes, the penitent knight obtains admittance again into the mysterious castle, and now does not forget his question. He has the satisfaction of restoring the king to health and of once more beholding his long-lost wife and embracing the children he had never yet beheld. To the youngest of these sons he gives over his temporal kingdom ; the elder, Lohengrün, is to succeed him in the more precious sovereignty which he himself assumes. But, from this moment, a law is promulgated by which all knights of the Holy Grail are forbidden, when they have once left the precincts of the fortress, to disclose to any earthly ear from what origin they are sprung.

HARTMANN VON AUE.

AMONG the German poets who treated the Arthurian legend was the Suabian Knight, Hartmann von Aue. He served in the Crusades in 1189 and 1197, but is best known by his poetry. Part of this is of a personal character, telling his own adventures with charming simplicity, but the main portion comprises four narratives. One of these has been retold in English by Lord Tennyson under the name "Geraint and Enid," while another has been modernized by Longfellow in the "Golden Legend." In this a pure maiden of her own free will sacrifices herself to save the Suabian Knight Henry from a loathsome disease. A third poem called "Iwein," tells how a knight lost and recovered his lady's love. The fourth relates to a certain Gregory, who had unknowingly committed incest, condemned himself to the severest penance for seventeen years, obtained pardon of his sins, became pope, and was finally canonized. In the following extract from the beginning of "Iwein," Sir Colgriand relates a mortifying adventure, but his uncle Iwein afterwards avenged him.

Sir Colgriand's Adventure.

Far in the forest ere I got,
Methought mine was no pleasant lot.
Wild beasts unnumber'd rang'd around,
Worrying each other on the ground.
Wolves, bulls, boars, bears, in many a score,
Bark'd, bellow'd, broon'd, with hideous roar,
Wielding, with hungry hate, the jaw,
The horn, the hoof, the tusk, the paw.
I check'd my steed to watch the fray,
And inly wish'd myself away:
But soon I saw the ugliest wight
That ever mortal had in sight,
And thought the beasts of better clan
Than this same monster of a man.
His head was bigger than a bullock's,
Cover'd with tangled black and full locks
On lip and chin, on cheek and crown.
His ears, like elephant's, hung down.
His eyebrows were as black as tinder,
His eyes as red as a hot cinder.
His mouth was a span wide or more,
And a huge hump his shoulders bore.
A fresh-flay'd hide supplied his cloak.
Arm'd with a club of stubborn oak,
He rose, star'd at me, and drew nigh,
Whether with good or evil eye
I hardly knew; but not a word
Had either of us yet preferr'd.
I thought him dumb perhaps, or slow;
But said: "Who are you, friend or foe?"

Forester. I let alone, who lets me so.

Sir Colgriand. And what is here your office now?

Forester. I watch these beasts, prevent disaster:
They fear me, own me for their master.

Sir C. Then make them cease this ravenous cry.

Forester. They'll not annoy you while I'm by.
And what's your business in a place
Which feet of men so seldom pace?

Sir C. Accoutred in this knightly guise,
I seek adventures, bold emprize,
Some champion, who in equal arms
Will try a joust, and hazard harms.

Forester. You need not ride three miles for that.
Beyond the wood a spacious plat
Of grass displays its lively green:
No prettier meadow can be seen.
A little chapel decks the centre,
The sculptur'd porch, 'neath which you enter,
Has, at each end, a marble prop,
A bell beside, a cross at top.
Its roof a linden overshades,
The fairest tree in all these glades.
A clear cool fountain springs hard by,
Fram'd in with marble not breast-high;
Whence the unceasing streamlet tinkles
Into a cistern it besprinkles.
An emerald basin you'll behold
Chain'd to the brim with links of gold.
Scoop water in the glittering shell,
And fling it back into the well;
You'll find you've anger'd a stout elf,
As fond of fighting as yourself.

The woodman pointed, as a guide,
With his left hand, and turned aside.
I rode along with thoughtful mien,
And reach'd in half an hour the green.
Oh, 'twas a lovely spot! a view
O'er woody hills and rivulets blue.
A castle towering from the plain,
The mistress of the fair domain.
The trees so still, the air so mild,
The sun so bright, the landscape smil'd.
And, on the linden, birds were thronging,
All chirping, warbling, singing-songing;
Since world is world, was never heard

So sweet a concert from the birds;
Had I been with a funeral train,
My heart would have felt cheer'd again.

I saw the chapel on the lawn,
Just as the forester had drawn,
The fountain with its marble rim,
The glistering basin on the brim:
The morning-star is not more bright,
While watching for the dawn of light.
When I beheld the emerald basin,
Methought to hesitate at facing
The upshot, would be acting lightly,
Would seem unmanly and unknightly.
With rash resolve, in luckless hour,
I got the basin in my power,
Scoop'd water with the glittering shell,
And flung it back into the well.

At once was quench'd the light on high;
Black storm-clouds gather'd in the sky:
The lightnings flash'd, the thunders crash'd,
Wind, rain, and hail, in eddies dash'd:
The scatter'd leaves bestrew'd the ground,
The trees stood skeletons around;
The birds fled toppling on the blast.
The steed, I held, plung'd, look'd aghast;
But for the providence of God
We both had perish'd on the sod.
Then silence all the scene o'erspread,
Save where the waters gurgling fled.
Slow sail'd the parting clouds away;
Again the landscape shone in day.
But, from the castle's echoing mound,
A bugle-horn began to sound.
My ear a noise of engines smote;
The drawbridge bow'd across the moat;
A stately knight, arm'd cap-a-pie,
Rode forth, and turn'd his steed tow'rd me;
I girt my saddle, and remounted,
As if I on his coming counted.

I soon perceived this lordly elf
Had broader shoulders than myself,

A stouter horse, a longer spear,
A tougher shield; and I felt queer.
When he had ridden near enough,
He said in accents loud and rough:
"I shall not deign to ask your name;
You are no courteous son of fame.
My forest you have half destroy'd,
Have scar'd my game, and left it void;
'Tis meet we try each other's strength;
Defend yourself, or lie at length."
Spurring his charger to advance,
He firmly couch'd his heavy lance.
I level'd mine, display'd my shield,
And met him fairly in the field.
His breast-plate I no sooner struck,
Than my lance splinter'd, by ill luck;
While he, with a resistless force,
Had thrust me backwards off my horse,
And left me sprawling on the plain
Chap-fallen, stunn'd, and bruis'd, amain;
Leading as lawful prize away
The steed that bore me to the fray.
Poor I trudg'd back on foot again
The whole long road explor'd in vain.

HARTMANN VON AUE.

THE GARDEN OF ROSES.

In the "Garden of Roses" the old heroic ballad takes a burlesque turn, which shows that chivalry was declining when it was written.

'Mongst the roses Staudenfuss trod with mickle pride;
With rage and with impatience, his foe he did abide;
Much he feared no Longobard would dare to meet his blade:
But a bearded monk lay ready for the fight arrayed.

"Brother Ilsan, raise thine eyes," spake Sir Hildebrand,
"Where, 'mongst the blooming roses, our threatening foe does stand:
Staudenfuss, the giant hight, born upon the Rhine.
Up, and shrive him of his sins, holy brother mine!"

"It's I will fight him," cried the monk; "my blessing shall he gain;
Never 'mongst the roses shall he wage the fight again."
Straight above his coat of mail his friar's cowl he cast,
Hid his sword and buckler, and to the garden passed.

Among the blooming roses leaped the grisly monk:
With laughter ladies viewed his beard, and his visage brown and shrunk;
As he trod with angry step o'er the flowery green,
Many a maiden laughed aloud, and many a knight, I ween.

Up spake Lady Chrimhild,—"Father, leave thine ire!
Go and chant thy matins with thy brothers in the choir."
"Gentle lady," cried the monk, "roses must I have,
To deck my dusky cowl in guise right gay and brave."

Loudly laughed the giant, when he saw his beard so rough:
"Should I laughing die to-morrow, I had not laughed enough:
Has the kemp of Bern sent me his fool to fight?"
"Giant, straight thy hide shall feel that I have my wits aright."

Up heaved the monk his heavy fist, and he struck a weighty blow,
Down among the roses he felled his laughing foe.
Fiercely cried Sir Staudenfuss, "Thou art the devil's priest!
Heavy penance dost thou deal with thy wrinkled fist."

Together rushed the uncouth kemps; each drew his trusty blade;
With heavy tread below their feet they crushed the roses red;
All the garden flowed with their purple blood;
Each did strike full sorry blows with their falchions good.

Cruel looks their eyes did cast, and fearful was their war,
But the friar cut his enemy o'er the head a bloody scar;
Deeply carved his trusty sword through the helmet bright:
Joyful was the hoary monk, for he had won the fight.

They parted the two champions speedily asunder:
The friar's heavy interdict lay the giant under.
Up rose Queen Chrimhild, to Sir Ilsan has she sped,
On his bald head did she lay a crown of roses red.

Through the garden roved he, as in the merry dance;
A kiss the lady gave him, where madly he did prance.
"Hear, thou lady fair; more roses must I have;
To my two-and-fifty brothers I promised chaplets brave.

"If ye have not kemps to fight, I must rob thy garden fair.
And right sorry should I be to work thee so much care."
"Fear not, the battle shalt thou wage with champions bold and true:
Crowns and kisses may'st thou gain for thy brothers fifty-two."

. . . .

Up spake the queen,—"Monk Ilsan, see your chaplets ready dight;
Champions two-and-fifty stand waiting for the fight."
Ilsan rose, and donned his cowl, and ran against them all;
There the monk has given them many a heavy fall.

To the ground he felled them, and gave them his benison;
Beneath the old monk's falchion lay twelve champions of renown:
And full of fear and sorrow the other forty were;
Their right hands held they forth, begged him their lives to spare.

Quickly ran the monk, to the Queen Chrimhild he hied:
"Lay thy champions in the grave, and leave thy mickle pride;
I have dight them for their death; I did shrive them and anoint them:
Never will they thrive or speed in the task thou didst appoint them.

"When again thy roses blow, to the feast the monk invite."
The Lady Chrimhild gave him two-and-fifty chaplets bright.

"Nay, Lady Queen, remind thee! By the holy order mine,
I claim two-and-fifty kisses from your lips so red and fine."

And when Chrimhild, the queen, gave him kisses fifty-two,
With his rough and grisly beard full sore he made her rue,
That from her lovely cheek 'gan flow the rosy blood:
The queen was full of sorrow, but the monk—it did him good.

Thus should unfaithful maiden be kissed, and made to bleed,
And feel such pain and sorrow, for the mischief she did breed.

LAURIN, THE DWARF KING.

"The Little Garden of Roses" is a collection of poems ascribed to Henry of Ofterdingen. The story runs thus: The Lady Similt, with her brother Dietlieb, goes forth to revel in the spring festival under the linden tree in the forest. Thence she is carried off by the dwarf King Laurin, whose tarn-cap renders him invisible. Dietlieb and his knights seek for her, and are told of the dwarf, his exploits and power—and particularly of his rose garden, around which a silken line is drawn. Dietrich of Bern (Theodoric of Verona) and his friend Wittich resolve to spoil his garden, but on arriving at the spot Dietrich forbears, while Wittich destroys its beanty. Afterwards they rest, until suddenly the little king appears.

Behold there came a little king
  In warlike manner dight,
A king he was o'er many a land,
  And Laurin was he hight.
A lance with gold entwined around
  The little king did bear,
And on the lance a pennon gay
  Wav'd fluttering in the air.

And thereupon two greyhounds fleet
  Right seemly were portrayed,
And alway looked as though they chased
  The roebuck through the glade.
His courser bounded like a fawn,
  With golden trappings gay,
And costly gems, too, sparkled round,
  Bright glittering as the day.

And in his hands the hero grasped
  Right firm the golden rein;

With ruby-red the saddle gleamed
  As he pricked o'er the plain. . . . .
Around his waist a girdle fair
  He wore of magic might;
The power of twelve the stoutest men
  It gave him for the fight.

Cunning he was and deep in skill,
  And when his wrath arose
The foe must be of mickle power
  That could withstand his blows. . . . .
And tall at times his stature grew
  With spells of grammary,
That to the noblest princes he
  A fellow meet might be.

A crown of purest gold he bore
  Upon his helmet bright,
With richer gems or finer gold
  No mortal king is dight.
Upon the crown and on the helm
  Birds sing their merry lay;
The nightingale and lark did chant
  Their melodies so gay;

It seem'd as on the greenwood tree
  They tuned their minstrelsy;
By hand of master were they wrought
  With spells of grammary.
Upon his arm a buckler bright
  Showed spar'hawks swift and gay,
While a fierce leopard 'mongst the trees
  Was ravening for his prey.

A savage combat ensued; and the king is obliged to yield to the superior force of Dietrich. He then makes use of his tarn-cap, and, lost to sight, strikes with greater effect. But, finally, his cap falls off, and the contending parties effect a reconciliation. The king conducts the champions through lovely meadows to his palace within the mountain. They pass through a golden gate, and another of steel, which are closed behind them. Then a necromancer casts a spell upon them, so that they cannot behold each other, and they cry out against the king's broken faith, but he assures them they shall not suffer. They enter the royal hall.

THE DWARF KING'S COURT.

MANY a winsome dwarf was seen, graithed in rich attire;
Garments bright with gold and gems bore each little sire.
From the gems full mighty strength had the dwarfish chivalry:
Quaintly they danced, and on their steeds they rode right cunningly.

Far they cast the heavy stone, and, in their warlike game,
They broke the lance, and tourneyed before the knights of fame.
There many harpers tuned their lay, and played with mirth and glee,
Loudly, in the royal hall, their merry minstrelsy.

Before the table high appeared four learned singing men,
Two short, and two of stature tall, and sung in courtly strain.
Soon to the table sped the king, and bade his meiny all
Wait upon his noble guests, in the royal hall.

Similt, the lady fair, heard of the royal feasts:
Of her servants did she ask, "Who are the stranger guests?"
"Noble knights of German birth," spake a kemp of stature small;
"Laurin bids ye speed to court, for well ye know them all."

Quickly spake the lady,—"Up my damsels fair!
Deck ye in your richest guise, for to court we will repair."
Soon they dight them royally in glittering array;
Full blithe they were to speed to court with Similt, the gentle may.

There came many a minstrel, tuning his lay of mirth;
Shawms and trumpets shrill they blew, the sweetest on the earth.
There full many a song was sung by learned singing men;
Of war and chivalrous emprise they tuned the noble strain.

Now to court, in bright array, all the maids are gone,
With many a knight not two feet long; one leaped, the other run;
Merry were they all; and before the lovely dame,
Two tall, two little gleemen sang the song of fame.

Before the queen they chanted the merry minstrelsy,
And all who heard their master-notes dwelt in mirth and glee.
There fiddlers quaint appeared, though small their stature were,
Marching, two and two, before the lady fair.

Similt into the palace came, with her little maidens all;
Garments they wore which glittered brightly in the hall,
Of fur and costly ciclatoun, and brooches of fine gold:
No richer guise in royal courts might mortal man behold.

The gentle Lady Similt bore a golden crown;
Full many a precious stone around the cavern shone;
But one before the others glittered gorgeously;
The wight who wore that noble gem ever blithe must be.

And now the spell was ta'en away from the champions bold;
Full glad they were when openly their feres they might behold.
Right noble cheer was offered to the champions brave;
In royal guise the feast was held the whole day in the cave.

CELTIC LITERATURE.

THE Celts were prehistoric invaders of Western Europe, including the British Isles. They were of the great Indo-European stock, and came from the remote East, perhaps as much as two thousand years before Christ. Julius Cæsar relates that, when he entered on his conquest of Gaul in 58 B.C., its tribes, whom the Romans named, collectively, Gauls, called themselves Celts. He not only testifies to their bravery, but notices their peculiar religious beliefs. He declares that the Druids, their prophets and priests, partly from religious scruples, and partly from a desire to discipline the memory of their pupils, committed nothing to writing. After being conquered, the inhabitants of Southern Gaul were permitted to share the benefits of Roman civilization, and showed themselves so susceptible to the new influence that they soon proudly claimed the name of Romans. The more remote tribes, in the mountains and on the Atlantic coast, preserved the Celtic character and customs. But, of the whole country, it has justly been said, "Gaul was Latinized in language, manners and laws, and yet her people remained essentially Celtic." The historian, Ammianus Marcellinus, who wrote about 350 A.D., in speaking of the central tribes, says: "They possessed no small amount of culture, the source of which is found in the Bards, the Euhages and the Druids. Of these three orders, the Bards composed verses in praise of achievements of heroes, accompanying the words with the notes of the lyre; the Euhages devoted themselves to the study of nature and the order of its phenomena; while the Druids, of a more lofty genius, bound themselves, after the example of Pythagoras, by a bond of brotherhood, and, seeking after heavenly things, despised earthly affairs and taught the immortality of the soul.'' Though these Continental Celts have contributed in no small degree to the national character of the French, their own language was lost, and their traditions, which were long preserved in Brittany, were merged in the general stock of French literature.

The British Celts crossed over from Belgic Gaul. Cæsar, who invaded Britain in 55 B.C., gives this account of their origin, and, though his stay in the island was brief, his description of its people is the earliest standard authority. It was not till ninety years after Cæsar left that the Romans again entered Britain. Then they came to stay and rule, and, for more than three centuries, they were masters of the part called England. When the legions were finally withdrawn in 410 A.D., the native Britons fell into disorder. Very soon swarms of Jutes, Angles and Saxons crossed the narrow seas separating England from Denmark and Holland, and continued to arrive during the next hundred and fifty years. The Celts stubbornly resisted, but were obliged to give ground and sought refuge in swampy and mountainous districts. The descendants of the Celts survive in Ireland, Wales, the Highlands of Scotland, the Isle of Man, and Cornwall. The dialects of these districts were branches of a common language, which has almost perished. It never influenced to any appreciable degree the formation of the great composite tongue which we call English. The basis of the latter is Teutonic, with contributions from the Latin, chiefly through the medium of Norman-French ; but of Welsh, Erse, Gaelic, or Cornish, the traces are few.

Celtic literature, as far as preserved, is divided into three main branches—the Scotch or Gaelic, the Irish or Erse, and the Welsh or Cymric. With regard to the relative antiquity of these, it is almost impossible to decide, as all were late in being committed to writing. The dispute as to the genuineness of the poems attributed to Oisin, or Ossian, is still unsettled. In 1760, James Macpherson showed some poems which he asserted were derived from Gaelic sources, going back to the third century. He attributed them to Ossian, the son of Finn, a Gaelic warrior and bard of that date. The criticism and investigation which have been applied to the matter since Macpherson's time have, upon the whole, justified the application of the Scotch verdict, "Not proven," in regard to his claim. Yet the six-book epic of Fingal, which is the principal matter in debate, is probably in part a genuine production, handed down from age to age. Finn, Fionn, or Fingal, was a real personage of the third century. Down to recent times there have been in various clans bards of local repute, some of whose effusions have been printed.

Ireland, removed from the strife of constant invasions, early became a refuge and centre of intellectual life; though this seclusion, on the other hand, rendered her primitive history legendary. Her assured chronology begins with the planting of Christianity by St. Patrick in the fifth century. Thereafter, until the Norsemen ravaged the eastern coast, in the ninth and tenth centuries, Ireland was undisturbed. During this period, and later, the monks cultivated their peculiar art and literature. The Psalter of Cashel dates from the fifth century. The illuminated designs by Irish monks in missals and Bibles have never been surpassed in that branch of art. The heroic and fairy tales of Ireland are a charming chapter in literature. But it cannot be said that any work of first-class importance has been traced to Irish sources.

The early history of Welsh literature is as obscure and as much beset with controversy as that of Ireland or Scotland. The four most ancient manuscripts in the Welsh language are the Black Book of Caermarthen, the Book of Aneurin, the Book of Taliessin, and the Red Book of Hergest. The first three are collections of ancient poetry, partly historical, which were long preserved in the libraries of Welsh religious houses, but were dispersed in the reign of Henry VIII., on the dissolution of the monasteries. The bards to whom these poems are attributed, Myrddin, Aneurin, Taliessin and Llywarch Hen, are supposed to have lived in the sixth century. The Red Book of Hergest, besides similar poems, contains prose romances, known as the Mabinogion. This word is a plural form derived from Mabinog, and that from the root Mab, meaning young or small (whence Queen Mab of the fairies, etc.). Mabinog is a literary apprentice, and Mabinogion a collection of things constituting the Mabinog's stock in trade. Such is the interpretation of experts; what more concerns us is that the book contains a number of charming and romantic fairy tales, several of which—"Lady of the Fountain," "Peredur, son of Evrawc," "Geraint, son of Erbin," "Kilwch and Oliver," and "Dream of Rhonabwy," are branches of the great Arthurian legend. Other stories in the collection, relating to still older affairs, are, "Pwyll, Prince of Dyved," "Branwen, Daughter of Llyr," and "Math, son of Mathonwy." While the tales are of great antiquity, the manuscript of them, which we possess, belongs to the fourteenth century, and is now preserved in Jesus College, Oxford. The tales were translated in 1849 by Lady Charlotte Guest.

In all branches of the Celtic race there is a singular blending of characteristics which are usually incompatible. The Celts are peculiarly sensitive, quick to feel impressions, and they feel these strongly. In some cases this quickness of feeling renders them timid, shy, melancholy, leads them to prefer retired life, and shrink from contact with the great rough world of struggling men. Yet, in other cases, the same sensitiveness renders them gay, chivalrous and adventurous. Both classes are found among the French and Irish; but the subdued character seems to prevail among the Welsh and Highland Scotch, though their history testifies to the existence of the other in former days. There is reason to believe that in middle and western England the Celtic Britons closely intermingled with the Saxons. The historian, J. R. Green, who has studied the movement of the peoples on British soil, declares, "It is not without significance that the highest type of the race, the one Englishman who has combined in the largest measure the mobility and fancy of the Celt with the depth and energy of the Teutonic temper, was born on the old Welsh and English border land, in the forest of Arden."

SUMMONS TO THE BARD.

THE oldest Gaelic literature is found in the songs relating to the struggles of Fionn, or Finn (the Fair-haired), and his clan, against the other Gaelic clans in Erin. In the battle of Gabhra, said to have been fought 284 A.D., Fionn's tribe was crushed. But his son Oisin (the Little Fawn) was a warrior and bard, whose genius was aroused by these exciting events. Fragments of his epic have been preserved by tradition in Scotland and Ireland. The following specimen is given by Professor J. Stuart Blackie:

Then out spake Semo's noble son:
"Carol, raise thy voice on high;
Of the times gone by let the minstrel sing;
Let the night be spent in soothing song,
That joy from sorrow may sweetly spring.
Many the youths and maidens fair
That moved in Innisfail of yore;
Pleasant to hear the song of their praise
Echoed on Alba's sounding shore,
When the air of the chase has died away
And Ossian stirs the tuneful theme,
And the haunt of the deer on the hill replies
To Cona's gently-murmuring stream."

OSSIAN'S LAMENT IN OLD AGE.

A SCOTTISH churchman of the clan MacGregor, who died in 1551, had collected a large amount of Gaelic poetry. His book, called from his office the Dean of Lismore's Book, is now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. A passage taken from it is here modernized by Professor J. Stuart Blackie.

Long are the clouds this night above me;
The last was a long night to me,
This day that drags its weary way
Came from a wearier yesterday.
Each day that comes is long to me;
Such was not my wont to be.
Now there is no fine delight
In battle-field and fence of fight;
No training now to feats of arms,
Nor song nor harp, nor maiden's charms,

Nor blazing hearth, nor well-heaped board,
Nor banquet spread by liberal lord,
Nor stag-pursuing, nor gentle wooing,
The dearest of dear trades to me.
Alas! that I should live to see
Days without mirth in hut or hall,
Without the hunter's wakeful call,
Or bay of hounds, or hounds at all,
Without light jest, or sportive whim,
Or lads with mounting breast to swim
Across the long arms of the sea.—
  Long are the clouds this night above me.
In the big world there lives no wight
More sad than I this weary night,
A poor old man with no pith in my bones,
Fit for nothing but gathering stones.
The last of the Finn, a noble race,
Ossian, the son of Finn, am I,
Standing beneath the cold gray sky,
Listening to the sound of bells.—
  Long are the clouds this night above me!

THE DEATH-SONG OF UTHER PENDRAGON.

This song, composed by Taliessin, the greatest of the Welsh bards, is uttered in the name of Uther. It belongs to the sixth century, the first period in which Cymric poetry specially flourished.

Am I not with hosts making a din?
I would not cease, between two hosts, without blood.
Am I not he that is called Gorlassar?
My belt was a rainbow to my foe.
Am I not a prince, in darkness,
To him that takes my appearance with my two chief baskets?
Am I not, like Cawyl, ploughing?
I would not cease without blood between two hosts.
Shall not I defend my sanctuary?
In contending with the friends of wrath,
Have I not been accustomed to blood about the wrathful,
A sword-stroke daring against the sons of Cawrnur?
Have I not shared my cause? Have I not
A ninth portion in the prowess of Arthur?

Have not I destroyed a hundred Cærs [forts]?
Have not I slain a hundred governors?
Have not I given a hundred veils?
Have not I cut off a hundred heads?
Have not I given to Henpen
The tremendous sword of the enchanter?
Have I not performed the rights of purification,
When Hayarndor went to the top of the mountain?
I was bereaved to my sorrow. My confidence was commensurate.
There was not a world were it not for my progeny
I am a bard to be praised. May the unskillful
Be possessed by the ravens and eagle, the bird of wrath.
May the countenance of Prydain be bright for my guidance,
Sovereign of heaven, let my messages not be rejected.

THE LAMENT OF CUNEDDA.

I AM Taliesin the ardent;
I will enrich the praise of baptism.
At the baptism of the ruler, the worshipper wondered.
At the conflict of the rocks and the plain,
There is trembling, from fear of Cunedda the burner,
In Cær Weir and Cær Lliwelydd.

There is trembling from the mutual encounter,
A complete billow of fire over the seas,
A wave in which the brave fell among his companions.
A hundred received his attack on the earth,
Like the roaring of the wind against the ashen spears.
His dogs raised their backs at his presence,
They protected him, and believed in his kindness.
The bards are arranged according to accurate canons.

The death of Cunedda is deplored.
Deplored be the strong protector, the fearless defender;
His discourse raised up the bard stricken in poverty.
He was harder against an enemy than a bone.
Pre-eminent is Cunedda before the grave
And the sod. His life was saved
A hundred times before there was dissolution. A hurdle
The men of Btyniich carried in the battle.

They became pale from fear of him and his terror chill-moving,
Before the earth was the portion of his end.
A chief of lion aspect, ashes became his fellow-countrymen.
Against the son of Edern, before the supremacy of terrors,
He was fierce, dauntless, irresistible,
Yet for the streams of death he is distressed.
He carried the shield in the pre-eminent place,
Truly valiant were his princes.

THE BATTLE OF CATRAETH.

THIS is part of the Gododin, a long series of poems by the Welsh poet Aneurin. It has been ascertained by the careful antiquary, W. F. Skene, that the battle of Catraeth was fought in 596 A.D., by Britons and Scots, under Aidan, against the Saxons and Picts. The place was near the Firth of Forth, where the name Catterick still survives.

The men went to Catraeth with the dawn;
They dealt peaceably with those who feared them.
A hundred thousand engaged with three hundred in mutual overthrow,
Drenched in gore they served as butts for lances;
Their post they most manfully defended
Before the retinue of Mynyddawg Mwynvawr.

The men went to Catraeth with the dawn;
Regretting their absence and their disposition;
Mead they drank, yellow, sweet, ensnaring.
In that year many a minstrel fell.
Redder were their swords than their plumes.
Their blades were white as lime, their helmets split into four parts,
Before the retinue of Mynyddawg Mwynvawr.

The men went to Catraeth with the day:
Have not the best of battles their disgrace?
They made biers a matter of necessity,
With blades full of vigor in defence of baptism.
This is best before the alliance of kindred.
Exceedingly great was the bloodshed and death, of which they were the cause,
Before the army of Gododin, when the day occurred.
Is not a double quantity of discretion the best strengthener of a hero?

The man went to Catraeth with the day:
Truly he quaffed the foaming mead on serene nights;
Then he was unlucky, though proverbially fortunate:
His mission, through ambition, was that of a destroyer.
There hastened not to Catraeth
A chief so magnificent
As to his design on the standard.
Never was there such a host
From the fort of Eiddyn [Edinburgh],
That would scatter abroad the mounted ravagers.
Tudvwlch Hir, near his land and towns,
Slaughtered the Saxons for seven days.
His valor remained until he was overpowered;
And his memory will remain among his fair associates.
When Tudvwlch, the supporter of the land, arrived,
The station of the son of Cilydd became a plain of blood.

The men went to Catraeth with the dawn;
To them were their shields a protection.
Blood they sought, the gleamers assembled:
Simultaneously, like thunder, arose the din of shields.
The man of envy, the deserter, and the base,
He would tear and pierce with pikes.
From an elevated position, he slew, with a blade,
In iron affliction, a steel-clad commander;
He subdued in Mordai those that owed him homage;
Before Erthgi armies groaned.

For the battle of Catraeth, when it shall be related,
The people will utter sighs; long has been their sorrow.
There will be a dominion without a sovereign, and a murky land.
The sons of Godebawg, an upright clan,
Bore, streaming, long biers.
Sad was the fate, just the necessity,
Decreed to Tudvwlch and Cyvwlch Hir.
Together they drank the clear mead
By the light of the rushes,
Though pleasant to the taste, its banefulness lasted long.

THE SONG OF THE CUCKOO.

SOME who are conversant with early Welsh poetry regard Llywarch Hen as superior to Taliessin. His poems are all personal and reflective, and usually melancholy. This poem is in triads, or stanzas of three lines, commonly used in Welsh.

Sitting high upon a hill, battle-inclined is
My mind, yet it does not impel me onward:
Short is my journey, my tenement is laid waste.

Sharp is the gale, it is bare punishment to live;
When the trees array themselves in gay colors
Of summer; violently ill I am this day.

I am no hunter; I keep no animal of the chase;
I cannot move about:
As long as it pleases the cuckoo, let her sing.

The loud-voiced cuckoo sings with the dawn,
Her melodious notes in the dales of Cuawg:
Better is the lavisher than the miser.

At Aber Cuawg the cuckoos sing,
On the blossom-covered branches:
The loud-voiced cuckoo, let her sing awhile.

At Aber Cuawg the cuckoos sing,
On the blossom-covered branches;
Woe to the sick that hears their contented notes.

At Aber Cuawg the cuckoos sing:
The recollection is in my mind.
There are that hear them that will not hear them again.

Have I not listened to the cuckoo on the ivied tree?
Did not my shield hang down?
What I love is but vexation; what I loved is no more.

High above the merry oak,
I have listened to the song of birds.
The loud cuckoo—every one remembers what he loves.

Songstress with the solacing song, her voice is grief-exciting:
Subject to wander, with the flight of the hawk,
The loquacious cuckoo at Aber Cuawg.

THE OLD MAN'S STAFF.

THIS is part of Llywarch Hen's lament on his old age.

I was formerly fair of limb, I was eloquent in speech:
What is not wonderful will be extolled—
The men of Argoed have ever supported me.

I was formerly fair of limb, I was bold,
I was admitted into the congress-house
Of Powys, the Paradise of the Cymry.

Wooden crook! is it not the time of harvest,
When the fern is brown, and the reeds are yellow?
Have I not once disliked what I now love?

Wooden crook! is not this winter,
When men are noisy over the beverage?
Is not my bedside void of greeting visits?

Wooden crook! is it not the spring,
When the cuckoos are brownish, when the foam is bright?
I am destitute of a maiden's love.

Wooden crook! is it not the beginning of summer,
Are not the furrows brown, are not the corn-blades curled?
It is refreshing to me to look at thy beak.

Wooden crook! Thou contented branch,
That supportest the mourning old man,
Llywarch of pleasant talk.

Wooden crook! Thou hardy branch,
That bearest with me—God protect thee.
Thou art justly called the tree of wandering.

Wooden crook! Be thou steady,
So that thou mayest support me the better—
Am not I Llywarch, known to many far away?

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

THE earliest outburst of Welsh song which has been preserved belonged to the sixth century. It was due to the tribal enthusiasm aroused in resisting the Saxon invasion of Britain. Six centuries later there was a revival of the poetic spirit due to the institution of chivalry, the renewal of intercourse between the scattered remnants of the British race in Wales, Cornwall, Brittany, and Ireland, and the interchange of their traditions. The Normans endeavored to push their conquest beyond the Severn, which had become the boundary between the Saxons and the unsubdued Welsh tribes. Brave leaders arose among the latter, and their partial success inspired the bards with new songs. One of these is "The Triumphs of Owen," which was composed by Gwalchmai, son of Meilyr, on the battle of Tal y Moelvre, assigned by some historians to 1157 A.D. It has been rendered in English by Thomas Gray. Gwyneth was the favorite name for Wales; Erin is Ireland, and Lochlin denotes part of Scotland.

Owen's praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor keeps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.
Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came:
This the force of Erin hiding;
Side by side as proudly riding
On her shadow long and gay,
Lochlin ploughs the watery way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds and join the war;
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burdens of the angry deep.
Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son of Morva stands;
In glittering arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thundering strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;

Tal y Molfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,
Backward Meinai rolls his flood;
While, heap'd his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
Where his glowing eyeballs turn,
Thousand banners round him burn:
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There confusion, terror's child,
Conflict fierce and ruin wild,
Agony that pants for breath,
Despair and honorable death.

PEREDUR.

THE tale of Peredur, the son of Evrawc, as found in the Welsh Mabinogion, is similar in many respects to that of Parcival or Parzival, as related by Wolfram von Eschenbach, who borrowed his material from the French poet, Chrestien de Troyes. The German incorporates as an essential part the quest of the Holy Grail, while the Welsh romancist relates many incidents not found in the other versions. The tale thus appears to be of Celtic origin, but to have been amplified according to the spirit of different narrators, and the atmosphere of their several localities. The following is chiefly an abridgment of the translation by Lady Charlotte Guest, but the love-story of Peredur is given in her words.

Peredur was the seventh son of Earl Evrawc, ruler of the North. His father and brothers had all been slain, and his mother fled with him, her last remaining son, to the wilderness. She permitted no one to bring near him horses or arms. When he was growing up, he saw one day three knights riding in a road on the border of the forest. He asked his mother what they were, and she said they were angels. "By my faith," said Peredur, "I will go and become an angel with them." He joined them, and learned their names—Gwalchmai, son of Gwyar; Geneir Guystyl, and Owain, son of Urien. Owain explained to Peredur his armor and weapons and their uses. Peredur told his mother, "Those men were not angels, but honorable knights."

His mother swooned at her son's discovery, but when she found that he insisted on leaving her, she gave him careful instructions for his conduct. A horse was obtained for the youth, and he twisted twigs to form trappings, such as he had seen on the horses of the knights.

Forth rode the innocent youth, and in a few days came to a forest containing a glade, and in this a tent, which he supposed to be a church. Before entering it, he repeated the Paternoster, as his mother had directed. At the door he saw a beautiful maiden, and near by some meat and wine. Of these he took part, telling the lady that his mother had bidden him do so. Then he bent his knee before her, and saying that his mother also bade him to take a fair jewel wherever he saw it, therefore he took her ring. But when Peredur departed the lord of the glade returned, and seeing his horse's track, asked the maiden if the stranger had done her wrong. She answered, "By my faith, he harmed me not." But the knight replied, "I believe thee not, and until I meet him and revenge the insult he has done me, thou shalt not remain two nights in the same house." Then the knight set out in pursuit of the stranger.

But Peredur had now arrived at King Arthur's Court. There a knight had dashed wine from a golden goblet in the face of Queen Gwenhwyvar [Guenever], and said, "If any dare to dispute this goblet with me, and revenge the insult to Gwenhwyvar, let him follow me to the meadow, and there will I wait for him." But all the knights cast down their looks lest they should be called on to avenge the insult. Then Peredur entered the courtyard and asked Sir Kai where King Arthur was. But Sir Kai answered roughly, and the people in the yard threw sticks at Peredur and his bony horse with twigs for trappings. Then a dwarf, who had been a year at Arthur's court without speaking a word, came forward and suddenly cried out, "The welcome of Heaven be to thee, goodly Peredur, son of Evrawc, chief of warriors and the flower of knighthood." Sir Kai reproved the dwarf and struck him, so that he fell senseless. Then a female dwarf, who had also been dumb, repeated the exclamation, but was likewise punished. Kai then said to Peredur, "Go after the knight who went hence to the meadow, overthrow him, take from him the goblet, possess thyself of his horse and arms, and then thou shalt receive the order of knighthood." Peredur went to the meadow and slew the knight, but when Owain followed him he found Peredur dragging the knight about, because he knew not how to unfasten his coat of mail. Owain assisted him, and bade him come to Arthur to receive knighthood. But Peredur said, "Take the goblet to Gwenhwyvar, and tell Arthur that wherever I am, I will be his vassal; but I will not come into court until I have encountered the tall man, and have revenged the injury he did to the dwarfs." During the following week Peredur encountered sixteen knights and overthrew them all. They were all required to bear the same message to the king. Then Arthur reproved Sir Kai, who was greatly grieved. Peredur then went to the castle of a venerable knight, who undertook to instruct him in all suitable knowledge, bidding him forsake the discourse of his mother, and avoid expressing wonder at anything he saw.

Peredur afterwards rode forth through a desert wood, and beyond a meadow saw a large castle. Finding the gate open he proceeded to the hall, where he saw a stately man sitting with many pages around him. They rose to receive Peredur, placed him beside the lord and served him with food. Then the lord asked Peredur whether he could fight with a sword, and the youth answered that if he were instructed, he could. In the floor there was a large iron staple. "Take yonder sword," said the lord to Peredur, "and strike the staple." Peredur took the sword and struck the staple so that he cut in two, but the sword also broke in two. "Put the two parts together," said the lord, "and reunite them." Peredur put them together and they became one as before. He struck a second time with the same result. When he struck the third blow, the staple and the sword were again broken, but they would not reunite as before. "Youth," said the lord, "come and sit down. My blessing be upon thee. Thou art the best with the sword of any man in the kingdom. Thou hast arrived at two-thirds of thy strength; the other third thou hast not yet attained; when thou reachest full power, none will be able to contend with thee. I am thy mother's brother, and I am brother to the man at whose house thou wast last night."

While Peredur discoursed with his uncle, two youths entered the hall, bearing a huge spear with three streams of blood flowing from the point to the ground. The company all began to weep and lament, but the lord went on with his discourse. When the clamor had somewhat subsided, two maidens entered with a large salver in which was a man's head surrounded with blood. A still greater outcry followed, but Peredur forebore to inquire the meaning of what he saw. He slept that night in a fair chamber, and the next day rode forth into a wood. Here he heard a loud cry and saw a beautiful woman, standing near a saddled horse, and a dead body beside her. She tried to place the body on the horse, but was unable, and when it fell, she lamented loudly. "Tell me, lady," said Peredur, "why thou art lamenting?" "Accursed Peredur," she replied, "little pity has my ill-fortune ever met from thee." "Why am I accursed?" cried he. "Because thou wast the cause of thy mother's death. For when thou didst set out against her will, anguish seized upon her so that she died. Therefore art thou accursed. The dwarfs that thou sawest at Arthur's court were the dwarfs of thy father and mother; I am thy foster-sister and this was my husband, who was slain by the knight that is in the glade of the wood." Peredur buried the dead body, and then went in search of the knight and overthrew him. Then he forced him to marry the woman, and to bear to Arthur's court a defiant message to Sir Kai. When King Arthur learned what had happened, he exclaimed: "By my faith! I will search all the woods of Britain till I find Peredur, and then shall he and his adversary do their worst to each other."

Peredur rode on, and, after saving a lady whose castle was besieged by enemies, he met another distressed lady whose horse was covered with sweat. Recognizing her, he said: "I am the knight through whom thou art in trouble, and he who has treated thee thus shall repent it." He found her lord, and engaging in combat with him, soon overthrew him. The lord begged for mercy, and Peredur replied, "Mercy shalt thou have, if thou wilt pledge thy faith to return as thou camest, and declare that thou holdest the lady innocent, and wilt acknowledge thy fault." And the knight pledged his faith.

Peredur's next adventure was in a castle, in the hall of which sat a tall and stately lady with many hand-maidens. After he had finished his repast, she advised him to go elsewhere to sleep. When Peredur inquired the reason, she said, "Nine sorceresses are here, who have already laid waste all this country except this dwelling. Unless we escape before daybreak, we shall all be slain." But the gallant youth declared, "I will remain here to-night, and will aid you if I can, but will not harm you." At daybreak he heard an outcry and saw a sorceress seize one of the watch, who cried out sharply. Peredur struck the sorceress on the head so that he flattened her helmet, but she cried, "I beg thy mercy, good Peredur, son of Evrawc, and mercy of Heaven." "How knowest thou, hag, that I am Peredur?" The sorceress answered, "By destiny, and the foreknowledge that I should suffer harm from thee. Take thou a horse and arms from me, and with me shalt thou learn chivalry." Then said Peredur, "Mercy thou shalt have if thou pledge thy faith never to injure henceforth the lands of the countess." She gave him the pledge, and he went to the palace of the nine sorceresses, where he remained three weeks.

Having chosen a horse and arms, Peredur departed and encountered King Arthur and his household, who had gone in search of him. Sir Kai spoke to Peredur rudely and angrily. But Peredur thrust him with his lance under the jaw, and threw him down so that he broke his arm and shoulder-blade. Then Peredur rode over him one-and-twenty times, and Kai's horse returned prancing to where Arthur was. When the king's men saw the horse without a rider, they rode forth to the place of encounter. They found Kai and thought he had been slain, but when he was brought to the king's tent, skillful physicians ministered to him. At last Gwalchmai went to Peredur, and addressed him with courtesy, and Peredur returned to the king. Arthur treated the knight with great honor, and led him back to his court at Cærlleon.

The Dumb Youth.

Peredur came to Cærlleon to Arthur's Court, and as he walked in the city after his repast, behold, there met him Angharad Law Eurawc (Angharad of the Golden Hand). "By my faith, sister," said Peredur, "thou art a beauteous and lovely maiden; and, were it pleasing to thee, I could love thee above all women." "I pledge my faith," said she, "that I do not love thee, nor will I ever do so." "I also pledge my faith," said Peredur, "that I will never speak a word to any Christian again, until thou come to love me above all men."

The next day Peredur went forth by the high road, along a mountain ridge, and he saw a valley of a circular form, the confines of which were rocky and wooded. And the flat part of the valley was in meadows, and there were fields betwixt the meadows and the wood. And in the bosom of the wood he saw large black houses of uncouth workmanship. And he dismounted and led his horse towards the wood. And a little way within the wood he saw a rocky ledge, along which the road lay. And upon the ledge was a lion bound with a chain, and sleeping. And beneath the lion he saw a deep pit of immense size, full of bones of men and animals. Then Peredur drew his sword and struck the lion, so that he fell into the mouth of the pit and hung there by the chain; and with a second blow he struck the chain and broke it, and the lion fell into the pit; and Peredur led his horse over the rocky ledge, until he came into the valley. And in the centre of the valley he saw a fair Castle, and he went towards it. And in the meadow by the Castle he beheld a huge grey man sitting, who was larger than any man he had ever before seen. And two young pages were shooting the hilts of their daggers, made of the bone of the sea-horse. And one of the pages had red hair, and the other auburn. And they went before him to the place where the grey man was, and Peredur saluted him. And the grey man said, "Disgrace to the beard of my porter." Then Peredur understood that the porter was the lion.

And the grey man and the page went together into the Castle, and Peredur accompanied them; and he found it a fair and noble place. And they proceeded to the hall, and the tables were already laid, and upon them was abundance of food and liquor. And thereupon he saw an aged woman and a young woman come from the chamber; and they were the most stately women he had ever seen. Then they washed and went to meat, and the grey man sat in the upper seat, at the head of the table, and the aged woman next to him. And Peredur and the maiden were placed together, and the young pages served them. And the maiden gazed sorrowfully upon Peredur, and Peredur asked the maiden wherefore she was sad. "For thee, my soul; for, since I first beheld thee, I have loved thee above all men. And it pains me to know that so gentle a youth as thou should have such a doom as awaits thee to-morrow. Sawest thou the numerous black houses in the bosom of the wood? All these belong to the vassals of the grey man yonder, who is my father. They are all giants, and to-morrow they will rise up against thee, and will slay thee. This valley is called the Round Valley." "Listen, fair maiden; wilt thou contrive that my horse and arms be in the same lodging with me to-night?" "Gladly will I cause it so to be, by Heaven, if I can."

And when it was time for them to sleep rather than to carouse, they went to rest. And the maiden caused Peredur's horse and arms to be in the same lodging with him. And the next morning Peredur heard a great tumult of men and horses around the Castle. And Peredur arose, and armed himself and his horse, and went to the meadow. Then the aged woman and maiden came to the grey man. "Lord," said they, "take the word of the youth, that he will never disclose what he has seen in this place, and we will be his sureties that he keep it." "I will not do so, by my faith," said the grey man. So Peredur fought with the host, and towards evening he had slain the one-third of them without receiving any hurt himself. Then said the aged woman, "Behold, many of thy host have been slain by the youth; do thou, therefore, grant him mercy." "I will not grant it, by my faith," said he. And the aged woman and the fair maiden were upon the battlements of the Castle, looking forth. And at that juncture, Peredur encountered the yellow-haired youth and slew him. "Lord," said the maiden, "grand the young man mercy." "That will I not do, by Heaven," he replied; and thereupon Peredur attacked the auburn-haired youth, and slew him likewise. "It were better thou hadst accorded mercy to the youth before he had slain thy two sons; for now scarcely wilt thou thyself escape from him." "Go, maiden, and beseech the youth to grant mercy unto us, for we yield ourselves into his hands." So the maiden came to the place where Peredur was, and besought mercy for her father, and for all such of his vassals as had escaped alive. "Thou shalt have it, on condition that thy father and all that are under him go and render homage to Arthur, and tell him that it was his vassal, Peredur, that did him this service." "This will we do willingly, by Heaven." "And you shall also receive baptism; and I will send to Arthur, and beseech him to bestow this valley upon thee, and upon thy heirs after thee, for ever." Then they went in, and the grey man and the tall woman saluted Peredur. And the grey man said unto him, "Since I have possessed this valley I have not seen any Christian depart with his life, save thyself. We will go to do homage to Arthur, and to embrace the faith and be baptized." Then said Peredur, "To Heaven I render thanks that I have not broken my vow to the lady that best I love, which was, that I would not speak one word unto any Christian."

That night they tarried there. And the next day, in the morning, the grey man, with his company, set forth to Arthur's Court; and they did homage unto Arthur, and he caused them to be baptized. And the grey man told Arthur that it was Peredur that had vanquished them. And Arthur gave the valley to the grey man and his company, to hold it of him as Peredur had besought. And, with Arthur's permission, the grey man went back to the Round Valley.

Peredur rode forward next day, and traversed a vast tract of desert, in which no dwellings were. And at length he came to a habitation, mean and small. And there he heard that there was a serpent that lay upon a gold ring, and suffered none to inhabit the country for seven miles around. And Peredur came to the place where he heard the serpent was. And angrily, furiously, and desperately fought he with the serpent; and at last he killed it, and took away the ring. And thus he was for a long time without speaking a word to any Christian. And therefrom he lost his color and his aspect, through extreme longing after the Court of Arthur, and the society of the lady whom best he loved, and of his companions. Then he proceeded forward to Arthur's Court, and on the road there met him Arthur's household going on a particular errand, with Kai at their head. And Peredur knew them all, but none of the household recognized him. "Whence comest thou, chieftain?" said Kai. And this he asked him twice and three times, and he answered him not. And Kai thrust him through the thigh with his lance. And lest he should be compelled to speak, and to break his vow, he went on without stopping. Then said Gwalchmai, "I declare to Heaven, Sir Kai, that thou hast acted ill in committing such an outrage on a youth like this, who cannot speak." And Gwalchmai returned back to Arthur's Court. "Lady," said he to Gwenhwyvar, "seest thou how wicked an outrage Kai has committed upon this youth who cannot speak; for Heaven's sake and for mine, cause him to have medical care before I come back, and I will repay thee the charge."

And before the men returned from their errand, a knight came to the meadow beside Arthur's Palace, to dare some one to the encounter. And his challenge was accepted; and Peredur fought with him, and overthrew him. And for a week he overthrew one knight every day.

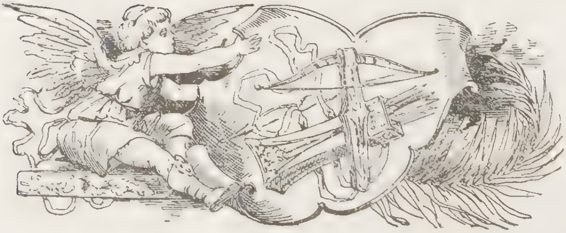
And one day, Arthur and his household were going to church, and they beheld a knight who had raised the signal for combat. "Verily," said Arthur, "by the valor of men, I will not go hence until I have my horse and my arms to overthrow yonder boor." Then went the attendants to fetch Arthur's horse and arms. And Peredur met the attendants as they were going back, and he took the horse and arms from them, and proceeded to the meadow; and all those who saw him arise and go to do battle with the knight, went upon the tops of the houses, and the mounds, and the high places, to behold the combat. And Peredur beckoned with his hand to the knight to commence the fight. And the knight thrust at him, but he was not thereby moved from where he stood. And Peredur spurred his horse, and ran at him wrathfully, furiously, fiercely, desperately, and with mighty rage, and he gave him a thrust, deadly-wounding, severe, furious, adroit and strong, under his jaw, and raised him out of his saddle, and cast him a long way from him. And Peredur went back, and left the horse and the arms with the attendant as before, and he went on foot to the Palace.

Then Peredur went by the name of the Dumb Youth. And behold, Angharad Law Eurawc met him. "I declare to Heaven, chieftain," said she, "woful is it that thou canst not speak; for couldst thou speak, I would love thee best of all men; and by my faith, although thou canst not, I do love thee above all." "Heaven reward thee, my sister," said Peredur; "by my faith I also do love thee." Thereupon it was known that he was Peredur. And then he held fellowship with Gwalchmai, and Owain, the son of Urien, and all the household, and he remained in Arthur's Court.

TALIESSIN'S PROPHECY.

In a poem, sometimes ascribed to Taliessin, but probably of much later origin, occurs a celebrated prophecy, which has now become history.

Their God they shall adore,
Their language they shall keep,
Their country they shall lose,
Except Wild Wales.



PROVENÇAL LITERATURE.

SOUTHERN FRANCE was the birthplace of the Crusades. Almost simultaneously it was the scene of a peculiar literary movement which flourished for two centuries, and then faded away. This region, favored by a serene climate, had been early subdued by the Romans, and had completely accepted their civilization. Here, after the downfall of the Empire, the spirit of classical refinement remained long in vigor. The Latin language continued to be employed for all affairs of church and state, and for history and poetry. The spoken tongue, a corruption of Latin, known as "rustic Roman," was gradually accepted by the Frankish conquerors. Learned clerks, seeking to please the dispensers of courtly favor, and especially the ladies (who knew little or no Latin), began to cultivate poetry in this Roman language, adopting forms and metres from the classics. Rhyme, a distinguishing characteristic of modern poetry, had already appeared in the church service, and was thence transferred to secular use.

In the numerous castles of princes and nobles this native poetry was welcomed, and the makers of it, called Troubadours (or Finders), were highly honored. Some of them were of noble birth; others rose from humble station by their ability to express the feelings of their aristocratic patrons. Besides the Troubadours, or composers of the songs, who often sang them as well, there was also another class called *Joglars* (French, *jongleurs;* Latin, *joculatores*, or players), who performed or recited the compositions of the former. Sometimes, indeed, a *Joglar* advanced to the rank of a Troubadour, but commonly they remained distinct. In later times, *joglars* (English, jugglers) were merely wandering musicians who added to their attractions various feats of agility and other amusing performances.

War and religion furnished themes for the Troubadours, and didactic and satirical pieces are also found, but, in far the larger proportion of their poetry, love was the predominant motive. The body of this literature is called Provençal, from Provence, the country in which it originated, though it spread not only over southern France, but through northern Spain and Italy. Its peculiar character and history give it a place separate from the main stream of French literature. The free, pleasure-loving spirit of the Provençal court, unrestrained by local patriotism, is exemplified in the verses which Count Raymond Berangar III. recited before the Emperor Frederic II., at Turin, in 1162: "I like a cavalier of France, and a Catalonian lady; the courtesy of the Genoese and the stateliness of Castile; the sweet songs of Provence and the dance Trevisan; the form of the Aragonese, and the speech Julian; the hands and face of the English, and the youth of Tuscany."

The Crusades, begun in the eleventh century to rescue the Holy Land from the Saracens, attempted in the thirteenth to extirpate heresy in Christendom. The home of the Troubadours was found to be the most tainted with infidelity, and a fierce war was excited against the Albigenses, who had been protected by the liberal Counts of Toulouse as their most loyal subjects. The North of France was orthodox, and its aid was invoked against the prosperous South. Heresy was suppressed, but the country was devastated. Its political power and refined civilization were wantonly destroyed. The Provençal literature died in its birthplace, but many manuscripts were preserved in Italy, and were brought to light in the eighteenth century by M. de St. Palaye. Subsequent study has raised them again to their proper place in the literature of the world. The lives of the Troubadours have been found as romantic as their songs.

Several forms of poetry prevailed among the Troubadours.

First, was the *canson*, consisting of several similar stanzas, followed by a shorter one, the *envoi*, in which the song was apostrophized and its mission declared. Second, came the *sonnet*, which was chanted to the sound of a musical instrument, and had not yet been limited to the form which Petrarch consecrated. The last was the *ballade*, which was originally a dance song. There were also poems classified according to their subject, as *plaints*, or complaints against fate, or against suffering imposed by mistresses; *aubades*, or songs of the dawn, putting an end to love's endearments; *serenades*, which were less frequent; *tensons* (contentions), in which a pair of lovers, or disputants, vie in alternate verses. There were also a few larger poems, some setting forth the duties and rewards of Crusaders; others, called *tresors* (treasures), giving general instruction in regard to life, or to the wonders of the world.

WILLIAM OF POITIERS.

The first troubadour whose songs have been preserved to us is William, the ninth Count of Poitiers, who, at the age of fifteen, succeeded his father in the government; he was born in 1071, and died in 1127. In his youth he was handsome as well as brave; in disposition inclined to gaiety and recklessness; and he was gifted with a voice of irresistible charm. He married early; but repudiated his first wife in order to wed Philippa, daughter of the Count of Toulouse, seeking through this connection to make himself master of that centre of refinement. At the outset of his career he failed to share the prèvalent religious enthusiasm, and when the other nobles of France flocked to the first Crusade, William stayed at home. Nevertheless, when word was brought of their valor and success, the young Count summoned his vassals and set forth for the Holy Land. But on the banks of the Halys, in Asia Minor, his troop was attacked by the Turks and destroyed, Count William alone escaping from the slaughter, and finally arriving as a simple pilgrim at Jerusalem.

When William returned home, he resumed his pleasure-seeking. He dallied with fair women, and encouraged the tilts and tournaments of chivalry. He affected a certain whimsical fastidiousness, and boasted in his songs that no Frenchman or Norman had ever been received at his court. When, in 1114, a bishop was about to pronounce upon him sentence of excommunication, William drew his sword and threatened to kill the prelate, should he dare to utter the dread formula. The bishop paused a moment as if to collect himself: then spoke the fatal words with solemn emphasis, adding, "Strike now!" But the Count, bowing with careless grace, sheathed his weapon. "No," quoth he; "I do not love you enough to send you to Heaven by my hand!"

William ultimately lost possession of Toulouse, while engaged in war against the Moslems in Spain. Eleven short poems are ascribed to him; but they are valuable from a historical rather than from a literary standpoint. They are all love-songs, but of widely differing character, some being refined and delicate, others gross and indecent. The latter seem to embody allusions to the author's personal adventures; the former exemplify the peculiar tone and style of Provençal poetry in its most flourishing period. The poem inspired by the Crusade in which he took part has been lost.

The Troubadour's Lay.

Anew I tune my lute to love,
  Ere storms disturb the tranquil hour,
For her who strives my truth to prove,
  My only pride and beauty's flower,
Who will ne'er my pain remove,
  Who knows and triumphs in her power.

I am, alas! her willing thrall,
  She may record me as her own;
Nor my devotion weakness call,
  That her I prize, and her alone.
Without her can I live at all,
  A captive so accustomed grown?

What hope have I, O lady dear?
  Do I then sigh in vain for thee?
And wilt thou ever thus severe
  Be as a cloistered nun to me?
Methinks this heart but ill can bear
  An unrewarded slave to be!

Why banish love and joy thy bowers,
  Why thus my passion disapprove?
When, lady, all the world were ours,
  If thou couldst learn, like me, to love!

AUBADE.

THE following aubade, or dawn-song, by an unknown poet, translated by F. Hueffer, is the prototype of A. C. Swinburne's "In the Orchard."

Beneath a hawthorn, on a blooming lawn,
A lady to her side her friend had drawn,
Until the watcher saw the early dawn.
Ah God, ah God! The dawn! It comes so soon!

"Oh, that the sheltering night would never flee,
Oh, that my friend would never part from me,
And never might the watch the dawning see!
Ah God, ah God! The dawn! It comes so soon!

"Now, sweetest friend, to me with kisses cling,
Down in the meadow where the ousels sing;
No harm shall hate and jealous envy bring.
Ah God, ah God! The dawn! It comes so soon!

"There let with new delight our love abound—
The sweet-voiced birds are caroling around—
Until the watcher's warning note resound.
Ah God, ah God! The dawn! It comes so soon!

"I drink the air that softly blows my way,
From my true friend, so blithe, so fair, so gay,
And with his fragrant breath my thirst allay.
Ah God, ah God! The dawn! It comes so soon!"

The lady is of fair and gentle kind,
And many a heart her beauty has entwined,
But to one friend is aye her heart inclined.
Ah God, ah God! The dawn! It comes so soon!

BERTRAND DE BORN.

THIS noted knight and troubadour was a native of Born, Perigord, in France, about 1140, and died some time before the year 1215. His nature was restless, fickle and intractable; he was a mischief-brewer, and constantly involved in difficulties of his own provoking. But his poems were brilliant, and his death took place in a monastery.

Richard, son of Henry II. of England, after having effectively taken the part of Bertrand's brother, whom Bertrand had expelled from his possessions, showed such clemency toward the quarrelsome poet that the latter praised him in a spirited ode. But he aided Prince Henry in rebellion against the king, in punishment for which the monarch besieged and captured Bertrand's castle of Hautefort. In the interview that followed, however, the poet spoke in such loving terms of the dead prince that the king, weeping, commanded that his possessions be restored to him.

When Richard ascended the throne, Bertrand tried to stir up war between him and Philip Augustus of France. But the two potentates compromised their differences by agreeing to take part together in a Crusade, on which Bertrand did not accompany them. He had not yet been knighted; and since, in order to attain that honor, it was necessary to select a lady to receive his homage, Richard suggested that he address his songs to his sister, Eleanor Plantagenet. When, later, she married the Duke of Saxony, Bertrand paid his court to Mænz de Montagnac, wife of Talleyrand de Perigord. She, becoming jealous, dismissed him; and when he found his petitions to be restored to favor rejected, he chose another lady-love, Tiberge de Montausier, who, in accordance with the strange formalities prescribed by the laws of gallantry, succeeded in reconciling him with Mænz. He is said to have been so unknightly as afterwards to have sullied her fair fame.

At length, after so much mischief-making, the warrior-poet assumed the habit of a Cistercian monk, and died in the odor of sanctity. In his Inferno, Dante represents Bertrand de Born as a headless trunk, bearing his severed head "lantern-wise in his hand." This was in requital of his having tempted King Henry's sons to treason.

ELEGY ON YOUNG KING HENRY.

HENRY II., King of England, in 1172 appointed his eldest son, Henry, ruler of Anjou, and afterwards his sons Richard and Geoffrey rulers of other parts of his Continental possessions. Young Henry died in 1183, before his father, and his death was bitterly lamented by Bertrand de Born, whose elegy is translated by F. Hueffer.

If all the pain, the grief, the bitter tears,
  The sorrow, the remorse, the scornful slight,
Of which man in this life the burden bears
  Were thrown aheap, their balance would be light
Against the death of our young English King.
  Valor and youth stand wailing at his loss;
  The world is waste and dark and dolorous,
Void of all joy, full of regret and sorrow.

All-present death, cruel and full of tears,
  Now mayst thou boast that of the noblest knight

Whose deeds were ever sung to human ears,
  Thou hast deprived the world. No fame so bright
That it could darken our young English King.
  'Twere better, if it pleased our Lord, to give
  Life back to him, than that the traitors live
Who to good men cause but regret and sorrow.

The world is base and dark and full of tears.
  Its love has fled; its pleasure passed away;
A falsehood is its truth. Each day appears,
  But to regret its better yesterday.
Look up, all ye, to our young English King,
  The best among the brave and valorous!
  Now is his gentle heart afar from us,
And we are left to our regret and sorrow.

THE COURTS OF LOVE.

In Southern France, seven hundred years ago, court etiquette and the forms of social intercourse among the nobility were regulated by women. War yielded to love and the cultivation of the "gay science." Each Troubadour must elect some lady—generally the wife or daughter of his patron—as the object of his addresses. Gallantry, however, must not transcend certain conventional limits, under pain of banishment or of dire physical penalties, of which the history of the Troubadours furnishes not a few examples. This separation of passionate devotion from the idea of marriage has not been without its effect upon subsequent society and literature.

The establishment of Courts of Love seems so fantastic that their very existence has been doubted. They were composed of noble ladies, whose authority was regulated by a Code of Love, disobedience to which was punished by expulsion. This code is given by André le Chapelain in a Latin treatise, written about 1180. Of its thirty-one maxims we quote the following:

He who conceals not his feelings from others, cannot love.

No one can be bound by a double love.

Wedlock is no excuse against love.

Love is ever increasing or diminishing.

She who survives her lover is bound to a two years' widowhood.

It is shame to love those to marry whom is shame.

Love published rarely endures.

Easy acceptance repels love, coyness encourages love.

True love craves not the embrace of any, save its companion.

Every lover is wont to pale in presence of his love.

Full of love is full of fear.

To a lover, love can deny nothing.

He that is overburdened by luxury cannot love.

Nothing prevents one woman being loved by two men, or two men by one woman.

PIERRE VIDAL.

Pierre Vidal has been called the Don Quixote of the Troubadours. Born of humble parents at Toulouse, he had a melodious voice and poetic talent. His devotion to the fair sex was inflamed by the delusion that he was a special object of their admiration. Yet his first adventure scarcely warranted this persuasion. Having spoken lightly of a lady, her husband took revenge by splitting the poet's tongue. This wound, however, was cured by the compassion of Hugues, the Lord of Baux, to whose service he attached himself. Barral, Viscount of Marseilles, also accorded him special honor, and the poet made this lord's wife, Adelaide, the theme of his songs under the name of Andierna, or Vierna. The lady showed the poet some favor, until one day when she was sleeping alone, Vidal stole into the room and, kneeling by her bed, kissed her cheek. Adelaide awoke, thinking it was her husband, but finding her mistake, cried out for help, and the presumptuous poet fled. The lady told her husband and asked for vengeance on the poet's insolence. Barral made light of the adventure, but Vidal had to depart. He went to Genoa, and followed Richard I. in his Crusade.

Vidal's songs now took a new turn, and were filled with boasts of his prowess. His comrades, playing upon his vanity, induced him to marry a lady of Cyprus, who they pretended was niece of the Eastern Emperor. His romantic imagination became possessed with the notion that he was unjustly excluded from the throne. He assumed the title and dignity of Emperor, caused a throne to be carried before him, and made preparation to assert his rights. Yet he forgot not his former life, and to secure restoration of his honor, he went back to obtain pardon from the Viscountess of Marseilles. His former patrons assisted him, but when Lady Adelaide was requested to signify his pardon by giving him freely the kiss he had before stolen, she refused.

The mad poet was next smitten with the charms of a lady named Lopa de Penantier, and to show his devotion, took the name of Loup (Wolf), and offered to submit to the perils of being hunted in a wolf's skin. The proposition was accepted, and shepherds with dogs pursued him to the mountains, and so cruelly was he mangled that he was carried back as dead. The lady and her husband nursed him back to health, though they ridiculed his folly. Wolves were then common throughout France, and the belief in Were-wolves prevailed.

Vidal's next insanity was shown in his mourning for the death of Count Raymond of Toulouse. He cut off the ears and tails of his horses, but let his own beard and nails grow to immoderate length, and required his servants to do the same. King Alfonso of Aragon came to Provence while Vidal was in this plight. The king and his barons besought the poet to resume his gayety and compose a new song to be carried to Spain. Finally the poet consented, and recounted his recent adventures, including the wolf-chase. Vidal afterwards visited the court of Alfonso and composed several poems there. Yet he had not abandoned his dream of empire in the East. He made a new voyage thither, but returned with his ambition ungratified, and died in 1229.

MY NATIVE PROVENCE.

With my breath I drink the air
  That my native Provence sends me,
  For a message ever lends me
Joy from her most dear and fair.
  When they praise her I rejoice,
  Ask for more with eager voice,
Listen, listen night and morrow.

For no country 'neath the sun
  Beats mine from Rozer unto Vensa,
  From the sea to the Durensa:
Nowhere equal joy is won.
  With my friends, when I did part,
  And with her I left my heart,
Who dispelled my deepest sorrow.

Nothing harms me all the day,
  While her sweet eyes stand before me,
  And her lips that rapture bore me.
If I praise her, no one may
  Call my rapturous words a lie,
  For the whole world can descry
Nothing wrought in sweeter fashion.

All the good I do or say
  Only to her grace is owing,
  For she made me wise and knowing,
For she made me true and gay.

If in glory I abound
To her praise it must redound
Who inspires my song with passion.

The Troubadour's Inspiration.

Ah! if renown attend my name,
And if delight await my song,
Thine is the glory, thine the fame,
The praise, the joy to thee belong;
For 'twas thy beauty taught me first
To emulate the poet's lay,
Thy smile my trembling numbers nurst,
And soothed my early fears away.
If aught I breathe of good and sweet,
The strain by thee is taught to flow,
My songs thy accents but repeat,
Their purity to thee they owe.

If gazing crowds around me sigh,
And listen with enraptured ear,
'Tis that thy spirit hovers nigh,
'Tis that thy tender voice they hear.
When faint and low I touch the string,
The failing sounds, alas! are mine;
But when inspired and rapt I sing,
The power, the charm, the soul is thine!

FLAMENCA.

The most notable narrative poem of Provençal origin is Flamenca, probably composed in the early part of the thirteenth century. The only manuscript of it was found at Carcassonne in an imperfect state, so that the author's name is unknown. It has been edited by M. Paul Meyer, who added a translation into modern French. The story gives a vivid picture of mediæval life, and yet in spirit is not far from a modern novel.

The valiant knight, Archimbaut Count of Bourbon, sought in marriage Flamenca, the daughter of Count Gui de Nemours, whom he had never seen, and the father preferred him even to the King of Hungary. Being assured of acceptance, Archimbaut set out in grand style, while a splendid reception was prepared for him at Nemours. Count Gui introduced the noble suitor to his daughter abruptly, "Here is your bride; take her if you like." Count Archimbaut replied, "Sir, if she does not gainsay it, I was never so willing to take anything in my life;" and the lady, smiling, addressed her father, "Sir, one can see that you have me in your power, since you give me away so easily; as it is your will, I consent." At these words Archimbaut is filled with joy and presses her hand warmly. But the father leads him out, while Flamenca followed him with her eyes, saying, "God be with you." A magnificent wedding ensued, five bishops and ten abbots assisting at the ceremony. At the banquet, the bride's father and the groom wait on the table, as custom required. But the groom's eyes watch the bride, and he is tired of the feasting of the guests and the singing of the joglars. Nine days the festivities lasted, and then the groom returned to prepare his castle at Bourbon in Auvergne, for its new mistress. So far all is bright and cheerful, and the poet shows his skill and pleasure in describing courtly festivities.

The king of France honors his trusty baron Gui de Nemours by escorting Flamenca to her husband. The queen and all the court attend the celebration prepared by Count Archimbaut. At the tournament the king carries on the point of his lance the sleeve of a lady's dress. The queen, however, suspects that it is Flamenca's, and soon informs the new husband of her suspicion. Jealousy immediately takes possession of his soul, and though he conceals his feeling before his guests, he rages inwardly. "What was I dreaming of, when I took a wife? God! I was mad. Was I not well off and happy before? Ill befall my parents that they advised me to take what never did good to any man!"

The jealous husband changes his behavior. He shuts himself up, and pretends to be very much occupied. He suspects every visitor of designs on his wife and mutters that he would like to throw them out headlong. Then he ironically invites them to stay for dinner, that they may have good opportunity for love-making. Yet all the while he looks like a snarling dog. Soon he grows so wild and fierce in his moods, that he neglects his person, and goes about unwashed, letting his beard grow long and matted like a badly-made sheaf of oats, and even tearing out his hair. Next the crazy knight resolves to keep his wife a close prisoner, and exclaims, "May I be hanged, if she ever go out without me except to church to hear mass, and that only on high feast days!" Yet the lady, shut up in the tower, has two devoted maidens, Alice and Margarida. Unaware of any reason on her part for her husband's strange conduct and harsh treatment, she ceases to love him.

Meantime Archimbaut's actions have been bruited abroad, and knights and troubadours unite in condemning the savage tyrant. Guillem de Nevers, a rich and valiant knight, a lover of poetry, who has been educated at the University of Paris, decides that the lady must be comforted and the jealous husband punished. But how can this feat be performed? How can the lady be even approached? The tower is too firmly guarded. How could he meet her even in church, where she is screened in a private pew?

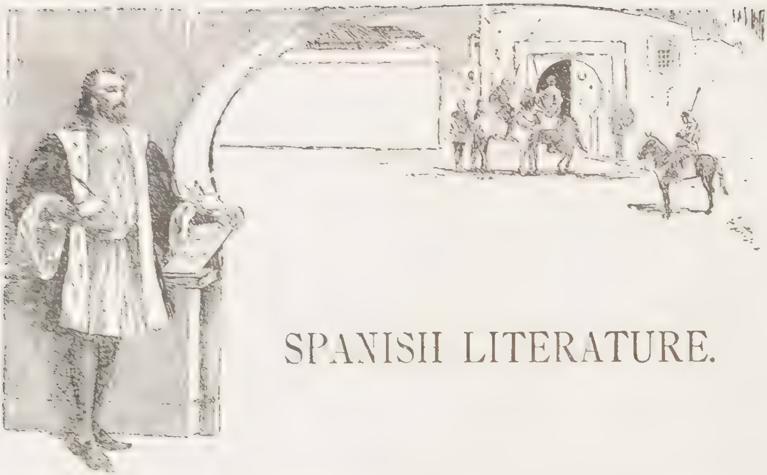
Guillem de Nevers is a scholar, and thus finds means to gain the favor of the priest, who makes him his clerk. According to the practice of the times, he thus has the opportunity of carrying to her the mass-book which was kissed by the people. Flamenca notices the handsome new clerk, but she is astonished when, instead of the formula, "Peace be with thee!" he whispers "Alas!" Returning home she muses on the clerk's word. At first she is indignant at his impertinence. "What right has he to grieve for me? He is strong and free and should be happy. Why should he mock at my suffering? I must sigh and weep. The household drudge is enviable compared with me. I could not be worse with a rival or a stepmother." But the maidservants suggest other thoughts. Margarida declares, "Your beauty has won the clerk's heart. He has no other chance of speaking to you, and therefore has run this risk to show you his feeling." With such suggestions Flamenca is persuaded to pardon, and even to look favorably on the clerk's conduct, and the three women consult what should be said when next the clerk and lady meet. Two syllables can only be whispered, and the fair conspirators agree upon the question, *Que plaines?* "What do you grieve for?" Guillem is visibly moved when Flamenca utters the words, but she is not certain that he has understood them. She therefore rehearses the scene in her chamber, while her maid, Alice, holds out to her a book, as the clerk had done. The maid assures her that he must have heard and understood the question. A week, however, must intervene before the answer can be obtained, and then the clerk replies, "I die."

This singular dialogue, strictly limited to two whispered syllables each Sunday, and carried on before the eyes of the jealous husband, is prolonged for many weeks. Its further course ran thus: *Flamenca.*—Of what? *Guillem.*—Of love. *F.*—For whom? *G.*—For you. *F.*—What can I? *G.*—Heal me. *F.*—How so? *G.*—By craft. *F.*—Use it. *G.*—I have. *F.*—What craft? *G.*—You must go. *F.*—Where to? *G.*—The baths.

The author describes these baths, which were on the estate of Count Archimbaut. Diseased people of various nations resorted to them, and found written in each room for what malady it was good. Hot and cold baths were supplied, on terms fixed by the landlord. There were also rooms in which people could lie down and rest, or refresh themselves, as they pleased. There was a remedy for every ailment, and every one might go away cured. Here Guillem had won the good will of the landlord and his wife by paying promptly and living familiarly. He now induced them to let their house to him for a season, while they went elsewhere. Guillem then had a subterraneous passage constructed from the house to one of the bathing-cells. Carrying out the plot, Flamenca soon requires the baths to relieve her pain and want of sleep. Archimbaut is persuaded to grant the request, and conducts his wife to the place. The gallant landlord shows her every attention, and leads her, with her two faithful maidens, to the bath. The husband locks the door of the bath-room on the outside, while the maidens bolt it on the inside. But the subterraneous passage leads to a room splendidly adorned for the distinguished visitor.

Archimbaut had already noticed a change in his wife's manner towards him. She became careless, showed no affection—hardly common politeness. At last, when the lady proposed that she be restored to liberty on promise of faithfulness to her husband, he found himself tired of playing jailor, and consented. The lady then vows to him, in the presence of her maidens, "Henceforth I will guard myself quite as well as you have hitherto guarded me." The lady therefore leaves her lover, who departs to win new fame. Yet she agrees to see him again at a tournament, which Archimbaut intends to hold in celebration of his good fortune. Guillem, restored to his rank, becomes renowned for his prowess. He is invited by Archimbaut to attend his feast, and is introduced to Flamenca as a valiant and famous knight. At the tournament Guillem is easily first among the combatants, while Archimbaut, freed from his wretched jealousy, takes the second rank.

Here the manuscript ends abruptly, yet the story has evidently been told.



SPANISH LITERATURE.

THE country known as Spain is a geographical cul-de-sac. Divided from the rest of Europe on the landward side by the Pyrenees across the isthmus, it is surrounded on all other sides by seas. All invasions from the east must end here. It was occupied before the beginning of recorded history by the Iberians. More than two hundred years before Christ the Carthaginians, quickly followed by the Romans, invaded it, and the latter's domination lasted six hundred years. Before the fall of the Western Empire came the Vandals, Suevi and Alans, and the Visigothic kingdom, then erected, continued until the appearance of the Arabians in 710 A.D. Against a stubborn resistance the latter gradually possessed themselves of the Peninsula, until only among the mountains of the Asturias in the northwest did an unconquered remnant find shelter. The Mohammedan rule lasted till 1031, when the caliphate began to crumble and the Spaniards to reoccupy their territory. Steadily they pushed the invaders back. The Berber fanatics crossed the Straits of Gibraltar in the eleventh century and conquered an adjoining realm, from which they were not finally ousted for two hundred years. But, in 1479, Castile and Aragon were united, and, in 1492, the Moors were driven from their last stronghold in Granada. In the succeeding century, Spain reached her apogee of glory. In the seventeenth her decline began, and it has continued until to-day she who once dominated the civilized world arouses only its contempt.

Nowhere more clearly than in this story is the logic of events exemplified. The Spaniards whom the Moors attacked were a brave people and loved freedom; their political position and the mountainous topography and inspiring climate of their country made them so. In addition, they were stimulated by the sacred duty of defending the cause of the Cross against the Crescent. Thus, they became a nation of heroes. And when at last victory came to them, they were exalted with a noble pride, and their minds, aroused in every faculty, were open to receive the benefits of that culture which the Saracens had communicated to the country. In both physical and intellectual vigor they towered above their contemporaries. But, in the midst of this brilliant prosperity, the serpent of the Inquisition crawled into view and instilled its paralyzing poison into the veins of the nation. Spain fell, becoming first the enemy, then the byword of mankind.

The language followed the development of the political history. In the beginning of the Christian Era, Latin, in a corrupted form, was the language of the country. It was still further modified under the Gothic dispensation; and when the inhabitants were forced back to the Asturias, they found there a settlement of Iberians whose original tongue had scarcely changed since the pre-Christian period. Hence came a new amalgamation; but when the Moslem yoke was lifted, and the northwestern champions descended among their countrymen who had submitted to it, they found them possessed of a language in many respects differing from theirs, and of a quite superior civilization. They assimilated both; and now, in the Castilian dialect, the speech of the nation assumed its final form. Other dialects, such as the Catalan, there were, but they were not cultivated. The Castilian most fully expressed the genius and nature of the people. It is resonant, orotund and distinct, the language of men who fear none and respect themselves; and it is distinguished from the other Romance languages by the strong, masculine gutturals derived from the Arabic and Gothic. It became the vehicle of a literature second to none in eloquence, humanity and humor. The language and the literature remain; but the character of their creators is no more.

The first literary monument is the Poem of the Cid, produced about 1200. The poem, of nearly four thousand lines, is probably based upon popular ballads of earlier date. Its unknown author has caught the very spirit of the time, and combines with poetry sometimes of almost Homeric quality, a living picture of the character and manners of the Spain of the eleventh century. In 1250 the prose Chronicle of Spain was written by Alfonso the Wise, and remains the standard authority on the Cid's career. From it the distinct Chronicle of the Cid was compiled. In popular imagination the hero soon became a being of ideal attributes; but, in sober fact, he was no doubt one of the grand figures of history. His title, The Cid, was bestowed by five Moslem chiefs whom he had forced to acknowledge his sway in a single battle; El Seyyid, The Lord, is the Arabic form; to it his countrymen added Campeador, Champion. His name was Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, the castle of Bivar, near Burgos, having been his birthplace in the year 1040. He died at Valencia, in 1099.

Passing by Gonzalo Berceo, the author of some pious versified platitudes, we find in Alfonso the Wise the first named author of Spain. Perhaps his title would be better translated Learned than Wise; for great though were his intellectual eminence and his acquirements, he made but an indifferent ruler, and was finally driven from the throne by his son Sancho. His code of laws, known as "Las Siete Partidas," The Seven Parts, became the foundation of Spanish jurisprudence, and some of its rules are accepted in modern law. He caused an astronomical table to be compiled, and he composed a history of his country, which begins with the creation of the world, and is carried down to the period of his father's death. The style of this work is dignified, yet free and picturesque, and has served as a model to writers who came after him. Alfonso made the Castilian dialect the vehicle of his translation of the Holy Scriptures, and ordered that it should be employed in all legal proceedings, thereby confirming it as the official and popular language of the country. His merit as a writer is demonstrated by the inferior style of the chroniclers who continued his history. It is not easy to overestimate the benefits which this monarch bestowed upon the land which he nevertheless failed successfully to govern.

The "Conde Lucanor" of his nephew Don Juan Manuel, a turbulent and unruly prince, but endowed with striking gifts of mind and genius, has been called "the most valuable monument of Spanish literature in the fourteenth century;" it is the only one identifiable among twelve books which he claims to have composed. It consists of fifty tales conceived in the Oriental style, and is one of the earliest works in Castilian prose. The Decameron of Boccaccio was its Italian contemporary; but, whereas that work was designed solely to amuse, the book of Don Juan shows the working of a vigorous and earnest brain, seeking to instruct as well as to entertain. It was a mine for much subsequent literature, and Shakespeare, among others, found in it the suggestion for his "Taming of the Shrew." This noble writer and statesman is one of the most strongly marked and animated figures of his age.

The poet Juan Ruiz, whose life covers the middle part of the fourteenth century, has been compared with Chaucer. He had a satiric and humorous vein, and skill in narrative, and his "Battle of Don Carnival with Madame Lent," is a quaint and diverting allegory, though devoid of the human touch which Chaucer gave. He was nicknamed Archpriest of Hita, that being the place of his abode.—The Dance of Death, in its first Spanish form, is by some ascribed to the Jew Rabbi Santob, a fourteenth century genius, but the conception was universally popular, and appeared in so many guises and languages that it is difficult to trace its origin. It probably owes its first suggestion to Germany.

The period from the appearance of the Poem of the Cid to the end of the fourteenth century shows the Spanish Court as the centre of literary culture. But, side by side with this, there was a rude and racy popular literature, even more valuable to the student of the human mind. The ballads of Spain have been famous ever since they were written. Over one thousand are known, but of none of these have the authors been identified. They grew up like hardy wayside plants, which all were free to pluck and enjoy. Their subjects are the heroes of chivalry and their adventures; Moorish stories; episodes of Spanish domestic life; and, in brief, they picture the life of the people as it was not portrayed in the regular chronicles. Their method is direct and simple, but there is a humorous keenness in the treatment, and a fidelity to the national traits, which place them above other literature of their class. The verse is octosyllabic, and the poem is sometimes divided into four-line stanzas. One hundred and sixty ballads on the Cid are extant; twenty on Fernan Gonzales, a half-mythical hero of the tenth century; Bernardo del Carpio's tragic story is recounted in another group; and The Seven Lords of Lara supply the theme of others. Charlemagne and his Paladins, whose story has enriched so much European literature, are not forgotten by the Spanish balladist. The Moorish ballads are of another type; they reflect a more sensuous, fantastic and luxurious life than that of the country in general. Yet, without this element, the Spanish nature is not complete.

Of the Chronicles, which treated of all aspects of life, that of Alfonso is first in time and quality; the narrative of Roderic, the last king of the Goths, has been rendered in an English dress by Southey. Provençal poetry, introduced into Spain at the period of the persecution of the Albigenses, had little affinity with the genius of the people, and did not long survive transplantation. The attempt to form an Italian school of poetry was not long successful. Finally, we may mention the famous cycle of Chivalric Romances of which Amadis de Gaul was the prototype and chief. Our primary survey of Spanish literature closes with the fourteenth century, and discussion of later productions will be deferred to a future chapter.

THE POEM OF THE CID.

THE following literal translation by Butler Clarke of a favorite passage in the Poem of the Cid illustrates "the heroic simplicity, the rapid movement, the life-like pictures the poem presents of the turbulent times in which it was composed, and the free and light-hearted spirit it breathes throughout."

They clasp their shields before their hearts;
Their lances are leveled with pennants decked;
Their heads they bent low over the saddle;
To smite them they went with valiant hearts.
Loudly calls "He who was Born in a happy Hour,"*
"Strike them, my knights, for love of charity!
I am Ruy Diaz the Cid Campeador of Bivar!"
One and all shower blows on the band round Pero Vermuez:
Three hundred lances are they, each with its pennant decked:
A Moor apiece they killed, each with a single blow,
And when they wheeled about, they slew as many more.
There might one see many lances rise and sink and rise again,
Many a shield pierced and thrust through,
Many a corselet burst and broken,
Many a white pennant come forth red in blood,
Many a good horse free without a master.
The Moors call on Mahomet, the Christians on St. Iago:
In but a little space a thousand and three hundred Moors are slain.

THE CID AND THE COUNTS OF CARRION.

The Cid, after being banished from the Kingdom of Aragon, made war on the Moors, conquered the city of Valencia and established himself as its ruler. The king then renewed his favor and requested the Cid to bestow his two daughters in marriage upon the Infants (Princes) of Carrion. The Cid complied, and the marriage was celebrated with great pomp at Valencia. But the Cid's followers charge the Princes with cowardice, and they resolve to depart. The Cid dismisses them in the most friendly manner, gives them two famous swords, and loads them with presents. But the Infants in passing through a forest send their retinue ahead and then strip their brides, beat them and tie them to trees. Here the unfortunate ladies might have perished, had not an adherent of the Cid, suspecting treachery, followed them at some distance. They were brought back to Valencia. The Cid demanded justice, and the king summoned the Cortes on the occasion. The nobles assemble, and the Cid asks first for his swords, which are at once restored. Then he asks for restoration of his goods, which the Infants resist, but the Cortes decide against them. When they plead that they are unable to pay immediately, their property is taken at an appraisement. Finally the Cid demands satisfaction for the insult to his daughters.

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* This is one of the favorite names of the Cid.

The Infants give up all they have, their goods are at an end:
They go about in haste to their kindred and their friend;
They borrow as they can, but all will scarce suffice;
The attendants of the Cid take each thing at a price:
But as soon as this was ended, he began a new device.
"Justice and mercy, my Lord the King, I beseech you of your grace!
I have yet a grievance left behind, which nothing can efface.
Let all men present in the court attend and judge the case,
Listen to what these counts have done, and pity my disgrace.
Dishonored as I am, I cannot be so base,
But here, before I leave them, to defy them to their face.
Say, Infants, how had I deserved, in earnest or in jest,
Or on whatever plea you can defend it best,
That you should rend and tear the heart-strings from my breast?
I gave you at Valencia my daughters in your hand,
I gave you wealth and honors, and treasure at command;
Had you been weary of them, to cover your neglect,
You might have left them with me, in honor and respect.
Why did you take them from me, dogs and traitors as you were?
In the forest of Corpes, why did you strip them there?
Why did you mangle them with whips? why did you leave them bare
To the vultures and the wolves, and to the wintry air?
The court will hear your answer, and judge what you have done:
I say, your name and honor henceforth is lost and gone."
The Count Don Garcia was the first to rise:
"We crave your favor, my Lord the King, you are always just and wise.
The Cid is come to your court in such an uncouth guise,
He has left his beard to grow and tied it in a braid,
We are half of us astonished, the other half afraid.
The blood of the Counts of Carrion is of too high a line

To take a daughter from his house, though for a concubine;
A concubine or leman from the lineage of the Cid,
They could have done no other than leave them as they did.
We neither care for what he says nor fear what he may threat."
With that the noble Cid rose up from his seat:
He took his beard in his hand: "If this beard is fair and even,
I must thank the Lord above, who made both earth and heaven.
It has been cherished with respect, and therefore it has thriven;
It never suffered an affront since the day it first was worn;
What business, Count, have you to speak of it with scorn?
It never yet was shaken, nor plucked away, nor torn,
By Christian nor by Moor, nor by man of woman born,
As yours was once, Sir Count, the day Cabra was taken:
When I was master of Cabra, that beard of yours was shaken;
There was never a footboy in my camp but twitched away a bit;
The side that I tore off grows all uneven yet."
Ferran Gonzalez started forth upon the floor;
He cried with a loud voice: "Cid, let us hear no more.
Your claim for goods and money was satisfied before.
Let not a feud arise betwixt our friends and you.
We are the Counts of Carrion: from them our birth we drew.
Daughters of emperors or kings were a match for our degree:
We hold ourselves too good for a baron's like to thee.
If we abandoned, as you say, and left and gave them o'er,
We vouch that we did right, and prize ourselves the more."
The Cid looked at Bermuez, that was sitting at his foot:
"Speak thou, Peter the Dumb! what ails thee to sit mute?
My daughters and thy nieces are the parties in dispute:
Stand forth and make reply, if you would do them right.
If I should rise to speak, you cannot hope to fight."
Peter Bermuez rose; somewhat he had to say:
The words were strangled in his throat, they could not find their way;
Till forth they came at once, without a stop or stay:
"Cid, I'll tell you what, this always is your way;
You have always served me thus: whenever we have come
To meet here in the Cortes, you call me Peter the Dumb.
I cannot help my nature: I never talk nor rail;
But when a thing is to be done, you know I never fail.
Fernando, you have lied, you have lied in every word:
You have been honored by the Cid, and favored and preferred.
I know of all your tricks, and can tell them to your face:

Do you remember in Valencia the skirmish and the chase?
You asked leave of the Cid to make the first attack:
You went to meet a Moor, but you soon came running back.
I met the Moor and killed him, or he would have killed you;
I gave you up his arms, and all that was my due.
Up to this very hour, I never said a word:
You praised yourself before the Cid, and I stood by and heard
How you had killed the Moor, and done a valiant act;
And they believed you all, but they never knew the fact.
You are tall enough and handsome, but cowardly and weak.
Thou tongue without a hand, how can you dare to speak?
There's the story of the lion should never be forgot:
Now let us hear, Fernando, what answer have you got?
The Cid was sleeping in his chair, with all his knights around;
The cry went forth along the hall that the lion was unbound.
What did you do, Fernando? Like a coward as you were,
You slunk behind the Cid, and crouched beneath his chair.
We pressed around the throne, to shield our lord from harm,
Till the good Cid awoke: he rose without alarm;
He went to meet the lion, with his mantle on his arm;
The lion was abashed the noble Cid to meet;
He bowed his mane to the earth, his muzzle at his feet.
The Cid by the neck and mane drew him to his den,
He thrust him in at the hatch, and came to the hall again:
He found his knights, his vassals, and all his valiant men;
He asked for his sons-in-law; they were neither of them there.
I defy you for a coward and a traitor as you are.
For the daughters of the Cid, you have done them great unright:
In the wrong that they have suffered, you stand dishonored quite.
Although they are but women, and each of you a knight,
I hold them worthier far; and here my word I plight,
Before the King Alfonso, upon this plea to fight:
And if it be God's will, before the battle part,
Thou shalt avow it with thy mouth, like a traitor as thou art."
  Uprose Diego Gonzalez and answered as he stood:
"By our lineage we are counts, and of the purest blood;
This match was too unequal, it never could hold good.
For the daughters of the Cid we acknowledge no regret;
We leave them to lament the chastisement they met;
It will follow them through life for a scandal and a jest:
I stand upon this plea to combat with the best,
That, having left them as we did, our honor is increased."

Uprose Martin Antoninez, when Diego ceased:
"Peace, thou lying mouth! thou traitor coward, peace!
The story of the lion should have taught you shame, at least:
You rushed out at the door, and ran away so hard,
You fell into the cesspool that was open in the yard.
We dragged you forth, in all men's sight, dripping from the drain:
For shame, never wear a mantle nor a knightly robe again!
I fight upon this plea without more ado:
The daughters of the Cid are worthier far than you.
Before the combat part, you shall avow it true,
And that you have been a traitor, and a coward too."
Thus ended was the parley and challenge 'twixt these two.

THE CID PAWNS HIS COFFERS.

THE POEM OF THE CID, describes, not only his exploits in the field but also the domestic affairs of the hero and his daughters, and incidents occur of a lighter and occasionally humorous sort. The following is one of the best specimens of this kind.

Unto his trusty henchman Antoninez spake the Cid:
"In faith and love I well do know thou'lt do as thou art bid:
My gold is done, and silver, too; there's nothing left to spend;
And now our broken fortunes thou shalt help us to amend.
And first pray we that our device the good God will forgive,
For harm to no man would we do—but noble knights must live!
So we will take two goodly chests, covered with cramasie,
Right richly dight with nails of gold, each locked with golden key,
Fit for to hold a king's treasure (though treasure 's what we lack),
But with this golden sand right full these coffers we will pack;
And when all safely they are lockt, and bolted tight and true,
Do thou forthwith betake thyself to Vidas, the rich Jew;
And unto him and Rachel must thou whisper this true tale:—
'Alas, good friends, my luckless evil state I sore bewail:
An outlaw I, in peril sore, and wearied in my flight,
Two chests well-heaped with treasure much distress me, day and night.

The king bemoans his loss, and I would ask to hide them here
In pledge with ye, my trusty friends,—no danger need ye fear!'"
The faithful Antoninez bowed unto the Cid, and laughed:
No word spake he, but ere he went, one stirrup-cup he quaffed:
Then hied him on his Arab steed right swiftly to the Jews,
Who greatly marvelled at his mien and eke at his strange news.
He saith unto them privily: "I trust ye as my friends,
For in this little matter we do compass mutual ends;
Betray me to no Christian, nor yet to any Moor,
And I'll make ye so rich, ye cannot make yourselves grow poor.
My Cid the Campeador hath ta'en the tax-man's duty—
Hath gathered in the king his name great store of golden booty,
And yon two coffers that you see are crammed with glittering gold,
Too weighty to be carried, so he wants them to be sold.
Meanwhile he begs you hold them, and loan him what is fair
Upon them: so come now with me, I'll place them in your care.
But first, to seal our compact, and to safely screen us both,
Give me your hands in mine, and swear a binding Hebrew oath,
That ye will not these coffers ope, nor pry between their joints,
For one clear year, or till such day as my true Cid appoints."
Then up spake eager Vidas:—"And how much will he pay
To me and Rachel here to keep these treasure-coffers—say?"
Saith Antoninez then, "My Cid will pay you in full measure
A guerdon that will swell your generous bosoms high with pleasure.
He needs one hundred marks this day, which ye shall give to me;
Or ride ye with me to him now; he gladly will ye see."
Then swift they mounted and away unto the Cid his tent·
He laughed a secret laugh as low these Jews before him bent;
His hand they kissed, and signed the bond which Antoninez penned,
That never lock should be undone, until a year should end.
Then back rode they, the Cid also, the money for to pay;
But first the Jews essayed those doughty coffers twain to weigh.
Then up spake Rachel,—"Campeador, a boon I crave of thee:
Wilt thou a fine red Moorish skin make gift of unto me?"
Quick quoth the Cid, "Most gladly I this gift to thee will offer;
But if perchance I should forget, then charge it on this coffer."
And now upon the floor a gorgeous Bagdad carpet spread,
Whereon a spotless linen sheet was laid from off the bed,

And out upon the sheet did Vidas shining shekels pour,
Three hundred marks in silver, then three hundred gold ones more:
Six hundred marks those Jews held cheap against the Cid his coffers,
Which Antoninez slowly picked and counted; then he proffers
This merry word,—"My service in this adding to your riches,
Deserves, methinks, a meed of thanks, if not a pair of breeches!"
"Here's thirty marks," quoth Vidas, "which we freely give to you;
And you can buy a fox-skin cloak and pair of breeches too."
Then in high glee away hied Antoninez and the Cid,
And long and merrily they laughed upon the trick they did.
But soon the Cid his fortunes by successes did restore,
And then those Jews he paid in full, with a hundred marks more.

THE CID BALLADS.

THE YOUNG CID.

THE Count of Gomez, nicknamed Lozano, had quarreled with the Cid's father about the guardianship of Prince Sancho, and struck him in the face in the king's presence. The young Cid resolved to avenge the disgrace done to his aged father.

The Cid was yet of tender age, and deep in thought he stood,
How best to right his father's wrongs in Count Lozano's blood.
He looked upon his powerful foe, surrounded by his train,
Who from the wild Asturian hills could bring a thousand men,
Who in the court of Ferdinand shone out the foremost star;
His voice in council ever first, his arm the first in war.
Full little recked he of the man, but much of the disgrace,
The first that e'er had cast a stain on Layn Calvo's face.
From Heaven he begged for justice, from Earth a field of fight,
Permission from his aged sire, from Honor manly might.
He minded not his tender age, for from his very youth
A cavalier is trained to die for honor and for truth.
He took him down an ancient sword, Mudarra's* of Castile;
It seemed to mourn its master's death, that old and rusty steel.
And knowing well that it alone would for the deed suffice,
Before he girt it 'round his waist, the youth, with daring, cries:
"O valiant sword, bethink thee mine is Mudarra's arm;
A cause like his thou hast to right, a quarrel and a harm.
I know full well thou blushest now thy master's hand to lack;
But never wilt thou have to blush to see me turn my back.
As true as is thy tempered steel thou'lt find me on the field;
Thy second master, like thy first, was never born to yield.
But should the foeman master thee, not long the shame shall rest;
Up to the hilt I'll drive thee straight, and sheathe thee in my breast.
To meet the Count Lozano the hour is now at hand;
And woe betide that braggart knight, his shameles tongue and hand."
So dauntlessly the Cid goes forth, so high his spirits mount,
That in the space of one short hour he met and slew the count.

* Mudarra was a bastard son of Lara; his mother was the sister of the Moorish king of Cordova. He won renown by avenging the death of his seven legitimate brothers, who were slain by the treachery of their uncle.

THE CID'S LAST COMMANDS.

AMONG the various translations of the ballads of the Cid, those by J. Y. Gibson take high rank. The following is a good example.

The Cid lay dying, slowly dying, two days would end his life;
He bade them bring Ximena, his well-beloved wife.
He called for Don Geronimo, for Alvar Fañez too,
Bermudez and Gil Diaz, his servant leal and true.
When all the five had gathered, and stood around his bed,
He looked at them with loving eyes, and thus he slowly said:
"Right well ye know the tidings, King Bucar is at hand,
With thirty kings and countless Moors, to take from me this land.
My last commands I give you, hear now what I've to tell:
When the breath has left my body, I pray you wash it well;
And take the myrrh and balsam, the Sultan's gift to me,
And from the head down to the feet anoint it lovingly.
And thou, my dear Ximena, and all thy women here,
When I have gone and passed away, shed not a single tear;
No sound of grief or wailing be heard within the hall,
For if the Moors should learn my death much evil would befall.
And when King Bucar marches with all his proud array,
And plants his tents around the town, be joyful on that day.
Send every townsman to the walls, as many as may be,
And beat the drums and sound the horns, with shoutings and with glee.
And when ye all are ready to journey to Castile,
Send secret message to your men, and keep the matter still.
Let not a single Moorman in all the suburbs know;
Collect your treasures every one, in readiness to go.
Then saddle Bavieca with harness of the best,
And place my body on his back, in seemly garments dressed;
And fix it well and truly, that it may firmly stand;
And let my sword Tizona be held within my hand.
Let the Bishop Don Geronimo go forward at my side;
And let the good Gil Diaz my Bavieca guide,
And thou, Pedro Bermudez, do thou my banner hold,
As thou hast nobly held it in many a fight of old.
And thou, brave Alvar Fañez, go forth against the Moor,
For though his hosts be wondrous strong, thy victory is sure.
This boon hath Heaven granted in answer to my prayer;

Thou shalt in triumph leave the field, with wealthy spoils and
rare.
I leave until to-morrow what more I have to say;
And when to-morrow's sun hath set, I shall have passed away."

THE DEAD CID'S VICTORY.

Cold, cold in death Rodrigo lay, the Cid of noble name;
To do his master's last behest the good Gil Diaz came.
He first embalmed the body, and wondrous was the sight;
The face retained its beauty, with color fresh and bright.
The eyes were wide and open, and comely was the beard;
Of death there were no tokens, so life-like he appeared.
He placed a board behind the back, and one upon the breast;
And in his chair, both firm and straight, he left the Cid to rest.
Twelve days were gone; the men of war were ready for the fight,
To chase King Bucar from the land, with all his men of might.
They saddled Bavieca, and there at eventide
They placed the dead Cid on his back, as he was wont to ride.
With dress and hose and armlets of colors black and white,
He looked as he was wont to be, when harnessed as a knight.
A shield, with waving proud device, did from his neck hang down;
A helm of painted parchment was planted on his crown:
It looked withal like burnished steel, wrought by a cunning hand;
And with his arm upraised he held Tizona, his good brand.
At dead of night, when all was still, the silent march began;
With stalwart knights, four hundred strong, Bermudez led the
van;
He rode in front, with banner spread, the baggage came behind;
To guard its precious treasures four hundred were assigned.
Next came the body of the Cid in midst of all the train;
Upon his right the Bishop rode, Gil Diaz held the rein,
A hundred noble knights were round to guard the honored corse;
Ximena followed with her maids, and twice three hundred horse.
They seemed to be but twenty, so silently they passed;
And when they left the town behind, the day was breaking fast.
Now first was Alvar Fañez to hurry to the fight;
Against the power of Bucar and all his men of might;
When lo! a swarthy Mooress rode up to strike a blow,
Of gallant mien and cunning hand to draw the Turkish bow;
Her name it was Estrella, for like a star she shot

Her shining darts that cleft the air, and never swerved a jot.
A hundred sisters black as night rode onward in her train;
They fought that day a gallant fight, but died upon the plain.
Amazed stood Bucar and his kings, to see the Christian throng;
Arrayed in shining robes, they seemed full seventy thousand strong.
But there was one of stately mien, that towered above the rest;
His charger white as driven snow, a red cross on his breast,
A banner white was in his hand, his falchion gleamed like fire;
And as he rode the Moormen down, he smote them in his ire.
A panic seized the Pagan ranks, to fight they had no mind;
King Bucar fled with all his kings, and left the field behind.
With hurry-scurry to their ships they every man did flee;
The Christians smote them hip and thigh, and chased them to the sea.
Ten thousand 'mid the waters sank, and many more were slain;
The rest embarked, and hoisted sail, and left the coast of Spain.
King Bucar found a safe retreat; there died full twenty kings;
The Cid's men captured all their tents, their gold and precious things.
The poorest men grew wealthy then, the rich were richer still;
With merry hearts they took the road, and journeyed to Castile.
Within Cardena's cloister, and in San Pedro's fane,
They laid the body of the Cid, who gave renown to Spain.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CID.

How the Cid Made the Coward a Hero.

When the Cid first began to lay siege to the city of Valencia, Martin Pelaez came unto him; he was a knight, a native of Santillana in Asturias, a hidalgo, great of body and strong of limb, a well-made man and of goodly semblance, but withal a right coward at heart, which he had shown in many places when he was among feats of arms. And the Cid was sorry when he came unto him, though he would not let him perceive this; for he knew he was not fit to be of his company. Howbeit he thought that since he was come he would make him brave whether he would or not. And when the Cid began to war upon the town, and sent parties against it twice and thrice a day, for the Cid was always upon the alert, there was fighting and tourneying every day.

One day it fell out that the Cid and his kinsmen and friends and vassals were engaged in a great encounter, and this Martin

Pelaez was well armed; and when he saw that the Moors and Christians were at it, he fled and betook himself to his lodging, and there hid himself till the Cid returned to dinner. And the Cid saw what Martin Pelaez did, and when he had conquered the Moors he returned to his lodging to dinner. Now it was the custom of the Cid to eat at a high table, seated on his bench, at the head. And Don Alvar Fañez, and Pero Bermudez, and other precious knights, ate in another part, at high tables, full honorably, and none other knights whatsoever dared take their seats with them, unless they were such as deserved to be there; and the others who were not so approved in arms ate upon *estrados*, at tables with cushions. This was the order in the house of the Cid, and every one knew the place where he was to sit at meat, and every one strove all he could to gain the honor of sitting to eat at the table of Don Alvar Fañez and his companions, by strenuously behaving himself in all feats of arms; and thus the honour of the Cid was advanced. This Martin Pelaez, thinking that none had seen his baseness, washed his hands in turn with the other knights, and would have taken his place among them. And the Cid went unto him, and took him by the hand and said, You are not such a one as deserves to sit with these, for they are worth more than you or than I; but I will have you with me: and he seated him with himself at table. And he, for lack of understanding, thought that the Cid did this to honor him above all the others.

On the morrow the Cid and his company rode toward Valencia, and the Moors came out to the tourney; and Martin Pelaez went out well armed, and was among the foremost who charged the Moors, and when he was in among them he turned the reins, and went back to his lodging; and the Cid took heed to all that he did, and saw that though he had done badly he had done better than the first day. And when the Cid had driven the Moors into the town, he returned to his lodging, and as he sat down to meat he took this Martin Pelaez by the hand, and seated him with himself, and bade him eat with him in the same dish, for he had deserved more that day than he had the first. And the knight gave heed to that saying and was abashed; howbeit he did as the Cid commanded him: and after he had dined he went to his lodging and began to think upon what the Cid had said unto him, and perceived that he had seen all the baseness which he had done; and then he understood that for this cause he would not let him sit at board with the other knights who were precious in arms, but had seated him with himself, more to affront him than to do him honor, for there were other knights there better than he, and he did not show them that honor. Then resolved he in his heart to do better than he had done heretofore.

Another day the Cid and his company and Martin Pelaez rode toward Valencia, and the Moors came out to the tourney full resolutely, and Martin Pelaez was among the first, and charged them right boldly; and he smote down and slew presently a good knight, and he lost there all the bad fear which he had had, and was that day one of the best knights there: and as long as the tourney lasted there he remained, smiting and slaying and overthrowing the Moors, till they were driven within the gates, in such manner that the Moors marvelled at him, and asked where that devil came from, for they had never seen him before. And the Cid was in a place where he could see all that was going on, and he gave good heed to him, and had great pleasure in beholding him, to see how well he had forgotten the great fear which he was wont to have. And when the Moors were shut up within the town, the Cid and all his people returned to their lodging, and Martin Pelaez, full leisurely and quietly, went to his lodging also, like a good knight. And when it was the hour of eating the Cid waited for Martin Pelaez, and when he came, and they had washed, the Cid took him by the hand and said, My friend, you are not such a one as deserves to sit with me from henceforth, but sit you here with Don Alvar Fañez, and with these other good knights, for the good feats which you have done this day have made you a companion for them; and from that day forward he was placed in the company of the good. And the history said that from that day forward this knight Martin Pelaez was a right good one, and a right valiant, and a right precious, in all places where he chanced among feats of arms, and he lived alway with the Cid, and served him right well and truly.

And the history saith, that after the Cid had won the city of Valencia, on the day when they conquered and discomfited the King of Seville, this Martin Pelaez was so good a one, that setting aside the body of the Cid himself, there was no such good knight there, nor one who bore such part, as well in the battle as in the pursuit. And so great was the mortality which he made among the Moors that day, that when he returned from the business the sleeves of his mail were clotted with blood, up to the elbow; insomuch that for what he did that day his name is written in this history, that it may never die. And when the Cid saw him come in that guise, he did him great honor, such as he never had done to any knight before that day, and from thenceforward gave him a place in all his actions and in all his secrets, and he was his great friend. In this knight Martin Pelaez was fulfilled the example which saith, that he who betaketh himself to a good tree hath good shade, and he who serves a good lord winneth good guerdon; for by reason of the good service which he did the Cid, he came to such good state that he was spoken of as ye have heard; for the Cid knew how to make a good knight, as a good groom knows how to make a good horse.

CHRONICLE OF DON JAYME OF ARAGON.

Before the Castilian dialect had secured literary supremacy in the Spanish language, the Catalan was its chief rival. One of the chief prose works in this dialect is the Chronicle of James I., of Aragon, surnamed the Conqueror, written by himself. Its quaint diction and naïve exhibition of the manners and customs of his time make it still interesting. The following passage gives a clear view of his father, who is called, in the Catalan dialect, En Pere, corresponding to Don Pedro in Castilian.

After my birth, En Simon de Montfort, who had the land of Carcassone and Badarres and of Toulouse, which the king of France had conquered, desired to have friendship with my father, and asked for me, that he might bring me up at his court. My father trusted so much in Montfort and his friendship, that he delivered me to him to bring up. And, while I was in his power, the people of those countries came to my father and told him that he might well become lord of those countries, if he would only occupy them. The King, En Pere, my father, was liberal and compassionate, and for the pity that he had of the deputies, said that he would take possession. But they deceived him with fair words; for if, on the one hand, they gave him promises, on the other they were deficient in deeds. And I afterwards heard it said by En Guillen de Cervera and others who were with my father, that the deputies said to him, "My lord, here are our castles and our towns; take possession of them, and put your officers in them." But when my father was about to take possession of the land they said, "My lord, will you turn our wives out of our houses? We and they will be yours; we will do your will." But they did nothing that they had promised him. And they showed him their wives and their daughters and their kinswomen, the fairest they could find. But when they found that he was a woman's man, they took away his good thoughts, and turned them to what they wished. However, it would take me too long a time to relate these matters, and I will pass on to more important affairs.

En Simon de Montfort was at Murel with from eight hundred to a thousand horsemen, and my father came on him there. There were with him from Aragon Don Miguel de Luzia . . . . and others of his household, and I recollect hearing some of them say that, with the exception of Don Gomes and some who were killed in the battle, all the rest abandoned him and fled. I also recollect hearing that Don Nuno Sanxes and En Guillen de Montcade were not in the battle; they sent a message to the king that he should wait for them; but the king would not wait, and fought the battle with those few that were with him.

The night of the day that the battle was fought the king had passed in debauchery, so that, as I afterwards heard, his own seneschal, called Gill (who afterwards became Knight Hospitaller), and many other witnesses, say the king was so exhausted by the preceding debauch that he could not stand up at Mass, when it came to the Gospel, but kept his seat all the while it was read. And before the battle En Simon de Montfort wished to put himself in his power and do his will. He wanted to come to terms with him, but my father would not accept of them. And when Count Simon and those within Murel saw that, they confessed and received the body of Jesus Christ, and said, "We will rather die in the field than here, shut up in this town." And thereon they came out to fight in a body. On my father's side the men did not know how to range for the battle, nor how to move together; every baron fought by himself, and against the order of war. Thus through bad order, through our sins, and through the Murelians fighting desperately since they found no mercy at my father's hands, the battle was lost. There died my father, for such has ever been the fate of my race, to conquer or die in battle.

THE CAPTURE OF VALENCIA.

KING JAMES besieged Valencia for several months in 1238. At last his stubborn perseverance was rewarded by the surrender of this important Moslem city.

When it got to within fifteen days of Michaelmas, Zaen, King of Valencia, sent me word that if I would give a safe-conduct to a Saracen named Ali Albaca, a native of Peniscola, he would send him on to parley with me. I said I was well content that he should come, and that I would give him a safe-conduct; when the messenger came, he told me what the King of Valencia had sent him for; I said I would consider it, and would give him an answer briefly. I reflected that it was not well to make those words of Ali known to any one in the camp, whether baron, knight or others; for there were many among them who would not be pleased that Valencia should be taken; they would rather it belonged to the Saracens than to me, as I afterwards had sufficient proof of it. I went to the Queen, and told her what Ali Albaca had said, and what my intention was; if it seemed well to her, I prayed and commanded that no one in the camp but I and she, and the messenger who acted as interpreter, should know of it. She said that what I told her pleased her much; no one had so great an interest in my honor and welfare as herself; if God loved me and gave me honor, she thanked Him for it, for her hopes were all centred in me. She thought it well that no one should know of these proposals, that I might not be hindered in my undertaking; for she had seen me take possession of other places and castles, which my barons would rather see as they were than in my power, and as to which they did many things they should not do; wherefore she well believed that since in small things they acted so, they would with regard to Valencia show their power in such wise that I should not take it. She thought secrecy good beyond everything, till I was sure of taking the city.

I then sent for Ali Albaca to come again to me, and told him to state what he had come for. He said that the words Zaen had to say were great and of high import. "They are not for me to speak out, but Zaen, King of Valencia, sends me to say that if you will he will send to you the Rais Abulamalet his nephew, his sister's son, and after himself the most powerful man in Valencia and in the kingdom, and the one in whom he most trusts. If it please God, before you and he part, I trust that this business will come to a good conclusion." To that I replied that he might go back to the town, and that the other one should come as soon as possible. I gave him a knight to escort him and take him back to Valencia. And he fixed a time, next morning at sunrise, when he would be with me, and that I should send then a knight to escort him to camp. I agreed to do so. In the morning I accordingly sent a knight, and he came. When he was before me, he said that Zaen, King of Valencia, saluted me. He told me besides, on that king's behalf, that next morning, between tierce and sunrise, I was to send two nobles to escort Rais Abulamalet, who would forthwith come to me. I ordered Don Nuno and En Perenguer Roger de Ager to get ready in the morning to meet Zaen's nephew, Rais Abulamalet, and to escort him to me; and they said they would do so.

Meantime two Saracen knights challenged any two of our army to joust with them, and they made this known to me; Don Exemen Perez de Tarazona, who was afterwards lord of Arenos, came to me and asked me to give him that joust, together with Miguel Perez de Isor. I told him I marvelled much at him, that a man who was such a sinner as he was, and of so bad a life, could ask to joust; I had my fears that we all should be brought to shame through him. But he begged of me so hard that I assented; he jousted with the Saracen, and the Saracen overthrew him. Pere de Clariana then went against the other Saracen, and at coming together in the joust the Saracen turned and fled, and he pursued him, till he got across the Guadalaviar, and among his own people.

The next morning early, Rais Abulamalet came out with the Saracen who had jousted, and with ten knights, well equipped and dressed, with good horses and good new saddles fit to go into any court as well-appointed men. I had my house well decked out to receive him. On entering, he would not kiss my hand, but prostrated himself and embraced me; then he seated himself before me, and saluted me on behalf of Zaen, King of Valencia. He said that he had not before seen me, and was very glad to do so. I told him I prayed God to prosper him, that I was well pleased that he had come to see me, wherefore I would do him honour and good in such wise that he should have to thank me. He said that was what he expected of me, that I was such that those whom I loved had ever good and honour from me. I invited him to eat; he replied that he thanked me much for the invitation, but that he would not eat out of the city, that it was forbidden him by his lord; but he held himself as honored by an invitation from me. I told him that if he would not take dinner there, I would send it into the town to him; he said that he thanked me much more, that at another time he would come when he could take it better, but then he would not, for he really could not. Then I said that if he wished I would send away every one, and he could speak in secret with me. He said that so he wished, that he would not speak to me, except before one or two only, in whom I put much trust. I made every one go away, except myself, him, and the interpreter. Then I asked him what he wished to say.

He said that he wished to know from me what I intended doing in these affairs that God had ordained should come upon them; wherefore he prayed me much that I should discover what my wish was. If I wished his lord to give me according to the means he had, he would give. But I ought to know well what loss in men the city of Valencia had suffered through our army, ever since the building of the fortifications at the Puig, and how I had laid waste the corn lands and the garden of Valencia, and done the same harm in other places of the kingdom, in the best of them. To that I replied that I thought it fit for the Queen to be there, and no one else in the world to know but ourselves and she, and he who spoke those words as an interpreter. He said there were two things he gave me great thanks for; one was that I would bring no one but the Queen into the conference, and that no one besides should be concerned in it; the other, because it pleased him well that I should keep the matter secret. It was better so for them and for me, for he knew well that I had to guard myself against many who did not wish my advantage or profit in that, or in other things.

I accordingly sent for the Queen, and when she came sent away all the women who came with her and all the rest. She alone remained with me, and I repeated to her the words that had passed between Rais Abulamalet and me, as above written. Then I told him that I would say more to him in the Queen's presence than apart, and this was the answer. "I have reached this place where I now am encamped; God has conducted me in all undertakings up to this day, and I have succeeded in them all. Since I am here, it is my intent and my resolution never to depart thence till I get Valencia. If the King wishes to avert the great mischief there will be at the capture of a city like Valencia—so many Saracens, men, women and children, who may then die or lose all they have—it will please me well." I said, moreover, that for their good and profit I would take them under my protection, and would escort them with all they could carry, for I should grieve at their death. If I could get the place by their willingness to surrender it, I would rather have it so than in the otherwise, by force; "For the greater part of the army (said I) wishes for the sack of the town, and I will not have it so for the pity I have of you. This is my wish, and nothing else will I do, unless you positively force me to do you hurt." The Rais then said: "Those words are very weighty; I cannot further confer with you without consulting my lord and uncle, Zaen." I saw that he spoke reason, and told him to do so in good speed. I invited him again to eat, but he declined.

On the third day the Rais sent me word that if I would give him an escort he would come out to me. I sent one of my barons to him, and he came immediately. He told me that the King of Valencia, Zaen, had considered the thing, and that he knew that the town could not hold out in the end; wherefore, that he might not cause the Valencians to bear more ill than they had already borne, he would surrender the city on this condition: that the Saracens, men and women, might take away all their effects; that they should not be searched, nor should any outrage be done to them, and they all, himself and they, should go under escort to Cullera. Since it was the will of God that I should have the city, he had to will it so. On that I said that I would consult the Queen, who alone was in the secret. He said that he thought that was good, and he went out of the house, where I and the Queen remained. I then asked her what she thought of Zaen's proposal. She said, that if it seemed right to me to take those terms, she thought it right also; for Valencia was not a thing that a man who could have, should risk it from one day to another. I felt that she gave me good advice, and I told her that I agreed with what she said, but I would add what I thought a very good reason for accepting Zaen's terms, namely, that should the town be taken by force, it would go hard for me if a wrangling over it arose in the army. Not for base lucre nor for apparel of any sort ought I to put off what my ancestors and myself had so long desired to take and have; and even yet, if I were wounded or fell ill before the town could be taken by force, the whole thing might still be lost. Wherefore, so good a work as that should not be put to risk, and one should follow it up well, and end it.

After saying that, I sent for Rais Abulamalet, and answered him in this wise: "Rais, you know well that I have made a great outlay in this business of mine; yet, notwithstanding the outlay that I and my people have made, and the ills we have suffered—for all that, it shall not be but that I will agree to your terms, and have you escorted to Cullera, with all the goods that the Saracens, men and women, may be able to carry. For love of the king and of you, who have come here, will I do your people that grace, that they may go safely and securely with their apparel, and with what they can carry, and wish to carry."

When the Rais heard that, he was content; and he said he gave me great thanks, though their loss was to be great; withal he thanked me much for the grace I did them. After a time I asked him on what day it should be. He said they needed ten days for clearing out. I told him that he asked too much, that the army was growing weary of the delay, for nothing was being done, and it was not for their good nor for mine. And so, after long discourse, we agreed that on the fifth day they would surrender the town, and would begin to depart.

When that was settled between me and him, I told the Rais to keep the thing secret until I had spoken with the Archbishop of Narbonne, with the other bishops, and with my barons. He said he would do so, and I told him I would speak with them that very evening, and would give orders that from that time no harm should be done to them.

When that was done, and I had eaten, drunk, and taken sleep in a pavilion beside my quarters, I sent for the Archbishop of Tarragona, for the bishops and the barons, as well as for the Archbishop of Narbonne, who was there in the camp. When all were present, I told them how our Lord had done me many favors, and among others had now done me one for which I and they ought to give him great thanks. As they had a good share in that great gain of mine, I would make them know, that they all might rejoice in it, that Valencia was ours at last. When I had said that, Don Nuno and other nobles lost color, as if some one had stabbed them in the heart; all murmured except the Archbishop and some of the bishops, who said that they thanked our Lord for giving me that gain, and that grace; not one of the others thanked God for it, or took it well. Then Don Nuno and Don Pedro Fernandez de Acagra asked how it was done, and in what wise? I said that I had engaged for the safety of the King of Valencia and of the Saracens, all those living in the town, men and women, and for escorting them to Cullera and Denia; and that they were to surrender the town on the fifth day from that. All said that since I had done it, they approved of it. And the Archbishop of Narbonne added: "This is the work of God, and I do not believe but that of three things, one must be; either you have done service to God, or you are now serving Him in this, or you will serve Him hereafter." And En Ramon Berenguer said: "We ought to give God great thanks for the love he has shown you, and since that which you and your ancestors had desired is now fulfilled through you, we ought to be very thankful to our Lord."

Next day, at vespers, I sent to tell the king and the Rais Abulamalet that, in order that the Christians might know that Valencia was ours, and might do nothing against it, they should hoist my standard on the tower, which now is that called of the Temple; they said they were content, and I went on the Rambla, between the camp and the tower. When I saw my standard upon the tower I dismounted, turned myself towards the east, and wept with my eyes, kissing the ground, for the great mercy that has been done to me.

SONG OF CONTRARIES.

THIS earliest perfect piece of poetry in the Catalan dialect is attributed to St. Jordi, who lived in the beginning of the thirteenth century.

From day to day I learn, but to unlearn,
I live to die—my pleasure is my woe:
In dreary darkness I can light discern,
Though blind, I see, and all but knowledge know.
I nothing grasp, and yet the world embrace,
Though bound to earth, o'er highest heaven I fly,
With what's behind I run an untired race,
And break from that which holds me mightily.
Evil I find when hurrying after bliss,
Loveless I love, and doubt of all I see;
All seems a dream that most substantial is,
I hate myself—others are dear to me;
Voiceless, I speak—I hear, of hearing void:
My ay is no; truth becomes falsehood strange;
I eat, not hungry—shift, though unannoyed;
Touch without hands—and sense to folly change.

I seek to soar, and then the deeper fall,
When most I seem to sink, then mount I still;
Laughing I weep—and waking, dreams I call;
And when most cold, hotter than fire I feel;
Perplexed, I do what I would leave undone;
Losing, I gain—time fleetest, slowliest flows;
Though free from pain, 'neath pain's attacks I groan;
To craftiest fox the gentlest lambkin grows.

ALFONSO THE WISE.

ALFONSO X., of Castile, who reigned from 1252 to 1284, was distinguished in literature and law, and therefore was called the Wise. As an example of this royal author's range and spirit, shown in his code called Siete Partidas (Seven Parts), we quote this homely rule (rather than law) for royalty itself. After stating why princes and princesses should learn to read, Alfonso gives directions to his daughters' teachers.

They are to endeavor, as much as may be, that the king's daughters be moderate and seemly in eating and in drinking, and also in their dress and demeanor, and shall observe in all things becoming manners; and especially that they be not given over to anger, for, besides the wickedness that lieth therein, anger is that thing in the world which doth most easily lead women to work mischief. Moreover, they ought to teach them to be expert in discharging those offices which belong to noble ladies; for this is a matter that much becometh them; inasmuch as they do thereby obtain cheerfulness and a tranquil spirit; and besides, it taketh away evil thoughts, which it is not convenient that they should have.

THE PRAISE OF SPAIN.

THE following passage from Alfonso's History, translated by Butler Clarke, shows the noble diction and poetic spirit which mark his style.

Now this land of Spain of which we speak is like unto the Paradise of God, for it is watered by five full-flowing rivers, and these are the Douero, and Ebro, and Tajo, and Guadalquevir and Guadiana; and each hath betwixt it and its neighbor mighty mountains and lands; and the valleys and the plains are great and broad, and by reason of the goodness of the soil and the moisture of the rivers they bring forth much food and are fruitful. Moreover, of Spain the greater part is watered by brooks and fountains; and wells are never lacking in every place that hath need of them. And, moreover, Spain abounds in crops of corn, in delicious fruits, in precious fishes, in sweet milk and all such things as are made from it; the deer roam far and wide, the flocks cover the earth. The land is rich in mules and stately horses, secure and well furnished with strong places, joyful with good wines, satisfied with abundance of bread, rich in metals, in lead, in tin, in quicksilver and iron, in brass and silver, in gold and precious stones, and in all kinds of marble, in salt of the sea and salt from the earth, salt in mountains, and many other veins of metal; nay, as many as are found in other lands. Her silk is her pride; and sweetest of honey and sugar; her wax gives her light and her oil gives her light, and the saffron gladdens her heart. And Spain, more than other lands, is cunning, yea, and feared and very mighty in battle, light-hearted in toil, loyal to her lord, grounded in learning, courteous of speech, and filled with all good things, and there is no land in all the world like unto her in goodness, none that is her equal in valor, and few in all the world so great as she. And more than all others is she great and powerful; more than all others is she leal and true. O Spain, who is there that can tell thy praises?

The Philosopher's Stone.

Fame brought this strange intelligence to me,
  That in Egyptian lands there lived a sage
  Who read the secrets of the coming age,
And could anticipate futurity;
He judged the stars and all their aspects; he
  The darksome veil of hidden things withdrew,
  Of unborn days the mysteries he knew,
And saw the future, as the past we see.

An eager thirst for knowledge moved me then;
  My pen, my tongue, were humbled; in that hour
  I laid my crown in dust: so great the power
Of passionate desire o'er mortal men!
I sent my earnest prayers, with a proud train
  Of messengers, who bore him generous measures
  Of honors and of lands, and golden treasures,—
And all in holy meekness: 't was in vain!

The sage repelled me, but most courteously:
  "You are a mighty monarch, Sire; but these,

These have no gift to charm, no power to please,—
Silver nor gold,—however bright they be.
Sire, I would serve you; but what profits me
That wealth which more abundantly is mine?
Let your possessions bless you,—let them shine,
As Maïs prays, in all prosperity."

I sent the stateliest of my ships,—it sought
The Alexandrian port; the wise man passed
Across the Middle Sea, and came, at last,
With all the gentleness of friendliest thought,
I studied wisdom, and his wisdom taught
Each varied movement of the shifting sphere:
He was most dear, as knowledge should be dear;—
Love, honor, are by truth and wisdom bought.

He made the magic stone, and taught me too:
We toiled together first; but soon alone
I formed the marvellous gold-creating stone,
And oft did I my lessening wealth renew.
Varied the form and fabric, and not a few
This treasure's elements;—the simplest, best
And noblest, here ingenuously confessed,
I shall disclose, in this my verse, to you.

And what a list of nations have pursued
This treasure; need I speak of the Chaldee,
Or the untired sons of learned Araby,
All, all in chase of this most envied good,—
Egypt and Syria, and the tribes so rude
Of the Orient,—Saracens and Indians,—all
Laboring in vain,—though oft the echoes fall
Upon the West, of their songs' amplitude?

If what is passing now I have foretold
In honest truth and calm sincerity,
So will I tell you of the events to be
Without deception,—and the prize I hold
Shall be in literary lore enrolled:
Such power, such empire, never can be won
By ignorance or listlessness; to none
But to the learned state my truths be told.

So, like the Theban Sphinx, will I propound
My mysteries, and in riddles truth will speak:
Deem them not idle words; for, if you seek,
Through their dense darkness, light may oft be found.
Muse, meditate, and look in silence round;
Hold no communion of vain language; learn
And treasure up the lore,—if you discern
What's here in hieroglyphic letters bound.

My soul hath spoken and foretold; I bring
The voices of the stars to chime with mine:
He, who shall share with me this gift divine,
Shall share with me the privilege of a king.
Mine is no mean, no paltry offering:
Cupidity itself must be content
With such a portion as I here present—
And Midas' wealth to ours a trifling thing.

So when our work in this our sphere was done,
Deucalion towered sublimely o'er the rest;
And proudly dominant he stood confessed
On the tenth mountain;—thence looked kindly on
The Sovereign Sire, who offered him a crown,
Or empires vast, for his reward; or gold,
From his vast treasure, for his heirs, untold:
So bold and resolute was Deucalion.

I'll give you honest counsel, if you be
My kinsman or my countryman: if e'er
This gift be yours, its treasures all confer
On him who shall unveil the mystery;
Offer him all, and offer cheerfully,
And offer most sincerely,—weak and small
Is your best offering, though you offer all:
Your recompense may be eternity.

THE LAMENT OF DON RODERICK.

THIS historical ballad refers to the overthrow of Don Roderick by the Moors in 711 A.D. The time of its composition is uncertain, but it probably belongs to the fourteenth century.

The hosts of Don Rodrigo were scattered in dismay—
When lost was the eighth battle, nor heart nor hope had they;
He, when he saw that field was lost, and all his hope was flown,
He turned him from his flying host, and took his way alone.

His horse was bleeding, blind, and lame—he could no farther go;
Dismounted, without path or aim, the king stepped to and fro:
It was a sight of pity to look on Roderick,
For, sore athirst and hungry, he staggered, faint and sick.

All stained and strewed with dust and blood, like to some smouldering brand
Plucked from the flame, Rodrigo showed:—his sword was in his hand,
But it was hacked into a saw of dark and purple tint:
His jewelled mail had many a flaw, his helmet many a dint.

He climbed unto a hill-top, the highest he could see;
Thence all about of that wide rout his last long look took he:
He saw his royal banners, where they lay drenched and torn;
He heard the cry of victory, the Arab's shout of scorn.

He looked for the brave captains that led the hosts of Spain,
But all were fled except the dead—and who could count the slain.
Where'er his eye could wander, all bloody was the plain,
And, while thus he said, the tears he shed ran down his cheeks like rain:—

"Last night I was the King of Spain—to-day no king am I:
Last night fair castles held my train—to-night where shall I lie?
Last night a hundred pages did serve me on the knee—
To-night not one I call my own, not one pertains to me.

"O, luckless, luckless was the hour, and cursed was the day,
When I was born to have the power of this great seigniory!
Unhappy me, that I should see the sun go down to-night!
O Death, why now so slow art thou? why fearest thou to smite?"

MARCH OF BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

With three thousand men of Leon, from the city Bernard goes,
To protect the soil Hispanian from the spear of Frankish foes—
From the city which is planted in the midst between the seas,
To preserve the name and glory of old Pelayo's victories.

The peasant hears upon his field the trumpet of the knight,—
He quits his team for spear and shield and garniture of might;
The shepherd hears it 'mid the mist—he flingeth down his crook,
And rushes from the mountain like a tempest-troubled brook.

The youth who shows a maiden's chin, whose brows have ne'er been bound
The helmet's heavy ring within, gains manhood from the sound;
The hoary sire beside the fire forgets his feebleness,
Once more to feel the cap of steel a warrior's ringlets press.

As through the glen his spears did gleam, these soldiers from the hills,
They swelled his host, as mountain-stream receives the roaring rills;
They round his banner flocked, in scorn of haughty Charlemagne,
And thus upon their swords are sworn the faithful sons of Spain:—

"Free were we born," 'tis thus they cry, "though to our king we owe
The homage and the fealty behind his crest to go;
By God's behest our aid he shares, but God did ne'er command
That we should leave our children heirs of an enslaved land.

"Our breasts are not so timorous, nor are our arms so weak,
Nor are our veins so bloodless, that we our vow should break,
To sell our freedom for the fear of prince or paladin;
At least, we'll sell our birthright dear—no bloodless prize they'll win.

"At least, King Charles, if God decrees he must be lord of Spain,
Shall witness that the Leonese were not aroused in vain;
He shall bear witness that we died as lived our sires of old—
Nor only of Numantia's pride shall minstrel tales be told.

"The Lion that hath bathed his paws in seas of Libyan gore,
Shall he not battle for the laws and liberties of yore?
Anointed cravens may give gold to whom it likes them well,
But steadfast heart and spirit bold Alfonso ne'er shall sell."

DON JUAN MANUEL.

Don Juan Manuel (1282–1349) wrote stories, didactic essays, fables and poems, and his influence on the language was good. The following passage illustrates his humor, and the satire is not less significant now than when it was written.

The Song-writer and the Shoemaker.

In the time of King Jayme I., of Majorca, there was a knight of Perpignan, who was a great troubadour, and made brave songs wonderfully well. But one that he made was better than the rest, and, moreover, was set to good music. And people were so delighted with that song that for a long time they would sing no other. And so the knight that made it was well pleased. But one day, going through the streets, he heard a shoemaker singing this song, and he sang it so ill, both in words and tune, that any man who had not heard it before would have held it to be a very poor song, and very ill made. Now, when the knight heard that shoemaker spoil his good work, he was full of grief and anger, and got down from his beast and sat down by him. But the shoemaker gave no heed to the knight and did not cease from singing, and the more he sang, the worse he spoiled the song the knight had made. And when the knight heard his good work so spoiled by the foolishness of the shoemaker, he took up very gently some shears that lay there, and cut all the shoemaker's shoes in pieces, and mounted his beast and rode away.

Now, when the shoemaker beheld how his shoes were all cut in pieces, and that he had lost all his labor, he was much troubled, and went shouting after the knight that had done it. And the knight answered, "My friend, our lord the king, as you well know, is a good king and a just. Let us, then, go to him and let him determine, as may seem right, the difference between us." And they agreed to do so. And when they came before the king, the shoemaker told him how all his shoes had been cut in pieces and much harm done to him. And the king was wroth at it, and asked the knight if this were the truth. And the knight said that it was, but that he would like to say why he did it. And the king told him to say on. And the knight answered that the king well knew that he had made a song—the one that was very good and had good music--and he said that the shoemaker had spoiled it in the singing, in proof whereof he prayed the king to command him now to sing it. Then the knight said that, since the shoemaker had spoiled the good work he had made with great pains and labor, so he might spoil the works of the shoemaker. And the king and all they that were there with him were very merry at this, and laughed; and the king commanded the shoemaker never to sing that song again, nor spoil the good work of the knight, but the king paid the shoemaker for the harm that was done him, and commanded the knight not to vex the shoemaker any more.

And now, knowing that I cannot hinder the books I have made from being copied many times, and seeing that in copies one thing is put for another, and so the meaning and sense are changed without any fault in him who first wrote it, therefore, I, Don Juan Manuel, to avoid this wrong as much as I may, have caused this volume to be made, in which are written out all the works I have composed, and they are twelve.

JUAN RUIZ.

Juan Ruiz, commonly called "the Archpriest of Hita," prefaces his licentious narratives with pious verses, as if thus to modify their improprieties; or possibly his intention is ironical. He was the first Spanish writer to produce pastoral lyrics. One of his songs has been rendered thus.

The Praise of Little Women.

I wish to make my sermon brief—to shorten my oration,—
For a never-ending sermon is my utter detestation:
I like short women,—suits at law without procrastination—
And am always most delighted with things of short duration.

A babbler is a laughing-stock; he's a fool who's always grinning;
But little women love so much, one falls in love with sinning.
There are women who are very tall, and yet not worth the winning,
And in the change of short for long repentance finds beginning.

To praise the little women Love besought me in my musing;
To tell their noble qualities is quite beyond refusing:
So I'll praise the little women, and you'll find the thing amusing;
They are, I know, as cold as snow, whilst flames around diffusing.

They're cold without, whilst warm within the flame of Love is raging;
They're gay and pleasant in the street,—soft, cheerful, and engaging;
They're thrifty and discreet at home,—the cares of life assuaging;
All this and more;—try, and you'll find how true is my presaging.

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes!
In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies!
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies:
You recollect the proverb says,—*A word unto the wise.*

A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled thinner;
Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her,—
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies,
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
So in a little woman there's a taste of Paradise.

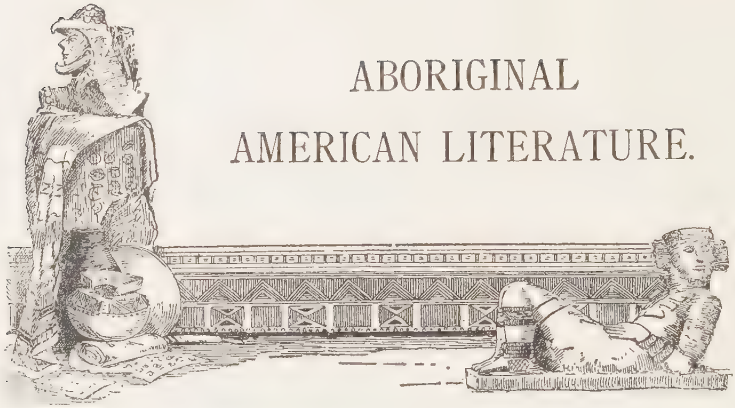
Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,
Color, and price, and virtue, in the clearness of its rays,—
Just so a little woman much excellence displays,
Beauty, and grace, and love, and fidelity always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and light of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing;
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush have many a thrilling note,
Each as a gay musician doth strain his little throat,—
A merry little songster in his green and yellow coat:
And such a little woman is, when Love doth make her dote.

There's naught can be compared to her, throughout the wide creation;
She is a Paradise on earth,—our greatest consolation,—
So cheerful, gay, and happy, so free from all vexation:
In fine, she's better in the proof than in anticipation.

If as her size increases are woman's charms decreased,
Then surely it is good to be from all the great released.
"*Now of two evils choose the less*,"—said a wise man of the East:
By consequence, of woman-kind be sure to choose the least.



ABORIGINAL AMERICAN LITERATURE.

ETHNOLOGY enumerates no less than fifty-seven linguistic stocks among the Indians of North America. These so differ one from another that the speakers of them fail to understand one another, yet they agree in the general grammatical structure, forming what is called the polysynthetic class, in which whole phrases and even sentences become a single word. The total number of our Indians does not now exceed 300,000, and probably was never largely in excess of this: the prevalent persuasion to the contrary being due to two causes—first, that each tribe, in addition to its own name, had all those which were given to it by its various neighbors; and, secondly, that when these additional names finally disappeared, the tribe to which they had been applied was supposed to have vanished along with them. Thus it happened that not only was the total of our Indians enormously exaggerated, but that they were afterwards supposed to be dying out at a fabulous rate. In fact, there seems to have been very little diminution.

Columbus, who imagined that he had found, not a new continent, but the other side of Asia, and therefore called its inhabitants Indians, was in so far correct that they are probably of Asiatic origin. The Eskimo are obviously similar to the northern Asiatic tribes. They are perhaps the latest immigrants or have maintained a partial intercourse with the other side. But the mass of the more southerly and eastern tribes show strong modifications of this type, insomuch that the suspicion is aroused that they may have become mixed with a really aboriginal American race. Meanwhile, all signs point to a general southerly movement from an extreme northerly point of entrance; the Mayas of Yucatan, the Nahuas of Mexico, and the Quichuas of Peru all appear to have been originally northerners. At the time of the European invasions the tribes throughout the country were sedentary; it was the pressure of the whites, and the acquisition of horses and firearms that first compelled and enabled them to resume a nomadic state. But how long they, or any of them, had been in the country before Europeans came, we have no means of knowing; for none of them had any regular literature, and only those south of the present Mexican border had even the hieroglyphs or pictographs which served for priestly documents and inscriptions. The rest were content with myths and traditions that passed from mouth to mouth, some of which have been put in writing by their white invaders. The chief of these have been brought together in Longfellow's epic of "Hiawatha."

We must draw our examples from the scanty materials collected by the diligence of the few philologists who have devoted themselves to this subject, notably Dr. D. G. Brinton; and they come wholly from Mexico and Central and South American sources. According to tradition (not accepted by Dr. Brinton) the plateau of Mexico was occupied about the seventh century of our era by the Toltecs, many ages in advance of the irruption of the Aztecas. Coming from the north, they settled at Tollan (Tula, in Hidalgo?), and were ruled by a series of from nine to eleven kings. They built the pyramid at Cholula, and the ruins of Teotihuacan are the remains of their building. The prophet Quetzalcohuatl visited them, ruling and teaching at Anahuac and Cholula, and finally vanishing by way of Tlapallan, on the Gulf coast. The traditions concerning this personage are various and confusing. In 1013, the legend continues, the Toltec power was overthrown, and the nation, journeying southward, disappeared. But about the same time the Maya empire in Yucatan came into power and prominence, and the obvious inference is that the Mayas are, to all intents and purposes, the transmigrated Toltecs. Unfortunately we have no knowledge of the Toltec language; and, on the other hand, as Bandelier in his "Archæological Tour" points out, the so-called Toltec names mentioned in Maya chronicles are in the Nahuatl idiom. So the hints of philology, so far as there can be said to be any, are either non-committal as to the reality of the Toltecs, or incline to throw doubt upon it.

The Nahuas—or Nahuatlecas, as they are more properly termed—were the assemblage of tribes, succeeding the Toltecs, who were in possession of the Mexican plateau at the time of the Spanish conquest, in 1521. One of these tribes, surnamed the Aztecas, had betaken itself for security to the islands in the lake of Mexico; and from this vantage-ground became predominant among their neighbors, and finally appear as the head of a confederation which established, if not an empire, a degree of domination over the region defined by the Gulf, the Pacific, and Guatemala. They were an amiable, intelligent, and civilized people, good builders and farmers, skillful in gold-work and feather-work, active traders, and practicing the art of writing in hieroglyphics. The one point in which they fail to attract our sympathy is their infatuation for human sacrifices, to supply the material for which they were compelled to maintain a succession of wars. Few of their original records survive; they possessed a library of books, made of paper manufactured from the maguey or agave fibre, but the first Spanish archbishop of Mexico, in his zeal for the enlightenment of the heathen, made a bonfire of them. A few manuscripts escaped, but they are not easy to decipher, and serve little purpose except to be a theme for learned disputation.

The Mayas, or renovated Toltecs, were a well-defined group, extending over Yucatan, Guatemala, Honduras, and parts adjacent. They excelled the Aztecas in sculptured buildings, dwelt in many populous cities, held strongly-fortified posts, and possessed a complicated theology, severe laws, and a calendar resembling the Aztecan. Some specimens of their pictographs remain, but have resisted modern decipherers, though certain previously made translations contain intelligible information. They claim to have been a united and powerful race, and their traditions go back to the beginning of the Christian era. Many theories have been formed about them, but the historical certainties are few, indeed.

Meanwhile, in Peru, the Quichuas had dominated the surrounding tribes, which are supposed to have been descended from the ancient Piruas, who, according to Markam, "governed a vast empire, erected imperishable cyclopean edifices, and developed a complicated civilization which is dimly indicated to us by the numerous symbolical sculptures on the monolith at Tiahuanucu." The Quichuas were the most remarkable of American Indians. Their form of government was a state socialism, controlled by a hereditary aristocracy, and ruled by an absolute despot. Their internal polity was admirably conceived and most successful in operation; they were expert in agriculture, owned domestic animals, spun fine cloth from the wool of the alpaca, and excelled in pottery, in architecture, and in road-building. They worshipped a supreme God, Pachacamac, represented by a gilded stone statue, and by a polished gold plate, probably used to reflect the sun, sun-worship being also a phase of their religion. Animals were used in their sacrifices, but human beings seldom or never. The reigning order among this people, from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, were the Incas, originally a family of the Quichuas, becoming dominant under Manco Capac, about 1240. From him descended twelve sovereigns, of whom Huascar (1496–1533) was the last. The Incas had the peculiarity of marrying their own sisters, and the eldest son by this union succeeded to the throne. Their rule was mild, but absolute; the priestly and the more important civil offices were confined to them; it has been said that they spoke a language distinct from the rest of the Quichuas. Singular to relate, this remarkable people had no form of writing; they kept their accounts by knots in thongs. The empire of the Incas, at its best period, extended over two thousand miles in length, by from one to four hundred in breadth.

After the Spanish conquest, some members of the princely and priestly class accepted Christianity and became proficient in European learning. They were induced to record their recollections of the history, mythology, traditions and poetry of their ancestors, and to these writings we owe most of our knowledge of these matters. Some of their productions were embodied in histories of the Spanish conquest; others lay neglected until the recent revival of interest in our aboriginal peoples. After all our labor, the problem of their origin, vicissitudes and character is still unsolved, though we have progressed far enough to feel that upon its solution may hang the explanation of many enigmas in the history and philology of the Old World.

WAR-SONG OF THE OTOMIS.

THIS war-song of an Aztec tribe is one of the few specimens which escaped the fires of the Spanish conquerors. It was first published in 1510, but belongs to an earlier period.

It grieves me, dear friends, that you walk not with me in spirit, that I have not your company in the scenes of joy and pleasure, that never more in union do we seek the same paths.

Do you really see me, dear friends? Will no God take the blindness from your eyes? What is life on earth? Can the dead return? No; they live far within the heavens, in a place of joy.

The joy of the Lord, the Giver of Life, is where the warriors sing, and the smoke of the war-fire rises up; where the flowers of the shields spread abroad their leaves; where deeds of valor shake the earth; where the fatal flowers of death cover the fields.

The battle is there—the beginning of the battle is there—in the open fields, where the smoke of the war-fire winds around and curls upward from the fatal war-flowers which adorn you, ye friends and warriors of the Chichimecs.

Let not my soul dread that open field; I earnestly desire the beginning of the slaughter, my soul longs for the murderous fray.

O you who stand there in the battle, I earnestly desire the beginning of the slaughter, my soul longs for the murderous fray.

The war-cry rises upward, It rises into the blue sky, where dwells the Giver of Life; in it blossom forth the flowers of prowess and valor; beneath it, in the battle field, the children ripen to maturity.

Rejoice with me, dear friends, and do ye rejoice, ye children, going forth to the open field of battle; let us rejoice and revel amid these shields, flowers of the murderous fray.

AN AZTEC DRINKING SONG.

THIS song is inscribed to Tetlapan Quetzanitzin, and was published in 1519.

Why did it grieve you, O friends, why did it pain you, that you were drunk with the wine? Arise from your stupor, O friends, come hither and sing; let us seek for homes in some flowery land; forget your drunkenness.

The precept is old that one should quaff the strong white wine in the moment of difficulty, as when one enters the battle-plain, when he goes forth to the place of shattered stones, where the precious stones are splintered, the emerald, the turquoises, the youths, the children. Therefore, friends and brothers, quaff now the flowing white wine.

Let us drink together amid the flowers, let us build our houses among the flowers, where the fragrant blossoms cast abroad their odors as a fountain its waters, where the breath of the dew-laden flowers makes sweet the air; there it is that nobility and strength will make glorious our houses, there the flowers of war bloom over a fertile land.

O friends, do you not hear me? Let us go—let us go; let us pour forth the white wine, the strong wine of battle; let us drink the wine which is as sweet as the dew of roses, let it intoxicate our souls, let our souls be steeped in its delights, let them be enriched as in some opulent place, some fertile land. Why does it trouble you? Come with me and listen to my song.

THE DOWNFALL OF QUETZALCOATL.

QUETZALCOATL (whose name is also spelled more fully as Quetzalcohuatl) was a favorite character in the Aztec legends. In some he appears as a god, in others as the prince, lawgiver and high-priest of the ancient marvelous city of Tollan. To the latter some assigned a miraculous birth; others represented him as coming from a distant land, a tall, white, full-bearded man with a staff. He reigned with great prosperity and magnificence for some years, but was destroyed by the subtle enmity of Tezcatlipoca. His story is regarded by Dr. D. G. Brinton as a solar myth. The following is the Aztec account of his downfall, as given in the *Annals of Cuauhtitlan.*

When those opposed to Quetzalcoatl did not succeed in their designs, they called to their aid a sorcerer, named Tezcatlipoca, and his associates. He said, "We will give him a drink to dull his reason, and will show him his own face in a mirror, and he will surely be lost." Then Tezcatlipoca brewed an intoxicating beverage, the *pulque*, from the maguey, and taking a mirror he wrapped it in a rabbit-skin and went to the house of Quetzalcoatl.

"Go tell your master," said he to the servants, "that I have come to show him his own flesh."

"What is this?" said Quetzalcoatl, when the message was delivered. "What does he call my own flesh? Go and ask him."

But Tezcatlipoca refused. "I have not come to see you, but your master," said he to the servants. Then he was admitted, and Quetzalcoatl said:

"Welcome, youth, you have troubled yourself much. Whence come you? What is this, my flesh, that you would show me?"

"My Lord and Priest," replied the youth, "I come from the mountain-side of Nonoalco. Look now at your flesh; know yourself; see yourself as you are seen of others;" and with that he handed him the mirror.

As soon as Quetzalcoatl saw his face in the mirror he exclaimed: "How can my subjects look upon me without affright? Well might they flee from me. How can a man remain among them, filled as I am with foul sores, his face wrinkled and his aspect loathsome? I shall be seen no more; I shall no longer frighten my people."

Then Tezcatlipoca went away to take counsel, and, returning, said: "My Lord and Master, use the skill of your servant. I have come to console you. Go forth to your people, I will conceal your defects by art."

"Do what you please," replied Quetzalcoatl. "I will see what my fate is to be."

Tezcatlipoca painted his cheeks green and dyed his lips red. The forehead he colored yellow, and taking feathers of a *quechol* bird, he arranged them as a beard. Quetzalcoatl surveyed himself in the mirror, and rejoiced at his appearance, and forthwith sallied out to see his people.

Tezcatlipoca withdrew to concoct another scheme of disgrace. With his attendants he took of the strong *pulque* which he had brewed, and came back to the palace of the Lord of Tollan. They were refused admittance and asked their country. They replied that they were from the Mountain of the Holy Priest, from the Hill of Tollan. When Quetzalcoatl heard this, he ordered them to be admitted, and asked their business. They offered him the *pulque*, but he refused, saying that he was sick, and, moreover, that it would weaken his judgment and might cause his death. They urged him to dip but the tip of his finger in it to taste it. He complied, but even so little of the magic liquor overthrew his self-control, and taking the bowl he quaffed a full draught and was drunk. Then these perverse men ridiculed him and cried out: "You feel finely now, my son; sing us a song; sing, worthy priest."

Thereupon Quetzalcoatl began to sing:

"My pretty house, my coral home,
  I call it Zacuan by name;
And must I leave it, do you say?
  Ah me! O woe! and ah for shame!"

When the fumes of the liquor still further disordered his reason, he called his attendants and bade them hasten to his sister Quetzalpetatl, who dwelt on the Mountain Nonoalco, and bring her, that she too might taste the divine liquor. The attendants hurried off and said to his sister:

"Noble lady, we have come for you. The High-Priest Quetzalcoatl wants you. He wishes you to come and live with him."

She instantly obeyed and went with them. On her arrival Quetzalcoatl seated her beside him and gave her to drink of the magical pulque. Immediately she felt its influence, and Quetzalcoatl began to sing:

"Sister mine, beloved mine, Quetzalpetatl-tzin.
  Come with me, drink with me, 'tis no sin, no sin!"

Soon they were so drunken that reason was forgotten; they said no prayers; they went not to the bath; they sank asleep on the floor.

Sad was Quetzalcoatl the next morning. "I have sinned," he said; "the stain on my name can never be erased. I am not fit to rule this people. Let them build for me a habitation under ground; let them bury my bright treasures in the earth; let them throw the gleaming gold and shining stones into the holy fountain where I take my daily bath."

All this was done, and Quetzalcoatl spent four days in his underground tomb. When he came forth, he wept and told his followers that the time had come for him to depart for Tlillan, the Dark Land. He journeyed eastward till he came where the sky and land and water met together. There his attendants built a funeral pile, and he threw himself into the flames. As his body burnt, his heart rose to heaven, and after four days became the planet Venus.

RECITAL OF THE PRIEST CHILAN.

THIS singular exhortation by a priest is taken from the Maya Book of Chilan Balam. (It is certainly older than 1500.)

Eat, eat, while there is bread,
Drink, drink, while there is water;
A day comes when dust shall darken the air,
When a blight shall wither the land,
When a cloud shall arise,
When a mountain shall be lifted up,
When a strong man shall seize the city,
When ruin shall fall upon all things,
When the tender leaf shall be destroyed,
When eyes shall be closed in death;
When there shall be three signs on a tree;
Father, son, and grandson hanging dead on the same tree!
When the battle-flag shall be raised,
And the people scattered abroad in the forests.

THE PROPHECY OF THE PRIEST PECH (1469).

YE men of Itza, hearken to the tidings,
Listen to the forecast of this cycle's end:
Four have been the ages of the world's progressing,
Now the fourth is ending, and its end is near.
A mighty lord is coming, see you give him honor:
A potent lord approaches, to whom all must bow;
I, the prophet, warn you, keep in mind my boding.
Men of Itza, mark it, and await your lord.

OLLANTA.

THE most remarkable literary product of the aboriginal Americans is the Quichua, or Inca, drama of Ollanta. It was not reduced to writing till the seventeenth century, and did not attract the attention of the civilized world till 1837. After being carefully examined by expert scholars, its genuineness as a production of the ancient Peruvians is established. It has been translated into English by Sir Clements R. Markham.

The hero of this drama is Ollanta (Chief of the Andes), who, though not of the blood royal, was in love with the Princess Cusi Coyllur (Joyful Star). The Inca rejects his suit, and Ollanta, raising a rebellion, is invested with a royal robe by his followers. During the war which ensues, Cusi Coyllur is delivered of a daughter, and is therefore immured in a dungeon of the Convent of the Virgins. Her child, Yma Sumac (How Beautiful), is brought to the building, and when she begins to speak, tells her nurse of the groans she heard in the garden. The general, Rumi-nani, who had long been unsuccessful in campaigns against Ollanta, at last wounds himself and proceeds to the stronghold of the rebels, declaring that he has been cruelly treated by the Inca, and wishes to join the rebellion. When the rebels are overcome with wine after a religious festival, he admits his own men, and captures all the garrison. Ollanta is brought before the Inca Ynaqui, son of the one who had rejected him, and is pardoned. In the midst of the ceremonies of reconciliation, Yma Sumac, now ten years old, appears and entreats the Inca to save her mother, whom she had discovered in the dungeon. The Inca and his nobles proceed thither, but neither the Inca nor Ollanta is able at first to recognize in the wasted form before them the once beautiful maiden, Cusi Coyllur. The recognition, the renewal of affection, and the generous action of the Inca form a pathetic scene.

The opening scene of the drama is laid in a street of Cuzco. Ollanta appears in a gold-embroidered tunic with a *macana* or war-club in his hand. He converses with his servant, Piqui Chaqui (Swift-footed, or literally, Flea-footed), who supplies the fun of the drama.

Ollanta. Piqui Chaqui! has thou beheld
The Princess Cusi Coyllur in the palace?

Piqui. The Sun, our Deity, forbids it.
Know you not that it is unlawful
To look upon a daughter of the Inca?

Ollanta. And know you not that nothing
Can move my love for the tender dove?
Oh, by what road shall my heart go,
That it may seek the Princess?

Piqui. The Devil has perplexed you,
And you wander in your speech.
Are there not plenty of other young girls,
Who would love you, before you are old?
Should the Inca hear of your love,
He would chop you into mince-meat.

Ollanta. Silence! speak not to me of punishment,
Else will I lay my macana across your back.
Piqui. Away then, Piqui! fall not by his hand.
Fall not like a dog. Away, Piqui!
Each day, each night, he shall miss me;
The year shall not see me in his presence.
Ollanta. Go then—leave me, Piqui Chaqui!
Lead forth the dances of straw
With the light-footed girls on the mountains.
But for me—though enemies attack me,
Though traitors stand on every side,
Yet will I embrace my Cusi Coyllur.
Piqui. If the Devil should stand by you?
Ollanta. Him also would I spurn with my foot.
Piqui. You never yet saw the tip of his nose,
How then dare you speak to him?
Ollanta. Cease your nonsense, Piqui! while I speak.
What if you could hide this bright flower,
Perchance my sweet Coyllur might see it,
And, thinking of me, speak to herself aloud!
Piqui. Still perplexing yourself concerning Coyllur.
How can I help you?
Each day you grow more sad for this girl.
You forget alike the worship of Ynti [the sun],
And the duty you owe to Quilla [the moon].
Ollanta. You know her by sight?
How beautiful, how joyful she is!
But now you walked past her,
And beheld her ever lovely and joyful.
Piqui. Indeed I know her not by sight.
I have indeed passed by the palace,
But never entered its precincts,
Or beheld the Princess.
Ollanta. Do you assert, then, that you never saw her?
Piqui. I have only beheld, in their secret abodes,
The bright and adorable stars of night.
Ollanta. Go then with this flower to a star;
That star most lovely of all,
More beautiful even than Ynti!
Peerless amidst the hosts of heaven.
Piqui. If it should be possible,
I will bribe some old man or woman;

I will be awake and try it,
And your token shall be carried to the Princess.
I then consent to be your messenger,
Though I am but a poor orphan.

Huillac Umu, the High Priest of the Sun, in a black mantle, with a knife in his hand, enters and thus soliloquizes:

O living Sun! I watch your course,
As it moves downwards in the heavens;
For you are now preparing
A thousand sacrificial llamas.
Their blood shall flow for your glory.
For you, too, are gathered the herbs of the field.
Glory to thee, O living Sun!
Ollanta. I will speak to this gazer.
O mighty Prince! O Huillac Umu!
The whole people know thy power,
Receive then my praises.
Huillac. O brave Ollanta! thy speech awakens me
From meditations on the bright Deity.

Ollanta then acquaints the Priest with his deep love for the Princess, and firmly resists the prudent counsels of that dignitary to subdue his passion. Then Huillac Umu tries if a miracle will cure his love.

Huillac. Bring me that flower.
Behold that it is quite faded.
Thus, though entirely dried up,
It shall weep. Come here.
[*Presses it and water flows out.*
Ollanta. More easy would it be for water
To spring from a dry rock;
And not even for that
Would I desert my love.

THE LAMENT OF THE INCA PRINCESS.

AY Nustallay! Ay Mamallay!
How can I fail to mourn,
How can I fail to weep?
My father so dear to me,
My guardian so beloved,
In all these days and nights,

In this my tender age,
Has quite forgotten me,
Without asking for me.
Ay Mamallay! Ay Nustallay!
Ah, my adored lover!

In the morning that I came here
The day became dark;
The sun seemed obscure in the heavens,
As if it were shrouded with ashes.
The clouds of burning fire
Announced my grief.
The resplendent star Chasca (Venus)
Spread out its rays.
All the elements were weary,
And the universe was tired.
Ay Mamallay! Ay Nustallay!
Ah, my adored lover!

Ollanta Threatens the City of Cuzco.

Ah, Cuzco! ah, beautiful city!
From this day to the end of time
Thou art filled with my enemies.
Thy perverse bosom will I tear;
Thy heart will I give to the condors.
O enemy! O Inca, my enemy!
Thousands of Antis will I entice;
I will pass my soldiers in review,
And will distribute arrows.
Lo! where on the Sacsahuaman hill,
My men are gathering like a cloud;
There shall they raise a flame,
There shall you sleep in blood.
You shall fall at my feet, O Inca!
Then shall it be seen
If my valleys shall be taken from me,
If your proud neck cannot bend.
It is impossible that then, as now,
You will say, "My daughter cannot be yours;
You are unworthy of her."
You will not say this, when pensive and sad,
You seek life on your knees before me.

THE MAIDENS' SONG TO THE TUYA.

THIS song, sung by a chorus of girls in the drama of Ollanta, is still chanted by the Indians of Peru on long journeys and at harvest festivities. It is addressed to the *tuya*, a finch with black and yellow plumage, which robs the grain-fields.

O bird, forbear to eat
The crops of my princess,
Do not thus rob
The maize which is her food.
Tuyallay, Tuyallay.

The fruit is white,
And the leaves are tender,
As yet they are delicate;
I fear your perching on them.
Tuyallay, Tuyallay.

Your wings shall be cut,
Your nails shall be torn,
And you shall be taken,
And closely encaged.
Tuyallay, Tuyallay.

This shall be done to you,
When you eat a grain;
This shall be done to you,
When a grain is lost.
Tuyallay, Tuyallay.

THE LOVER'S FAREWELL.

THE following song, taken from the drama "Usca Paucar," is thought to belong to the time of the Incas, though the main portion of the play bears the Spanish impress. Usca Paucar, the hero, is meditating suicide on account of the refusal of his love by Cori-tica (Golden Flower), the heroine.

To you, O wonderful earth!
O beautiful maiden!
To an earth without sorrows,
To you I will dedicate my song.

The fountains for you are the cradles
Of your youthful joy,
Although the cruel winter
Brings cold and rain.

But reconquering, you will spring forth
With a new and free song ;
And then you will not remember
That before you were sterile.

Then you will not fear
Even the greatest dangers;
The softest herbage
Will then envelop you.

Wishing to roll onwards,
The rivers will rob you of your tears,
Thus inundating your face,
Till they lose themselves in the sand.

But my tears, alas! are torrents;
With these you might satisfy yourself.
For the rains are thy sustainers;
Go forth and allure them.

Even my sighs are lost,
When my heart is breaking,
And you look placidly on,
Waiting for my death.

Hawthorne, Julian

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